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THE
PLAYS, HISTORIES,
AND NOVELS

OF THE INGENIOUS
MR3. APHRA BEHN.

WITH
LIFE AND MEMOIRS.

Complete in Six Volumes.

VOL. V.

LONDON:
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1871.

ALL THE
HISTORIES
AND
NOVELS

Written by the Late
Ingenious Mrs. *BEHN*,
Intire in Two VOLUMES.

Published by Mr. CHARLES GILDON.

The EIGHTH EDITION, Corrected,
and Illuſtrated with Cuts.

VOL. I. Containing,

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|----------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| I. <i>The Life and Memoirs of Mrs. BEHN.</i> | III. <i>The Fair Jilt: Or, The Amours of Prince TARTAGUIN and MIRANDA.</i> |
| II. <i>The History of OROONOKO: Or, The Royal Slave.</i> | IV. <i>The Nun: Or, The Perjured Beauty.</i> |
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L O N D O N :

Printed for W. FEALES, at *Rowe's Head*, againſt St. *Clement's* Church in the *Strand*; R. WELLINGTON, at the *Dolphin* and *Crown*, without *Temple-Bar*; J. BRINDLEY, at the *King's Arms* in *New Bond-ſtreet*; C. CORBETT, at *Addiſon's Head*, againſt St. *Dunſton's Church* in *Fleet-ſtreet*; A. BETTESWORTH, and F. CLAY, in Truſt for B. WELLINGTON.

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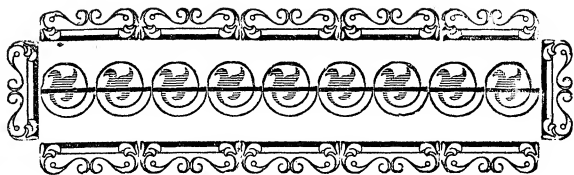


Mrs. *BEHN*'s

N O V E L S,

In T W O V O L U M E S.





THE
Epistle Dedicatory,
TO
SIMON SCROOP, Esq;
Of *Danby* in *Yorkshire*.

Honoured Sir,

I AM extremely pleas'd with this Opportunity of renewing that Acquaintance, which I had the Honour and Happiness to begin with you at the College (where you laid the Foundation of that fine Gentleman you since have proved, and where you gave such early and certain Promises of your future Merit)

Merit) and at the same Time of doing Justice both to the Respect and Honour I have for you, Sir, and to the Value and Esteem I ever had for the Person and Memory of Mrs. Behn, by making you a Present, that has more than once already met with a publick and general Applause; and by securing these admirable and diverting Histories from being prostituted to a Person unworthy of the Honour. And were she alive, she would be infinitely fond of my Choice; in whom she would have found all the admirable Qualifications that make up the Character of a noble Patron, and a generous Friend; an Hereditary Honour, and a Personal Virtue: In whom she would have found an ancient Descent, dignified with your own particular Honour, Justice, Sweetness of Temper, Affability, Generosity and Sense: In whom she would have found such a Felicity of Address, as makes your Discourse at once convince and charm; a sprightly Wit and sound Judgment, which are eminent both in your Conversation and Conduct, in the Choice and Exercise of your Virtues: In whom she would have found Generosity without Profuseness; a native Propensity to do good to others, without injuring your Posterity; a just Consideration of the Object of your Bounty, before you bestow a Benefit; and then the Favour doubled by preventing the Expectation,
and

and saving the Person obliged, the Confusion of asking: In whom she would have found Prudence without Cunning, the deliberate Effect of a true Judgment, not the hasty and mean Result of mere Interest and Design: In whom therefore she would have made no Doubt of finding the noble Souls and Principles of Mecænas, Proculeius, Cotta, Fabius, Lentulus, Gallus, or Messala; a Soul exalted with a generous Ambition of no vulgar Praise: for to be a Protector and Encourager of the Muses, is an uncommon Glory; the Prerogative of but a few, Quos æquus amavit Jupiter: and more Ages have gone to the producing a Good Patron, than a Good Poet.

Not but that Poetry, in every Age and Nation, has pleas'd, and found among the Rich and Powerful, such as Juvenal describes in his Time,

— Didicit jam dives avarus

Tantum admirari, tantum laudare difertos

Ut pueri Junonis avem ———

Who give an empty Admiration, and a barren Praise, but want Magnificence of Soul enough to reward, or preserve the Author of their Pleasure. They have nothing to spare from their Profuseness in their Trifles; their Follies are too expensive to allow any

Thing to Learning, good Sense, and divine Poetry ; which, like Honesty, are only prais'd and starve.

Non habet infelix Numitor quod mittat amico,
 Quintillæ quod donet habet ; nec defuit illi
 Unde emeret multa pascendum carne leonem
 Jam domitum ; constat leviori bellua sumptu
 Nimirum, & capiunt plus intestina Poetæ.

Sophocles *might get the Government of a Province for writing a good Play ; Tyrtaeus the Command of an Army : but that golden Age of Poetry is gone ; and at this Distance, looks almost like that fabulous one, the Grecian Poets describ'd. For now (and almost ever since) no Arts are encourag'd, that are not immediately employ'd in the Service, Ornament, or Pleasure of the Body ; and those that adorn the Mind thrown aside as superfluous, and as useless as Ragou's Shirt ; which would make one think, if (as our spiritual Writers call it) the Body be but the Garment or Habit of the Mind, that the Minds of most Men are mere Beaux, wholly lost in their Dress, and insensible to all that does not either discompose or adjust that.*

Hence

Hence 'tis evident, that whatever Pretence the rest of the World have to complain of the Times, the Poets only have a just Cause to do it: For let the Times be ever so hard, all other Mysteries and Faculties thrive, and meet with new Supplies. The Sharper (as numerous as his Tribe is) still finds fresh Bubbles; the Knight of the Post fresh bad Causes; Whores and Bawds fresh Cullies; brawny Fools fresh City Wives, or disappointed Quality; Taylors fresh Fashions; Usurers fresh Spendthrifts; Lawyers fresh Clients; Courtiers fresh Bribes, fresh Projects, and fresh Places; Soldiers fresh Plunder; and Divines fresh Livings: But the Poet scarce fresh Straw. And now 'tis as of old,

Utile multis

Pallere, & toto vinum nescire Decembri.

I might have made it Anno, but out of respect to the Verse. Poetry can get no fresh Star to shine on it, no fresh Patron to encourage it; that it might be fulfilled, what was long since written of it by Petronius Arbiter—

Qui pelago credit, magno se foenere tollit ;

Qui Pugnas & Castra petit, præcingitur Auro;

Vilis adulator picto jacet ebrius ostro,

Et qui sollicitat nuptas ac præmia peccat :

Sola pruinosis horret facundia pannis,

Atq ; inopi lingua, defertas invocat artes.

'Tis Encouragement that advances all Arts, especially Poetry ; which requires a free, undisturbed, and easy Life, void of all Cares and Sollicitudes, which confound the noble Ideas and Images that should fill a Poet's Mind. If Virgil had mis'd the Patronage of the Prince of the Roman Empire, he had never been the Prince of Poets.

Nam si Virgilio puer, & tolerabile deficit

Hospitium, caderent omnes a crinibus Hydri, &c.

An enlivening Bottle, a pleasing Conversation, and an opportune Retreat of shady Groves, Hills, Vales, and purling Streams, are Things that give fresh Vigour to the wearied Pinions of a soaring Muse.

O ! quis me gelidis in montibus Æmi

Siflet, & ingenti Ramorum protegat Ũmbra ?

*Poetry, the supreme Pleasure of the Mind, is begot and born in Pleasure, but oppress'd
and*

and kill'd with Pain. So that this Reflection ought to raise our Admiration of Mrs. Behn, whose Genius was of that Force, like Homer's, to maintain its Gaiety in the midst of Disappointments, which a Woman of her Sense and Merit ought never to have met with : But she had a great Strength of Mind, and Command of Thought, being able to write in the midst of Company, and yet have her Share of the Conversation ; which I saw her do in writing Oroonoko, and other Parts of the following Volume : in every Part of which, Sir, you'll find an easy Style, and a peculiar Happiness of thinking. The Passions, that of Love especially, she was Mistress of ; and gave us such nice and tender Touches of them, that without her Name we might discover the Author ; as Protogenes did Apelles, by the Stroke of his Pencil.

In this Edition, Sir, are three Novels not printed before, and considerable Additions to her Life ; from all which, I'm persuaded you will draw a very agreeable Entertainment, which I always wish you in your Conversation with the Muses ; for we often seek the Company that pleases us : among which, if I shall hereafter, by the Indulgence of a better Fortune, be able to place any Thing worthy your Perusal, I shall enjoy a very sensible Satisfaction ; for,

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est.

And I could find no readier Way to obtain so agreeable an Event, than thus by putting my self with so powerful a Bribe as Mrs. Behn's Histories, under your Protection, Sir ; where the Malice of my Enemies, or the Malignity of my Misfortunes, will never be able to give any uneasy, at least anxious Thoughts, to,

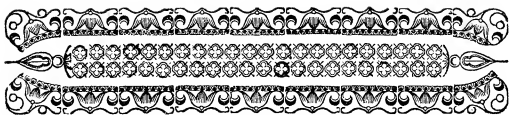
S I R,

Your most Humble,

most Obedient, and

Devoted Servant,

Charles Gildon.



THE
HISTORY
OF THE
LIFE and MEMOIRS
OF
M^rs. B E H N .

Written by one of the Fair Sex.



MY intimate Acquaintance with the admirable *Astrea*, gave me naturally a very great Esteem for her ; for it both freed me from that Folly of my Sex, of envying or slighting Excellencies, I could not obtain,

obtain, and inspired me with a noble Fire to celebrate that Woman, who was an Honour and Glory to our Sex: and this reprinting her incomparable Novels, presented me with a lucky Occasion of exerting that Desire into Action.

. She was a Gentlewoman by Birth, of a good Family in the City of *Canterbury* in *Kent*; her Father's Name was *Johnson*, whose Relation to the Lord *Willoughby*, drew him, for the advantageous Post of Lieutenant-General of many Isles, besides the Continent of *Surinam*, from his quiet Retreat at *Canterbury*, to run the hazardous Voyage of the *West-Indies*. With him he took his chief Riches, his Wife and Children; and in that Number *Afra*, his promising Darling, our future *Heroine*, and admired *Astrea*, who even in the first Bud of Infancy, discover'd such early Hopes of her riper Years, that she was equally her Parents Joy and Fears: for they too often mistrust the Loss of a Child, whose Wit and Understanding outstrip its Years, as too great a Blessing to be long enjoy'd. Whether that Fear proceeds from Superstition, or Diffidence of our present Happiness, I shall not determine; but must pursue my Discourse, with assuring you, none had greater Fears of that Nature, or greater Cause for 'em: for besides the Vivacity and Wit of her

Con-

Conversation at the first Use almost of Reason in Discourse, she would write the prettiest, soft, engaging Verses in the World. Thus qualified, she accompany'd her Parents in their long Voyage to *Surinam*, leaving behind her the Sighs and Tears of all her Friends, and breaking Hearts of her Lovers, that sigh'd to possess what was scarce yet arrived to a Capacity of easing their Pain, if she had been willing. But as she was Mistress of uncommon Charms of Body as well as Mind, she gave infinite and raging Desires, before she could know the least herself.

Her Father liv'd not to see that Land flowing with Milk and Honey, that Paradise which she so admirably describes in *Oroonoko*: where you may also find what Adventures happen'd to her in that Country. The Misfortunes of that Prince had been unknown to us, if the divine *Astrea* had not been there, and his Sufferings had wanted that Satisfaction which her Pen has given 'em in the Immortality of his Virtues and Constancy; the very Memory of which moves a generous Pity in all, and a Contempt of the brutal Actors in that unfortunate Tragedy. Here I can add nothing to what she has given the World already, but a Vindication of her from some unjust Aspersions I find are insinuated about this Town in Relation to that Prince.

Prince. I knew her intimately well, and I believe she would not have concealed any Love-Affair from me, being one of her own Sex, whose Friendship and Secrecy she had experienced : which makes me assure the World there was no Affair between that Prince and *Astrea*, but what the whole Plantation were Witnesses of ; a generous Value for his uncommon Virtues, which every one that but hears 'em, finds in himself, and his Presence gave her no more. Besides, his Heart was too violently set on the everlasting Charms of his *Imoinda*, to be shook with those more faint (in his Eye) of a White Beauty ; and *Astrea's* Relations, there present, had too watchful an Eye over her, to permit the Frailty of her Youth, if that had been powerful enough. As this is false, so are the Consequences of it too ; for the Lord, her Father's Friend, that was not then arrived, perished in a Hurricane, without having it in his Power to resent it ; Nor had his Resentments been any thing to her, who only waited the Arrival of the next Ships to convey her back to her desired *England* ; where she soon after, to her Satisfaction, arrived, and gave King *Charles II.* so pleasant and rational an Account of his Affairs there, and particularly of the Misfortunes of *Oroonoko*, that he desired her to deliver them

them publickly to the World, and was fatisfy'd of her Abilities in the Management of Bufinefs, and the Fidelity of our *Heroine* to his Interest. After ſhe was marry'd to Mr. *Behn*, a Merchant of this City, tho' of *Dutch* Extraction, he committed to her Secrecy and Conduct, Affairs of the higheſt Importance in the *Dutch* War; which obliging her to ſtay at *Antwerp*, preſented her with the Adventures of Prince *Tarquin*, and his falſe wicked Fair-One *Miranda*. The full Account of which you will find admirably writ in the following Collection.

But I muſt not omit entirely ſome other Adventures that happened to her during this Negotiation; tho' I cannot give ſo juſt and large a Representation of them as I willingly would.

I have told you, that as her Mind, ſo her Body was adorned with all the Advantages of our Sex: Wit, Beauty, and Judgment ſeldom meet in one, eſpecially in Woman, (you may allow this from a Woman) but in her they were eminent: and this made her turn all the Advantages each gave her, to the Intereſt ſhe had devoted herſelf to ſerve. And whereas the Beauty of the Face is that which generally takes with Mankind, ſo it gives 'em moſt commonly an Assurance and Security from Deſigns; for they ſuppoſe that a beautiful
Woman,

Woman, as she is made for the Pleasure of others, so chiefly minds her own: and in that they are not much mistaken, for they pursue the same Course with the rest of the World, Pleasure; but then 'tis as various as their Tempers, and what they generally imagine may have the least Share in many of them. The Event, I'm sure, shew'd that in *Astrea* (at this Time at least) the Pleasures of Love had not the Predominance, when she diverted the Hopes, which the Vanity of a *Dutch* Merchant of great Interest and Authority in *Holland*, had entertained of a successful Passion, to the Service of her Prince, and his own shameful Disappointment.

They are mistaken who imagine that a *Dutchman* can't love; for tho' they are generally more phlegmatick than other Men, yet it sometimes happens that Love does penetrate their Lump, and dispense an enlivening Fire, that destroys its graver and cooler Considerations; at least it once prov'd so on this Spark, whom we must call by the Name of *Vander Albert* of *Utrecht*.

Antwerp is a City of great Opulence and Compass, and before the Separation of the Seven Provinces from the other Ten, was the *Emporium* of *Flanders*, and is yet a Town of considerable Trade and Resort; 'tis in the *Spanish Netherlands*,
and

and yet near Neighbour to the Dominions of the *States*. For which Reason, our *Astrea* chose it for the Place of her Abode, where she might with the greatest Ease hear from, and meet with *Vander Albert*; who, before the War, in her Husband's Time, had been in love with her in *England*, and on which she grounded the Success of her Negotiation. *Albert*, as soon as he knew of her Arrival at *Antwerp*, and the publick Posts he was in would give him Leave, made a short Voyage to meet her, with all the Love his Nature was capable of (and which by Chance was much, and more refin'd than most of his Countrymen, at least according to our common Notions of 'em) and after a Repetition of all his former Professions for her Service, press'd her extremely to let him, by some signal Means, give undeniable Proofs of the Vehemence and Sincerity of his Passion; for which he would ask no Reward, till he had by long and faithful Services convinc'd her that he deserv'd it.

This Proposal was so reasonable, and so extremely suitable to her present Aim in the Service of her Country, that she accepted it; and having the Reward in her own Power, as well as the Judgment of his Deserts, she put him to that Use, which made her very serviceable to the King.

King. I shall only instance one Piece of Intelligence, which might have fav'd the Nation a great deal of Money and Disgrace, had Credit been given to it. The latter End of the Year 1666, *Albert* sent her Word by a special Messenger, that he would be with her at a Day appointed, which nothing could have oblig'd him to but his Engagements to her; but his Affairs requiring his immediate Return into *Holland*, he had sent that Express to get her to be alone, and in the Way, those few Minutes he could stay with her.

The Time comes; *Astrea* is punctual to the Appointment, and *Albert* informs her, that *Cornelius de Wit*, who, with the rest of that Family, had an implacable Hatred to the *English* Nation, and the House of *Orange*, that was so nearly related to it, had with *de Ruyter* propos'd to the States, to sail up the River of *Thames*, and destroy the *English* Ships in their Harbours; since, by the Proposal of a Peace, the King of *England* had shewn so little of the Politician, or was so ruled by evil Counsellors, that he never thought of treating with Sword in Hand; but to save the Expence of fitting out a Fleet, had expos'd so considerable a Part of it to the Resentment of the Enemy. This Proposal of *de Wit*, concurring with the Advice which the *Dutch* Partisans in *Eng-*
land

land had given 'em, was well receiv'd ; and you may depend on it, my charming *Astrea*, that it will be put in Execution (said *Albert*) for I can further assure you, that we have that good Correspondence with some Ministers about the King, that being enfur'd from all Opposition, we look on it as a Thing of neither Danger nor Difficulty.

When *Albert* had discover'd a Secret of this Importance, and with all those Marks of a sincere Relation of Truth, *Astrea* could not doubt but he had sufficient Grounds for what he had told her, and scarce allow'd that little Time that *Albert* staid, to the Civilities due for a Service of that mighty Consequence ; and this Interview was no sooner ended, but she got ready her Dispatches for *England*.

But all the particular Circumstances she gave, nor the Consequence of it, if it should be effected, could gain Credit enough to her Intelligence, to make any tolerable Preparations against it : And all the Encouragement she met with, was to be laugh'd at by the Minister she wrote to ; and her Letter shew'd, by Way of Contempt, to some who ought not to have been let into the Secret, and so bandy'd about, till it came to the Ears of a particular Friend of her's, who gave
her

her an Account of what Reward ſhe was to expect for her Service, ſince that was ſo little valu'd; and deſired her therefore to lay aſide her politick Negotiation, and divert her Friends with ſome pleaſant Adventures of *Antwerp*, either as to her Lovers, or thoſe of any other Lady of her Acquaintance: that in this ſhe would be more ſucceſſful than in her Pretences of State, ſince here ſhe would not fail of pleaſing thoſe ſhe wrote to.

Aſtrea, vex'd at this Letter, and the Treatment ſhe had met with, for a Service the Ancients would have decreed her a Triumph, gave over all ſollicitous Thought of Buſineſs, and reſolv'd to comply with her Friend's Requeſt in what ſhe would take ſo much Pleaſure in the Narration of. But ſoon after ſhe had the Satisfaction to ſee her incredulous Cor- reſpondents ſufficiently puniſhed for neglecting her Advice, and by their Miſmanagement, the very particular Thing come to paſs ſhe had forewarn'd 'em of; nay, and ſome powerful Men fall under the Cenſures of the People for the Miſfortunes their Pride, Folly, or private Deſigns, had brought upon them. But to return from this ſhort Excuſion, to her Letter.



L E T T E R.

My dear Friend,

YOUR Remarks upon my politick Capacity, tho' they are sharp, touch me not, but recoil on those that have not made Use of the Advantages they might have drawn from thence; and are doubly to blame: First, In sending a Person, in whose Ability, Sense, and Veracity, they could not confide; and next, Not to understand when a Person indifferent tells 'em a probable Story, and which if it come to pass, would sufficiently punish their Incredulity; and which, if follow'd, would have put 'em on their Guard against a vigilant and industrious Foe, who watch'd every Opportunity of returning the several Repulses, and Damages, they had met with of late from them. But I have often observ'd your busy young Statesman, so very opinionated of their own Designs, that they are so far from encouraging those of another, if good, that they cannot forgive their Proposal, and sacrifice a publick Good to their particular Pride.

But I have let these *idle* Reflections (for such must all be that regard our wretched
Statef-

Stateſmen) divert me from a more agreeable Relation. To comply therefore with your Requeſt, in its full Extent, I ſhall give you an Account of both my own Adventures, and thoſe of a Lady of my Acquaintance; and with her I'll begin, for 'tis but civil to give Place to a Stranger. I ſhall convey her to your Knowledge by the Name of *Lucilla*. She is of a gay, airy Diſpoſition, middle-fiz'd, fine black Eyes, long flowing dark Hair. Nature has drawn her Eye-brows, which are dark, much finer than Art uſually does thoſe of the affected Beauties of our Acquaintance; her Mouth is ſmall, her Lips plump, ruddy, and freſh, I wont ſay moiſt; her Hand ſmall, Fingers long and taper, and her Shape better than is uſual among the *Flemiſh* Ladies: To this I muſt add, That her Wit is much above the common Rate.

With all theſe Accompliſhments, you may imagine that ſhe was not without her Admirers; among which Number, none came ſo near her Heart, as the eldeſt Son of *Ramirez*, an old fordid Miſer, that lov'd his Money much above his Sons, or even himſelf; which made the Allowance he gave his two Sons but very ſmall, and not fit to enable them to make any tolerable Figure in the World. For the real Names of theſe two Brothers, I muſt give that of
Miguel

Miguel and *Lopez*, and for the Grace of the Matter, add Don to them.

Don *Miguel*, and Don *Lopez*, I know not how they came by 'em, had Souls as brave and generous, as that of their Father was wretched and base ; they with Pain saw the many Advantages of a liberal Education their Father's Covetousness robb'd 'em of ; and by their natural Parts, and winning Behaviour, touch'd their Relations so nearly, that they long contributed to their Improvement, even till now the Brothers were become two of the most accomplish'd and gallant Youths of the City. Their Quality gave them Admittance to the best Families, and their Accomplishments to the Hearts of the fairest Ladies ; but few ever pass'd farther than the Confines of theirs, and the lighter Touches of an Amoret was all that made them sigh, till they saw the incomparable *Lucilla*, and her fair Cousin, of whom, not knowing her, I shall say nothing. Don *Miguel*, as gay as he was, and as insensible as he fancy'd himself, no sooner saw *Lucilla*, but he found the Difference betwixt the Force of her Eyes, and those of the rest of the Ladies of his Acquaintance ; and as a Proof of it, he was not sooner touch'd with Love than Jealousy ; for her Cousin sitting by her, he observ'd his Brother's Eyes often cast that Way, and was

very uneasy at it ; and that Friendship that grew up with their Years, and increas'd as they grew, found now a sudden Check. I will not, like your Romance-Writers, give you an Account of all his private Reflections on this Occasion nor the Conflict and Struggling between his old Guest, Friendship, and this new Intruder, Love. It is enough to tell you, that as soon as Opportunity serv'd, he took care to put himself out of Pain, or at least to give himself a Certainty, whether his Brother was his Rival, or not ; and was not a little pleas'd, that *Lucilla* had only found the Way to his Heart, while his Brother saw nothing so fair as her Cousin. Don *Miguel*, and Don *Lopez*, as they were in love, so they were too accomplish'd to be unsuccessful ; and there remain'd no Obstacle to their Happiness, but their Father's Avarice, which would never be brought to any Reason, in allowing them what was fit for Persons of their Rank. They come in therefore to a Consultation, what Measures to take to cure their Father of so ungenerous a Distemper of the Mind ; and by that Means accomplish what they both longed for more than Glory.

They found their Father's Avarice had not so engross'd his Soul, as to beat off all Sentiments of Religion ; on the contrary, he was extremely credulous of all the superstitious

stitious Parts of Religion, and particularly of all Narrations of Spectres, Witches, Apparitions, &c. they therefore concluded to attack him on that Side that could make the least Defence. He constantly spent Part of the Morning in telling his Money, and counting his Bags : His Sons therefore having procur'd a Pick-lock to his Closet, took care to place in it a Figure that was very dreadful, so that the old Gentleman should find him counting his Bags and Money when he came in, which happen'd accordingly. He was not a little frighted, and hastily retir'd, nor came thither again in three or four Days ; but on his next coming, he was extremely surpriz'd to find the Number of his Bags increas'd, which for some time had been lessen'd every Morning ; so that he concluded, it was a Reward of his Abstinence from a Sight that pleas'd him too much : Yet was so well pleas'd with this Increase, that he repeated his Visits for three or four Mornings together, and found his Bags decrease on that. He was very much troubled in Mind, and consulting his Confessor on all that had happen'd, he assur'd him, it could be none but the Devil he had seen ; and that he was to fear the Consequence of taking Possession of any of the Money so left there by that evil Spirit, and it was much to be doubted whether he had not exchange'd the whole.

So concluding with some wholesome Advice against Avarice, he dismiss'd his Penitent, who again for some Time forbore his Closet; and on his next Visit, finding all he had ever lost return'd, and abundance more added, a Fit of Avarice coming on him, he resolv'd to try if he cou'd outwit the Devil; and by removing it from that Place, which he suppos'd taken Possession of by the foul Fiend, secure both the Money and his own Peace of Mind. Accordingly in the Night he digs a Hole in the Garden, and conveys all the Bags into it, and covers them safely up. His Sons, the next Day, coming to the Closet, and finding all removed, were not a little disappointed, and troubled to think how they should at least recover that Money which was lent 'em by their Friends to carry on this Design. All the Difficulty lay in discovering where their Father had hid it; and to do that, nothing occur'd that would hold Water, till Don *Lopez* concluded to make once more the Experiment of his Fear of Apparitions, against the next Night; therefore they prepared the Chamber for their Design, and invited some of their Friends, on purpose to make the old Gentleman drunk; which having effected, he was carefully carried to Bed, and three or four Statues, out of the Garden, convey'd up into his Room, and plac'd on each Side

Side and Corner of his Bed, with People behind 'em to flash and make Lightning, to discover to him these imaginary Spectres. All Things being in this Order, a Mastiff-Dog, with a great Iron-Chain, was let into the Room, the rattling of which, in a little Time, awaken'd the old Gentleman, who began to pray very heartily; but Fear still prevailing, as in Despair, made him think to get out of the Room, when he heard the Noise on the other Side of the Room, the most distant from the Door. On his first Motion to rise, the Person behind the Image flash'd with his Lightning, and discover'd a white pale Ghost to the frightened Miser: So he started back into his Bed again, and thus he was serv'd on each Side, till in Despair, and ready to die with Fear, he could scarce utter so much as one Prayer. Then he heard a Voice, with a thousand Terrors and Threats, demand him, he having taken the Price of his Soul in the Money he had removed. The old Man replied, with a thousand Crosses to guard himself, that the Money was in such a Place, and that he would surrender not only that, but his own too, to be at ease. When they had thus got the Knowledge of the Place where the Treasure was hid; they easily, in the Fear he was in, convey'd away the Statues, and left all Things in Order, as if nothing had happen'd; and re-

pairing to the Garden, found the Money, but took no more thence but what they had before put there.

The next Day the old Gentleman sends for them to his Chamber, ill with the Fright, and lets 'em know, that he had thus long been in an Error, in setting his Mind on hoarded Bags, which ought to be plac'd in Heaven at his Years; but having had various Warnings against it, he now resolv'd a new Life, and in order to that would immediately settle his Affairs. So he divided his Estate equally betwixt them; and having found his own Sum of Money left, as he thought, by the Devil, he gave a third Part to charitable Uses, and divided the other betwixt his Sons, and retired to a Monastery, where he soon made a very religious End.

The Sons having by these Means, gain'd their Point, did not long defer the Happiness for which they undertook this; and thus was my Friend *Lucilla*, and her Cousin, made the most fortunate of our Sex, if Love and Money could make 'em so.

But I have been too long in this, to add some pleasant Adventures of my own, which I must defer till the next Opportunity; having only Room enough left to subscribe myself your Friend and Servant,

ASTREA.

· L E T T E R.



L E T T E R.

Dear Friend,

THO' our Courtiers will not allow me to do any great Matters with my Politicks, I am sure you must grant, that I have done so with my Eyes, when I shall tell you I have made two *Dutchmen* in love with me. *Dutchmen!* do you mind me, that have no Soul for any Thing but Gain, that have no Pleasure but Interest or the Bottle; but in Affairs of Love, go to the most sacred Part of it more brutally than the most sordid of their Four-footed Brethren; nay, they are so far from the Warmth of Love, that thro' their phlegmatick Mass there is not Fire enough to give 'em a vigorous Appetite, so far are they from the Fineness of a vehement Passion. Yet I, Sir, this very numerical Person, your Friend and humble Servant, have set two of 'em into a Blaze; two of very different Ages (I was going to say Degrees too, but I remember there are no Degrees in *Holland*.) *Vander Albert* is about Thirty-two, of a hale Constitution, something more sprightly than the rest of his Countrymen; and tho' infinitely fond of his Interest,

and an irreconcilable Enemy to Monarchy, has by the Force of Love been obliged to let me into some Secrets that might have done our King, and, if not our Court, our Country no small Service. But I shall say no more of this Lover till I see you, for some particular Reasons which you shall then likewise know. My other is about twice his Age, nay, and Bulk too, tho' *Albert* be not the most Barbary Shape you have seen ; you must know him by the Name of *Van Bruin*, and he was introduced to me by *Albert* his Kinsman, and obliged by him to furnish me in his Absence with what Money, and other Things I should please to command, or have Occasion for, as long as he staid at *Antwerp*, where he was like to continue some Time about a Law-Suit then depending. He had not visited me often, before I began to be sensible of the Influence of my Eyes on this old Piece of Worm-eaten Touchwood ; but he had not the Confidence (and that's much) to tell me he loved me, and Modesty you know is no common Fault of his Countrymen : tho' I rather impute it to a Love of himself, that he would not run the Hazard of being turn'd into Ridicule in so disproportion'd a Declaration. He often insinuated, that he knew a Man of Wealth and Substance, tho' stricken indeed in Years,

and

and on that Account not so agreeable as a younger Man, that was passionately in love with me ; and desired to know whether my Heart was so far engaged, that his Friend should not entertain any Hopes. I reply'd, that I was surprized to hear a Friend of *Albert's* making an Interest in me for another ; that if Love were a Passion I was any way sensible of, it could never be for an old Man, and much to that Purpose. But all this would not do, in a Day or two I received this eloquent Epistle from him ; for he had heard *Albert* praise my Wit, and he thought, that what he wrote to one so qualify'd, must be in an extraordinary Stile, which I shall give you as near as I can in our Language ; and which I indeed was indebted to an Interpreter myself for, tho' 'twas wrote in *French*, which I have some Knowledge of.



L E T T E R.

Most Transcendent Charmer,

I Have strove often to tell you the Tempests of my Heart, and with my own Mouth scale the Walls of your Affections ; but terrify'd with the Strength of your

Fortifications, I concluded to make more regular Approaches, and first attack you at a farther Distance, and try first what a Bombardment of Letters would do ; whether these Carcasses of Love, thrown into the Sconces of your Eyes, would break into the midst of your Breast, beat down the Court of Guard of your Aversion, and blow up the Magazine of your Cruelty, that you might be brought to a Capitulation, and yield upon reasonable Terms. Believe me, I love thee more than Money ; for indeed thou art more beautiful than the Ore of *Guinea*, and I had rather discover thy *Terra Incognita*, than all the Southern *Incognita* of *America*. O ! thou art beautiful in every Part, as a goodly Ship under Sail from the *Indies* ; thy Hair is like her flowing Pennants as she enters the Harbour, and thy Forehead bold and fair as her Prow ; thy Eyes bright and terrible as her Guns ; thy Nose like her Rudder, that steers my Desires ; thy Mouth the well wrought Mortar, whence the Granadoes of thy Tongue are shot into the Gun-room of my Heart, and shatter it to Pieces ; thy Teeth are the grappling Irons that fasten me to my Ruin, and of which I would get clear in vain ; thy Neck is curious and small like the very Topmast-head, beneath which thy lovely Bosom spreads itself like the Main-sail before

before the Wind ; thy Middle is taper as the Bolt-sprit, and thy Shape as slender and upright as the Main-mast ; thy Back-parts like the gilded carv'd Stern, that jets over the Waters ; and thy Belly, with the Perquisites thereunto belonging, the Hold of the Vessel, where all the rich Cargo lies under Hatches ; thy Thighs, Legs, and Feet the steady Keel that is ever under Water. O that I cou'd once see thy Keel above Water ! And is it not pity that so spruce a Ship should be unmann'd, should lie in the Harbour for want of her Crew ? Ah ! let me be the Pilot to steer her by the *Cape of Good Hope*, for the *Indies* of Love. But Oh ! fair *English* Woman ! thou art rather a Fireship gilded, and sumptuous without, and driven before the Wind to set me on Fire ; for thy Eyes indeed are like that, destructive, tho', like Brandy, bewitching : alas ! they have grappled my Heart, my Fore-castle's on Fire, my Sails and Tackling are caught, my upper Decks are consum'd, and nothing but the Water of Despair keeps the very Hulk from the Combustion ; so you have left it only in my Choice, to drown or burn. Oh ! for Pity's sake, take some Pity, for thy Compassion is more desirable than a strong Gale, when we are got to the Windward of a *Salleeman* : your Eyes, I say again and again, like a

Chain-shot, have brought the Main-mast of my Resolution by the board, cut all the Rigging of my Discretion and Interest, blown up the Powder-room of my Affections, and shatter'd all the Hulk of my Bosom; so that without the Planks of your Pity, I must inevitably sink to the Bottom. This is the deplorable Condition, transcendent Beauty! of your undone Vassal,

VAN BRUIN.



To this I returned this following ridiculous Answer, which I insert to give you a better Picture of my Lover's Intellects.

L E T T E R.

Extraordinary Sir,

I Received your extraordinary Epistle, which has had extraordinary Effects, I assure you, and was not read without an extraordinary Pleasure. I never doubted the Zeal of your Countrymen in making new Discoveries, in fixing new Trades, in supplanting their Neighbours, and in ingrossing the Wealth and Traffick of both the *Indies*; but, I confess, I never expected so wise a Nation should
at

at last fet out for the *Island of Love*: I thought that had been a *Terra del Fuego* in all their Charts, and avoided like Rocks and Quick-sands: nay, I should as soon have suspected them guilty of becoming Apostles to the *Samæoids*, and of preaching the Gospel to the *Laplanders*, where there is nothing to be got, and for which Reason the very Jesuits deny them Baptism; as of setting out for so unprofitable a Voyage as *Love*. Hark ye, good Sir, have you thoroughly consider'd what you have done? Have you reflected on the sad Consequences of declaring yourself a Lover; nay, and an old Lover to a young Woman? to a Woman that would expect all the Duties of Gallantry, even from a young Servant; but great and terrible Works of Supererogation from an antiquated Admirer? Have you enough examined what Degrees of Generosity *Love* necessarily inspires, that Foe to Interest, that Hereditary Enemy of your Country? Nay, have you thought whether by holding this Correspondence with *Love*, you may not be declared a Rebel, an Enemy to your Country, and be brought into Suspicion of greater Intelligence with the *French*, by entertaining their Gallantry and *Love*, than *de Witt*, by all his Intrigues with that *Monarch*? I confess I tremble for you. Alas! alas! how deplorable a Spectacle

Spectacle would it be to these Eyes, to see that agreeable Bulk dismember'd by the enraged Rabble, and Scollops of your Flesh sold by Fish-wives for Guilders and Duckatoons! Have you maturely consider'd the evil Example you set your Neighbours, who may be influenced by a Person of your Port and Figure? And should the Evil by this Means spread, *Holland* were undone; for then there were some Danger of Honesty's spreading, and then good-night the best Card in all your Hands, for the winning the Game and Money of *Europe*. Lord, Sir, think what a dreadful Thing it is to be the Ruin of one's Country! But if publick Evils don't affect you, have you set before the Eyes of your Understanding the Charge of fitting out such a Vessel (as you have made me) for the *Indies* of Love? and I fear the Profits will never answer the Expence of the Voyage.

There are Ribbons and Hoods for my Pennants; Diamond Rings, Locketts, and Pearl Necklaces for my Guns of Offence and Defence; Silks, *Holland*, Lawn, Cambrick, &c. for Rigging; Gold and Silver Laces, Imbroideries and Fringes fore and aft, for my Stern and for my Prow; rich Perfumes, Paint and Powder for my Ammunition; Treats, rich Wines, expensive Collations, Gaming-Money, Pin-Money,

Money, with a long *Et cætera* for my Cargo; and Balls, Masquerades, Plays, Walks, airing in the Country, and a Coach and Six, for my fair Wind.

You may see by my Concern for your Interest and Person, that the Approaches you have made, have not been a little successful; and if you are but as furious a Warrior when you come to storm, as you are at a Bombardment, the Lord have Mercy upon me.

But to deal ingenuously with you, I doubt your Prowess in two or three particular Retrenchments, which I fear you'll hardly be able to gain. There is first your Age, a formidable Bastion you'll scarce carry; then your mighty Bulk will with the last Difficulties be brought to treat with my Love: but what is yet more dreadful, your Treachery to *Vander Albert* is a Fort that must prove impregnable, if any Thing can be so to such a Pen and such a Head. But if you carry the Town by Dint of Valour, I hope you'll allow me Quarter, and be as merciful to me as you are stout; and then I shall not fail of being, extraordinary Sir,

Your humble Servant,

ASTREA.

LET.



L E T T E R.

Magnanimous Heroine,

I Have received your Packet in answer to my Epistolary Advice Boat, which did lately and honestly remonstrate my present State. You give me Hopes, that out of your Imperial Bounty, you will have me tugg'd home to the Harbour of your Good-will, place me in the Dock of your Friendship, refit me for the Ocean of your Love, and send me out a cruising for the Service of your Pleasure; which Thought exalts my Heart more than Punch, and makes me despise all Dangers of interloping, spite of the Joint-stock of *Vander Albert*: for the Scars I shall receive in your Warfare, will be more valued by me, than those I have got in my robust Youth, in the Heroick Combats of *Snick-or-snee*; when with a furious and triumphant Rage, I have chopped off the Fore-flap of my Antagonist's Shirt, and laid him Noseless flat on his Back. You seem tho' to make some Bones of two or three Scruples about my Person and Age: you say I am too bulky to be your Lover;
let

let not Errors misguide you, Child ———
Portliness is comely and graceful ; and since Bulk is valu'd in all Things else, why not in Man then ? You value a great House more than a little one, an Elephant more than an Ox, a first-rate Ship more than a Frigate, a Castle more than a Fort, and the Ocean more than a Fish-pond ; then why not *Van Bruin* more than *Vander Albert* ? Oh ! but you say I am too old too ———, but that's more than you know, you little Wag you : and thereby hangs a Tale. I am not green Wood indeed, and sixty, or sixty five, has the Advantage of so many Years seasoning. In all Things else too we value Age ; old Wine, old Seamen, old Soldiers, and old Medals, old Families, and why not then old *Van Bruin* ? But then you object my betraying my Friend, ——— but that shews that you are not so witty as you would be thought ——— for is any Man so much my Friend, as I am to myself ; I that never part from myself as long as I live, as I may from *Vander Albert* ; and should I not then prefer a Friend that will certainly always stick to me, to one that may desert me the next Moment ? and here I should be false to that dear Friend, to be true to *Vander Albert*. But what do you talk of Friendship ? I'd sooner deny my Faith for you, than for a
new

new rich *Japan* Traffick. But Words are superfluous ; when you parley, 'tis a Sign you will hearken to a Capitulation, and deliver up the Fort if you like the Terms ; and to shew you that what you propos'd has not terrify'd me, I send you *Cart-Blank* to fill up yourself —— For adod ! adod ! you must be mine, and you shall be mine : I'll win thee and wear thee, with my old tough Vigour, you pretty little turly-murly Rogue you, and I come this Evening to sign Articles, and put in a new Garrison ; but ever remain,

Your Deputy, and Happy

VAN BRUIN.



Tho' I had no Need of sending an Answer to this, where he threatens me with a speedy Visit, yet the more to divert myself and my Company, I sent him the following Billet.

LETTER.

Most Magnificent Hero,

YOU have made me extremely proud of myself, to find I can come into a Competition with the only Cause and Effect

Effect of your National Valour, *Punch*, and *Snick-or-snee* : Nor am I less pleas'd, too find you so notable a Logician ; for I love Reasoning with an infinite Passion, especially in a Lover : and it must be allowed, that you have gain'd your Point in the Defence of your Bulk, and might for a further Vindication have added, That Elephants have danc'd on the Ropes, which shews their Bulk destroy'd not *their* Activity, and by Consequence — but a Word to the Wife ——— When the Sons of God went in to the Daughters of Men, they begat a Race of Giants ——— Well, I don't know, if our Planets should happen to be in Conjunction, what strange Things might come to pass, and what a wonderful Race we should produce ; but I'm satisfy'd, that betwixt the Gaiety of the Mother, and the robust portly Activity of the Father, it could not be less than dancing Elephants. You have indeed surprizingly vanquish'd my Objection of your Age, and I shall take Care to use you like venerable Medals, valuable for their Antiquity and Rust ; tho' an old Lover look'd lately more like an old Gown, than old Gold, or an old Family, and fitter for my Maid than myself ; or at least some decay'd Beauty, that had not a Stock of Charms enough to purchase a young one : But you have convinc'd me of that

Error

Error too. Alas ! I fear that deluding Tongue of your's will quite remove my Objection too of your Treachery to *Vander Albert* ; since you go on a National Principle, and even bribe my Judgment with the Compliment of sacrificing your Faith or Religion (which if it be your Interest, is very considerable in a *Dutchman*) to the Love of me. So that I defer Proposals of Articles, till our *Plenipo's* meet, and proceed regularly on these Preliminaries, at the Place of Conference ; which is agreed on all Hands, to be the Abode of

Your most happy

ASTREA.

You may imagine, this Letter brought my *Hogen-Mogen* Lover, with no little Haste, to my Apartment, whither we'll now adjourn ; for 'twou'd be impertinent to trouble you with any more of these foolish Letters ; one or two may divert, as a Minute or two of a Coxcomb's Company, which on a longer Visit grows nauseous : But to give you all, would make you pay too dear for so trifling a Pleasure. The other Part of this Courtship consisting in odd Grimaces, ridiculous Postures, and antick Motions, cannot be so well describ'd to you, as to give you a true Image
of

of 'em ; so far at least, as to render 'em as diverting to you as they were for a while to me. But imagine to yourself an old, over-grown, unwieldly *Dutchman*, playing awkwardly over all that he suppos'd would make him look more agreeable in my Eyes. Age he found I did not admire, he therefore endeavour'd to conceal it by Drefs, Peruke, and clumsy Gaiety : Respect he was inform'd I expected from a Lover, which he would express with such comical Cringes, such odd sort of Ogling, and fantastick Address, that I could never force a serious Face on whatever he said ; for let the Subject be ever so grave, his Person and Delivery turn'd it into a Farce. There was no Piece of Gallantry he observ'd perform'd by the young Gentlemen of the City, but he attempted in Imitation of them, even to Poetry ; but that indeed was in his own Language, and so might be extraordinary for aught I know.

Thus I diverted myself with him in *Albert's* Absence, till he began to assume and grow troublesome, on my bare Permission of his Address ; for a very little Encouragement serves that Nation, full of their own dear selves : so that to rid myself of him, I found no more ready Way, than to let *Albert* know all his Treachery to him, and the many considerable

derable Proffers he had made to win me to his Defires. But *Albert*, with an unusual Resentment of these Affairs, threaten'd his Death, which was going farther than I desir'd ; for tho' I had no Kindness for either of them, yet I had so much for myself, as not to be the Occasion of any Murder, or become the Talk of the City on so ridiculous an Occasion : so I pacified *Albert*, and made him see how foolish such an Attempt on an old Man would look, and perswaded him only, the next Visit he made, to upbraid him with his Treachery, and forbid him the House ; and if Need were, to threaten him a little. But this produced a very ridiculous Scene, and worthy of more Spectators : For my *Nestorean* Lover would not give ground to *Albert*, but was as high as he, challeng'd him to *Snick-or-snee*, for me, and a thousand Things as comical ; in short, nothing but my positive Command could satisfy him, and on that as he promis'd no more to trouble me ; sure as he thought of me, he was Thunder-struck when he heard me not only forbid him the House, but ridicule all his Addresses to his Rival *Albert* : and with a Countenance full of Despair, went away, not only from my Lodgings, but the next Day from *Antwerp*, leaving his Law-suit to the Care of his

Friends,

Friends, unable to stay in the Place where he had met with so dreadful a Defeat.

Thus you see the Prowess of my Person ; how unsuccessful soever my Mind has been in our Statesmens Opinions, you will in a little Time find who is in the right of it. I'm sorry I can't at this Time furnish you with any more refin'd Intrigues. Those of a Prince that have happen'd here, are too long ; and I have met with none that have touch'd me so far as to concern my Heart, which is not the most insensible of all my Sex, I assure you : and I am so far from finding one fit to make a Lover of, that I can't meet with one that raises me to the Warmth of a Friend. But here my Letter puts me in Mind, that I have exercis'd your Patience enough for once, and I shall therefore conclude myself

Your faithful Friend,

A S T R E A.

BUT now 'tis Time to proceed to her Affairs with *Vander Albert*, her other *Dutch* Lover, which was pleasant enough, and in which she contriv'd to preserve her Honour, without injuring her Gratitude ; for she could not deny but he had done Services that did justly challenge a
Return

Return for ſo much Love as produc'd 'em.

There was a Woman of ſome Remains of Beauty in *Antwerp*, that had often given *Aſtrea* Warning of the Infidelity of *Albert*, affuring her he was of ſo fickle a Nature, that he never lov'd paſt Enjoyment, and ſometimes made his Change before he had even that Pretence ; of which Number herſelf was, for whom he had profeſs'd ſo much Love as to marry her, and yet deſerted her that very Night in the height of her Expectation. This Woman came now into *Aſtrea's* Mind, at the ſame Time to gratify her Admirer with a Belief of his Happineſs, and do Juſtice to an injur'd Woman. She gives her Notice of her Deſign, and orders the Appointment ſo, that *Albert* met *Catalina* (for that was her Name) for *Aſtrea*, and poſſeſs'd her with all the Satisfaction of a longing Lover. But *Catalina*, infinitely pleas'd with the Adventure, appoints the next Night, and the following ; and finding his Tranſports ſtill freſh and high, began to confide in her own Charms ; and keeping him longer than uſual, made the Day diſcover a double Diſappointment, of her in her future Pleaſures, and him in the paſt ; for he could not forgive her even the Joys ſhe had imparted by the falſe
Bait

Bait of another's Charms, but flung from her with the highest Resentment and Indignation, and return'd to *Astrea* to upbraid her with her ungenerous Dealing; who, for her Plea, urg'd his Duty to his Wife, and how unreasonable it was in him, to desire the sacrificing of the Reputation of the Woman he profess'd to love.

Tho' *Albert* was forc'd to acquiesce in what she said, he could not lose his Desire, now increas'd by the Pleasure of Revenge, which he promis'd himself in the Enjoyment of her, even against her Will, and almost without her Knowledge. Mrs. *Behn* had an old Woman of near Threescore, whom, out of Charity, she kept as her Companion, having been an old decay'd Gentlewoman; but she, guilty of the common Vice of the Age, Avarice, still covetous of what they cannot enjoy, was corrupted by *Albert's* Gold, to put him dress'd in her Night-Cloaths to Bed in her Place (for she made her her Bed-fellow) when *Astrea* was out at a Merchant's of *Antwerp*, passing the Evening in Play and Mirth, as her Age and Gaity required: The Son of which Merchant was a brisk, lively, frolicksome young Fellow, and with his two Sisters, and some Servants, waited on *Astrea* home; and as a Conclusion of that Night's Mirth,

propos'd to go to Bed to the old Woman and surprize her, whilst they should all come in with the Candles, and compleat the merry Scene. As it was agreed, so they did ; but the young Spark was more surpriz'd, when, in the Encounter, he found himself met with an unexpected Ardour, and a Man's Voice, saying, *Have I now caught thee, thou malicious Charmer! Now I'll not let thee go till thou hast done me Justice for all the Wrongs thou hast offer'd my doating Love.*

By this Time the rest of the Company were come in, all extremely surpriz'd to find *Albert* in *Astrea's* Bed, instead of the old Woman ; who being thus discover'd, and *Albert* appeas'd with her Promise to marry him at her Arrival in *England*, was discarded, to provide herself, according to her Deserts. But *Albert* taking his Leave of her with a heavy Heart, and returning into *Holland* to make all Things ready for his Voyage to *England*, and Matrimony, died at *Amsterdam* of a Fever : Whilst *Astrea* proceeded in her Journey to *Ostend* and *Dunkirk*, where, with Sir *Bernard Gascoign*, and others, she took Shipping for *England* ; in which short Voyage she met with a strange Appearance, that was visible to all the Passengers and Ship's Crew. Sir *Bernard Gascoign* had brought with him from *Italy*
several

several admirable Telescopes and Prospective-Glasses; and looking thro' one of them, when the Day was very calm and clear, espy'd a strange Apparition floating on the Water, which was also seen by all in their Turns that look'd thro' it: which made 'em conclude that they were painted Glasses that were put at the Ends, on Purpose to surprize and amuse those that look thro' em; 'till after having taken 'em out, rubb'd and put 'em in again, they found the same Thing floating toward the Ship, and which was now come so near as to be within View without the Glas. I have often heard her assert, that the whole Company saw it. The Figure was this: A four-square Floor of various-colour'd Marble, from which ascended Rows of fluted and twisted Pillars, emboss'd round with climbing Vines and Flowers, and waving Streamers, that receiv'd an easy Motion from the Air; upon the Pillars a hundred little *Cupids* clamber'd with fluttring Wings. This strange Pageant came almost near enough for one to step out of the Ship into it, before it vanish'd; after which, and a short Calm, followed so violent a Storm, that having driven the Ship upon the Coasts, she split in Sight of Land: but the People, by the Help of the Inhabitants, and Boats from the Shore, were all sav'd;

and our *Astrea* arriv'd safe, tho' tir'd, to *London*, from a Voyage that gain'd her more Reputation than Profit.

The rest of her Life was entirely dedicated to Pleasure and Poetry ; the Success in which gain'd her the Acquaintance and Friendship of the most sensible Men of the Age, and the Love of not a few of different Characters ; for tho' a Sot have no Portion of Wit of his own, he yet, like old Age, covets what he cannot enjoy. I can't allow a Fool to be touch'd with the Charms of Wit, but the Reputation that is gain'd by Wit ; which being a Thing beyond his Reach, he is fond of it, because it pleases others, not himself. Our *Astrea* had many of these, who profess'd not a little Love for her, and whom she us'd as Fools should be us'd, for her Sport, and the Diversion of her Acquaintance. I went to visit her one Day, and found with her a young brisk pert Fop very gaily dress'd, and who after an abundance of Impertinence left us. His Figure was so extraordinary, that I could not but enquire into his Name, and more particular Character, which *Astrea* gave me in the following Manner.

This is a young vain Coxcomb, but newly come from the University, and full of the impudent Self-Opinion and Pride of that Place, takes the common Privilege

lege of being very impertinent in all Company, especially among Women, and Men that understand not the Jargon of the Schools. He's of a good Family, and was left a pretty good paternal Estate, which he endeavour'd to encrease by marrying a rich Aunt he had in the Country, who had Occasion for just such a Fop; for tho' he has not been two Years from *Oxford*, he has met with several uncommon Adventures, and among the rest, his Addresses to me shall not be the least considerable for all our Diversions.

Going down to take Possession of his paternal Estate, and full of no very good Thoughts of wronging his Brothers, he lay at his Aunt's; who, tho' none of the youngest, was not old enough yet to have given off all Thoughts of Love, or to be exempted from the Effects of Enjoyment: for after a long Intrigue with the Steward of her Estate, she was, or imagin'd at least that she was, with Child; and tho' she lik'd him well enough for a Gallant, she could by no Means think him fit for a Husband, either because her Pride would not permit her to think of her Servant for her Master, or that she fear'd to give him a Power over her Conduct, who had been a Witness how weak a Guard of Virtue she had to secure the conjugal Duty he might expect from her as her Husband.

But whatever was the Motive, the Arrival of her Nephew gave her other Thoughts, finding him a fit Coxcomb for her Ends ; for you find, that a little Conversation will let you into his Character, at least so far as to discover him to be a very self-conceited Fool, and one on whom by consequence Flattery would have no small Effect. His Aunt having made this Discovery, took Care to detain him some Days longer than he intended, and by all the cunning Arts of a designing Woman, gave him Cause to believe that his Suit would not be very unsuccessful, if he should make his Addresses to her. He naturally thought well of himself, and fir'd with so many Advances that his Aunt made to him, he was resolv'd to try if he could gain her.

She was a Woman that had yet a Rest of Beauty, improv'd too by the Help of Art, that she might pretend, without Vanity, to a Conquest where no brighter or more youthful Faces interpos'd ; to this she had an engaging Air, and a sprightly Conversation : but that which compleated the Victory over our young Spark, was her Estate ; that was exceeding beautiful, because very great, and join'd with her other Charms, was not to be resisted by a Man who was possess'd with the contrary Vices of Avarice and Prodigality. For
he

he had still a Thirst of Wealth, which he perpetually squander'd ; being incapable of doing a generous Action, tho' he would do many foolish ones, which seem'd to him worthy that Name ; as particularly that which I'm just going to relate after his Marriage with his Aunt, for there ended this Amour.

Some small Time after the Consummation of the Nuptials, finding her Fears of being with Child vain, and quite tired of the Fool her Husband, she perpetually was contriving how to get handsomely rid of him ; for tho' he seem'd to love her well enough for a Wife, yet he was too watchful of her Motions to give her Opportunity of those Pleasures she had so long taken with Liberty. This made her very ill-humour'd and cross ; which he endeavour'd, by pleasing her all the Ways he could think of, to remove : But all in vain ; unless he could remove himself, and his legal Right to her Estate, all his Caresses and Complaisance signified nothing. In short, after she had acted this Part sometime, and made him very earnest in the Enquiry into the Cause of her Chagrin, she informed him that she was very sensible the chief Motive that engaged him to make Love to her, was her Estate, and that all his Professions of Love were only false Baits to delude her

too credulous Heart, and catch her Estate ; that she could never forgive herself, being over-reached by so unexperienced a Youth, or ever have Patience to support the Affliction this gave her.

He used all the Arguments he could think of to convince her of her Error, and that he loved her with a sincere and tender Passion, without any Regard to her Estate, which she was as entirely Mistress of as before. In vain was all he said, she turned it to a contrary End to what he meant it ; told him 'twas easy professing his Love sincere, when he was in Possession of the Fruits of his past Dissimulation, and that she could never believe her Fortune had no Share in his Affections, as long as he was Master of it, whether she would or not : that she must despair, being so much older than him, of long being able so much as of a cold Civility, when it was out of her Power to give him any more. He, out of a foolish Fancy of Generosity, or excessive good Opinion of his own Charms and Power over her, tells her he has now thought of a Way to satisfy her Doubts, and by a convincing Proof of his Love, remove all those Anxieties that gave her so much Pain, and robbed him of his Rest and Satisfaction ; for to shew her that it was her Person, and that alone, which he esteemed,
he

he would immediately put her Fortune into her own Possession again, and keep no other Right he had to any Thing he had of her's but her Person, which was the Treasure he only coveted a quiet Enjoyment of.

This was the Point she had all this While been labouring to gain, and you may imagine she lost not the lucky Minute of the Fool's ridiculous Fondness. The Writings were made, and she put in absolute Possession of all her Fortune, and had therefore no farther Need of a longer Dissimulation ; nay, the Curb that had been set on her unruly Will for the short Time of their Marriage, provoked her to observe no Measures with him, whom she could not forgive the many Pleasures he had disappointed her of. He was first tormented with fresh Proofs every Day of his being a notorious Cuckold, to which were added the Affronts of the Servants, and the Contempt of the Mistress ; and when none of these would rid her Hands of him, whose Sight she loath'd, having taken particular Care to have him well beaten, she thrust him out of Doors, to provide for himself. His late Treatment made him unwilling to return, for Fear of a worse Reception ; and since he had found all Means ineffectual to reclaim her, he concluded to pass on to his own Estate,

and from thence to *London*, out of the hearing himself the perpetual Discourse of the Country.

He had not long been in Town, when one Day walking in the Park in a very mean Condition (his own Estate being then seized by his Brothers, for the Repayment of what he had wronged them of) he sees his Wife alone, and tho' mask'd, knows her : his Necessities prompted him at least to try if the making himself Master of her Person, and playing the Tyrant in his Turn, would not furnish him with a present Supply, if not recover him the Possession of her Estate, by cancelling the Deed that put it into her Power to abuse him. She was very well dress'd, and he something shabby ; he seizes her, uses all the Arguments he could to persuade her Reformation, and Re-union to a Man that yet had a Value for her ; but all in vain. He told her plainly he would keep her Person, tho' he had nothing to do with her Estate. 'Twas in vain for her to struggle, so she went with him to the *Horse-Guards*, contriving all the Way how to get rid of him : and being come there, on some Occasion there happen'd to be a great Concourse of People ; this gave her a lucky Hint, and starting from him, she sought the Protection of the Mob, assuring them he was a paultry Scoundrel,
that

that would needs pretend to seduce her to his Ends, but on Denial, had on his Threats prevailed with her to go quietly to that Place, where she hoped her Rescue. He assur'd them he was her Husband, and that he only meant to reclaim her from her evil Courses, and carry her home. She with all the Assurance imaginable, laughing at his Assertion, desired them to consider if that Man looked like her Husband. Her Dress and Mein had engaged a Gentleman of the Guards to espouse her Quarrel, who preventing the Decision of the Mob, declared his Opinion in the Lady's Favour, and proposed the giving him the Civility of the Horse-pond, which suiting with the brutal Pleasure of the Mob, prevail'd; and so the poor Knight was carry'd to the Enchanted Castle, and the Lady set free, for more agreeable Encounters: for she was not ungrateful to her Deliverer.

This unlucky Adventure was no small Check to his Hopes, and Opinion of his own Conduct and Judgment; yet about half a Year after, being now more gay, by the Recovery of his Estate, and walking in the Park again, he meets his treacherous Spouse, and full of the Injury he had last received from her, and out of Fear of the like Misfortune, his Dress being now answerable to her's, he upbraids her

with what was past, and assures her nothing shall now deliver her from him; and so endeavouring to force her out again at the *Horse-Guards*, where she enter'd, and near which he met her, she by her Cunning and seeming Sorrow for what had pass'd, prevail'd with him to go out at *St. James's*; and being got out of the Gate, she makes to the first Coach very peaceably with him, where he found three Gentlemen who waited ready for her, and on her Approach came out, deliver'd her from her Husband, and without much Difficulty carried her off.

Being thus again out-witted by her, and seeing no Help for his desperate Condition, he gave over all Thoughts of her, and sets his Mind on some fresh Amour, to wear off the uneasy Remembrance of his past Adventures. Among the rest that were doom'd to suffer his Addresses, it has been my Fate of late to share the ill Luck; tho' I have the Advantage of a great deal of good Company to atone for the impertinent Moments he taxes me with, his Conversation diverting sometimes some of my best Friends, and his Letters myself: they are so affectedly ridiculous, that I will shew you one of them, extraordinary in its Kind.



*To the incomparable fine Hands of the
Seraphick Aftrea.*

SHOU'D I make a Palinode for the Aggreffions of my Paſſion, I ſhould diſappoint the Juſtice of your Expectations: for without any periodical Flouriſhes, you know your Wit has irrefiſtible Charms; and that we can no more reſiſt the Deſire of imparting our Pain when the Paroxyſm approaches, than a ſick Man in a Fever the Deſire of Water. The Horoſcope of my Love for the bright *Aſtrea* roſe under a very noxious Influence, if its Stars ordain it abortive. You, Madam, that are Miſtreſs of the Encyclopedy of the Sciences, who have the whole Galaxy of the Muſes to attend you, that have the Coruſcations of the Night in your Eyes, *Jove's* Bolts and Lightning in your Frowns, and the Sheers of the three fatal Siſters in your Anger, ſhould alſo have the Commiſeration of the Gods in the Tribunal of your Heart, to preponderate to the Severity of your Juſtice. The wiſe Ancients, among their Hieroglyphicks, made *Juſtice* blind, that ſhe might ſee and diſcover the ſeveral Shares and Proportions due to the ſeveral Pretenders to her Favour: You, Madam,

are

are the Portraiture, and admirable *Icon* of that Justice whose Name you bear.

Terras Aſtrea reliquit : that is,

“ ’Tis full well known,
“ That Justice is flown.

Yet, moſt ſerene Fair One, ſhe poſſeſſes your Breaſt ; there ſhe nidificates, there ſhe erects her Bower, and there I hope to have her declare in the Favour of, Madam,

Your moſt Obſequious Humble Servant,

and Non-pareil Admirer, &c.

This indeed is the Soul of a mere Academy, that is, of one whom Learning, ill underſtood, has fitted for a publick Coxcomb, and of whom there is ſcarce any one ſo ignorant, as to have a good Opinion. You have indeed, reply’d I, a moſt extraordinary Lover of him, but whoſe Folly is too groſs to be ſo long entertaining as he ſhall think fit to be impertinent : for like common Beggars they are not to be deny’d ; and are ſo far Courtiers, to think perpetual Importunities Merit : So that if you have no Way of ridding your Hands of him but laughing at him, ’twill never do ; for a Fool follows you the more for laughing at him,

him, as a Spaniel does for beating of him.

Why truly (reply'd *Astrea*) he is grown so troublesome now, that I shall be forced to use him as bad as his Wife has done, in my own Defence; and that I intend to put in Execution the more speedily, since I find my *Lyfander* grows uneasy at his Addresses, which can never move any Thing but Laughter: however I shall easily sacrifice so trifling a Sport to the Quiet of the Man I love, in which you must assist me; for *Lyfander* shall have no Hand in it, both to secure him from a Quarrel, and myself the Pleasure of revenging him on a Fop that could hope where he had Possession.

I promised to give her all the Assistance I was capable of, to gratify so reasonable a Revenge; for if one Man affronts another by his Rudeness, the Person affronted must be looked upon as a Coward, if he take not Satisfaction. I can imagine no Reason in the World, why a Woman of Wit, that is affronted with the saucy impertinent Love of a Fool that will not be deny'd, should not punish his Insolence according to her Power. *Wit* is the Weapon she had to fight with, and that she was to make Use of in her Satisfaction, to which, as a Second, I was very willing to contribute; tho' the Part she afterwards engaged me to play, was not so agreeable to

to me as I at first imagined: for to give a conceited Coxcomb any Reason to believe he has an Ascendant over a Woman, and then allow him the least Opportunity, is to put herself in a manifest Hazard of her Honour and Satisfaction. But this I did not much consider, being willing to free my Friend from the Importunities of one she could no more suffer, than know how to be handsomely rid of.

And upon her Persuasion, I took the Opportunity of his next Visit to give him all the Reason imaginable to make him think me extremely taken with his Person: which Interview *Astrea* took Care to improve on my Departure, and to let him know, that I was a Person of no less Fortune than Quality, which would repair the Loss of an unfaithful Wife. Flattery, as it has some Power on the most sensible, so it is of such Force with a Fool, that no Consideration can withstand it. He soon thought the Pursuit of me more eligible, (where he imagined his Perfections had made such an Impression, that I could no more resist the Charm) than the Barren Passion he had hitherto entertain'd for *Astrea*. In short, she came to a perfect Understanding, and the Assignment was made, and some Friends provided to be in Readiness to disappoint him, when he most thought me his own. But the Gentlemen

tlemen retired to the Balcony to see some sudden Hubbub in the Street ; and my Lover, full of himself, and the Opinion of my being wholly at his Devotion, press'd so hard for the Victory, that when nothing else would secure me, I was forced to cry out : on which the Gentlemen approach'd, and he believing one of 'em my Husband, was in a most dreadful Fright, and soon discover'd the Baseness of his Spirit ; for in Hopes to get clear off himself, he accused me to him he supposed my Husband : But this not availing, he was handsomely toss'd in a Blanket, wash'd, and turn'd out of Doors. All which Misfortunes he disssembled to *Astrea*, and renew'd his Suit to her, till, by Appointment, I and the two Gentlemen enter'd the Room, and expos'd the Truth of the Story ; which he could not deny : and confounded with the Reproaches of *Astrea*, and the whole Company's laughing at him, he never after troubled her with a Visit.

This was the End of this ridiculous Amour ; but that which touch'd her Heart, could not be so easily disposed of. I have already mention'd *Lyfander*, as a Lover she valued ; and she having contributed her Letters to him, to the last Impression, I shall say no more of it than what those discover, which I have now inserted in their Order.



LOVE-LETTERS

TO A

GENTLEMAN

 By Mrs. *A. BEHN*.

Printed from the Original Letters.

LETTER I.



YOU bid me write, and I wish it were only the Effect of Complaisance that makes me obey you. I should be very angry with myself and you, if I thought it were any other Motive: I hope it is not, and will not have you believe otherwise. I cannot help however wishing you no Mirth, nor any Content in your Dancing-Design; and this unwonted Malice in me I do not like, and would have concealed it if I could, lest you should take it for something which I am not, nor will believe myself guilty.

of

of. May your Women be all ugly, ill-natur'd, ill-dress'd, ill-fashion'd, and un-converfable ; and, for your greater Difappointment, may every Moment of your Time there be taken up with Thoughts of me (a fufficient Curfe) and yet you will be better entertain'd than me, who poffibly am, and fhall be uneafy with Thoughts not fo good. Perhaps you had eas'd me of fome Trouble, if you had let me feen you, or known you had been well ; but thefe are Favours for better Friends, and I'll endeavour not to refent the Lofs, or rather the Mifs of 'em. It may be, fince I have fo eafily granted this Defire of your's, in writing to you, you will fear you have pulled a Trouble on —— but do not. I do by this fend for you —— You know what you gave your Hand upon ; the Date of Banifhment is already out, and I could have wifhed you had been fo good-natur'd as to have difobey'd me. Pray take Notice therefore I am better natur'd than you. I am profoundly melancholy fince I faw you, I know not why : and fhould be glad to fee you when your Occafions will permit you to vifit

ASTREA.

LET-



L E T T E R I I.

YOU may tell me a thousand Years, my dear *Lycidas*, of your unbounded Friendship ; but after so unkind a Departure as that last Night, give me Leave (when ferious) to doubt it ; nay 'tis past Doubt, I know you rather hate me. What else could hurry you from me, when you saw me surrounded with all the necessary Impossibilities of speaking to you ? I made as broad Signs as one could do who durst not speak, both for your Sake and my own. I acted even imprudently to make my Soul understood, that was then (if I may say so) in real Agonies for your Departure. 'Tis a Wonder a Woman so violent in all her Passions as I, did not (forgetting all Prudence, all Considerations) fly out into absolute Commands, or at least Entreaties, that you would give me a Moment's Time longer. I burst to speak with you to know a thousand Things ; but particularly, how you came to be so barbarous, as to carry away all that could make my Satisfaction. You carry'd away my Letter, and you carry'd away *Lycidas* : I will not call him mine, because he has so unkindly taken himself back. 'Twas with
that

that Design you came ; for I saw all Night with what Reluctancy you spoke, how coldly you entertain'd me, and with what Pain and Uneasiness you gave me the only Conversation I value in the World. I am ashamed to tell you this ; I know your peevish Virtue will misinterpret me. But take it how you will, think of it as you please ; I am undone, and will be free ; I will tell you, you did not use me well : I am ruined, and will rail at you —— Come then, I conjure you, this Evening, that after it I may shut those Eyes that have been too long waking. I have committed a thousand Madnesses in this ; but you must pardon the Faults you have created. Come and do so ; for I must see you To-night, and that in better Humour than you were last Night. No more ; obey me as you have that Friendship for me you profess : and assure yourself to find a very welcome Reception from (*Lycidas*)

Your *A S T R E A*.



LET-



L E T T E R III.

WHEN shall we understand one another? For I thought, dear *Lycidas*, you had been a Man of your Parole. I will as soon believe you will forget me, as that you have not remember'd the Promise you made me. Confess you are the teasingest Creature in the World, rather than suffer me to think you neglect me, or would put a Slight upon me, that have chosen you from all the whole Creation to give my entire Esteem to. This I had assured you Yesterday, but that I dreaded the Effects of your Censure To-day : and tho' I scorn to guard my Tongue, as hoping it will never offend willingly, yet I can with much Ado hold it, when I have a great Mind to say a thousand Things I know will be taken in an ill Sense. Possibly you will wonder what compels me to write ; what moves me to send where I find so little Welcome ; nay, where I meet with such Returns : it may be, I wonder too. You say I am changed ; I had rather almost justify an Ill than repent ; maintain false Arguments, than yield I am i'th' Wrong. In fine, charming Friend *Lycidas*,
whatever

whatever I was since you knew me, believe I am still the same in Soul and Thought; but that is what shall never hurt you. what shall never be but to serve you, Why then did you say you would not sit near me; Was that, my Friend, was that the Esteem you profess? Who grows cold first? Who is changed? And who the Aggressor? 'Tis I was first in Friendship, and shall be last in Constancy. You by Inclination, and not for want of Friends, have I placed highest in my Esteem; and for that Reason your Conversation is the most acceptable and agreeable of any in the World—and for this Reason you shun mine. Take your Course; be a Friend like a Foe, and continue to impose upon me, that you esteem me when you fly me. Renounce your false Friendship, or let me see you give it entire to

A S T R E A.



L E T T E R IV.

I H A D rather, dear *Lycidas*, set myself to write to any Man on Earth than you; for I fear your severe Prudence and Discretion, so nice, may make an ill Judgment of what I say: Yet you bid me not
dissem-

diffemble ; and you need not have caution'd me, who so naturally hate those little Arts of my Sex, that I often run on Freedoms that may well enough bear a Censure from People so scrupulous as *Lycidas*. Nor dare I follow all my Inclinations neither, nor tell all the little Secrets of my Soul : why I write them, I can give no Account ; tis but fooling myself, perhaps, into an Undoing. I do but (by this soft Entertainment) look in my Heart, like a young Gamester, to make it venture its last Stake : this I say may be the Danger ; I may come off unhurt, but cannot be a Winner : why then should I throw an uncertain Cast, where I hazard all, and you nothing ? Your stanch Prudence is Proof against Love, and all the Bank's on my Side. You are so unreasonable, you would have me pay where I have contracted no Debt ; you would have me give, and you like a Miser would distribute nothing. Greedy *Lycidas* ! Unconscionable and Ungenerous ! You would not be in Love for all the World, yet wish I were so. Uncharitable ! — Would my Fever cure you ? or a Curse on me make you blest'd ? Say, *Lycidas*, will it ? I have heard, when two Souls kindly meet 'tis a vast Pleasure, as vast as the Curse must be, when Kindness is not equal ; and why should you believe that necessary for me,

that

that will be so very incommode for you? Will you, dear *Lycidas*, allow then, that you have less Good-Nature than I? Pray be just, till you can give such Proofs of the contrary, as I shall be Judge of; or give me a Reason for your Ill-nature. So much for loving.

Now, as you are my Friend, I conjure you to consider what Resolution I took up, when I saw you last (which methinks is a long Time) of seeing no Man till I saw your Face again; and when you remember that, you will possibly be so kind as to make what Haste you can to see me again. Till then have Thoughts as much in Favour of me as you can; for when you know me better, you will believe I merit all. May you be impatient and uneasy 'till you see me again: and, bating that, may all the Blessings of Heaven and Earth light on you, is the continued Prayers of (dear *Lycidas*)

Your true *ASTREA*.



L E T T E R V.

THOUGH it be very late, I cannot go to Bed, but I must tell thee I have been very good ever since I saw thee, and

have been a writing, and have seen no Face of Man, or other Body, save my own People. I am mightily pleas'd with your Kindness to me To-night; and 'twas, I hope and believe, very innocent and undisturbing on both Sides. My *Lycidas* says, He can be soft and dear when he pleases to put off his haughty Pride, which is only assum'd to see how far I dare love him ununited. Since then my Soul's Delight you are, and may be ever assur'd I am, and ever will be your's, befall me what will; and that all the Devils of Hell shall not prevail against thee: shew then, I say, my dearest Love, thy native sweet Temper: shew me all the Love thou hast undissembled. Then, and never till then, shall I believe you love; and deserve my Heart, for God's Sake, to keep me well: and if thou hast Love (as I shall never doubt, if thou art always as To-night) shew that Love, I beseech thee; there being nothing so grateful to God, and Mankind, as Plain-dealing. 'Tis too late to conjure thee farther: I will be purchas'd with Softness, and dear Words, and kind Expressions, sweet Eyes, and a low Voice.

Farewel; I love thee dearly, passionately and tenderly, and am resolv'd to be eternally

(My only Dear Delight,

and Joy of my Life)

Thy *ASTREA*.

LET-



LETTER VI.

SINCE you, my dearest *Lycidas*, have prescrib'd me Laws and Rules, how I shall behave myself to please and gain you; and that one of these is not Lying or Dissembling; and that I had To-night promis'd you should never have a tedious Letter from me more: I will begin to keep my Word, and stint my Heart and Hand. I promis'd tho' to write; and tho' I have no great Matter to say more, than the Assurance of my Eternal Love to you, yet to obey you, and not only so, but to oblige my own impatient Heart, I must, late as 'tis, say something to thee.

I stay'd after thee To-night, 'till I had read a whole Act of my new Play; and then he led me over all the Way, saying, Gad you were the Man: And beginning some rallying Love-Discourse after Supper, which he fancy'd was not so well receiv'd as it ought, he said you were not handsome, and call'd *Philly* to own it; but he did not, but was of my Side, and said you were handsome: so he went on a While, and all ended that concern'd you. And this, upon my Word, is all.

Your Articles I have read over, and do not like them ; you have broke one, even before you have fworn or seal'd 'em ; that is, they are wrote with Reserve. I must have a better Account of your Heart To-morrow, when you come. I grow desperate fond of you, and would fain be us'd well ; if not, I will march off : But I will believe you mean to keep your Word, as I will for ever do mine. Pray make Haste to see me To-morrow ; and if I am not at home when you come, send for me over the Way, where I have engaged to dine, there being an Entertainment on purpose To-morrow for me.

For God's Sake make no more Niceties and Scruples than need, in your Way of living with me ; that is, do not make me believe this Distance is to ease you, when indeed 'tis meant to ease us both of Love ; and for God's Sake, do not misinterpret my Excess of Fondness ; and if I forget myself, let the Check you give be sufficient to make me desist. Believe me, dear Creature, 'tis more out of Humour and Jest, than any Inclination on my Side ; for I could sit eternally with you, without that Part of Disturbance : Fear me not, for you are (from that) as safe as in Heaven itself. Believe me, dear *Lycidas*, this Truth, and trust me. 'Tis late, farewell ; and come, for God's Sake, betimes
To-

To-morrow, and put off your foolish Fears
and Niceties, and do not shame me with
your perpetual ill Opinion ; my Nature is
proud and insolent, and cannot bear it : I
I will be used something better, in spite of
all your Apprehensions falsely grounded.
Adieu, keep me as I am ever your's,

ASTREA.

By this Letter, one would think I were
the nicest Thing on Earth ; yet I know a
dear Friend goes far beyond me in that un-
necessary Fault.



LETTER VII.

My Charming Unkind,

I WOULD have engag'd my Life you
could not have left me so coldly, so un-
concerned as you did ; but you are resolv'd
to give me Proofs of your No Love. Your
Counsel, which was given you To-night,
has wrought the Effects which it usually
does in Hearts like yours. Tell me no
more you love me ; for 'twill be hard to
make me think it, tho' it be the only Blef-
sing I ask on Earth : But if Love can merit

a Heart, I know who ought to claim your's. My Soul is ready to burſt with Pride and Indignation ; and at the ſame Time, Love, with all his Softneſs, affails me, and will make me write : ſo that between one and the other, I can expreſs neither as I ought. What ſhall I do to make you know I do not uſe to condeſcend to ſo much Submiſſion, nor to tell my Heart ſo freely ? Tho' you think it Uſe, methinks I find my Heart ſwell with Diſdain at this Minute, for my being ready to make Aſſeverations of the contrary, and to aſſure you I do not, nor never did love, or talk at the Rate I do to you, ſince I was born : I ſay, I would ſwear this, but ſomething rolls up my Boſom, and checks my very Thought as it riſes. You ought, Oh Faithleſs, and infinitely Adorable *Lycidas* ! to know and gueſs my Tenderneſs ; you ought to ſee it grow, and daily increaſe upon your Hands. If it be troubleſome, 'tis becauſe I fancy you leſſen, whiſt I encreaſe, in Paſſion ; or rather, that by your ill Judgment of mine, you never had any in your Soul for me. Oh unlucky, oh vexatious Thought ! Either let me never ſee that charming Face, or eaſe my Soul of ſo tormenting an Agony, as the cruel Thought of not being belov'd. Why, my lovely Dear, ſhould I flatter you ? Or, why make more Words of my Tenderneſs, than another Woman, that loves as well, would do,

do, as once you said? No, you ought rather to believe that I say more, because I have more than any Woman can be capable of: My Soul is form'd of no other Material than Love; and all that Soul of Love was form'd for my dear, faithless *Lycidas* —— Methinks I have a Fancy, that something will prevent my going To-morrow Morning: However I conjure thee, if possible, to come To-morrow about seven or eight at Night, that I may tell you in what a deplorable Condition you left me To-night. I cannot describe it; but I feel it, and wish you the same Pain, for going so inhumanly: But oh! you went to Joys, and left me to Torments! You went to Love alone, and left me Love and Rage, Fevers and Calentures, even Madness itself! Indeed, indeed, my Soul! I know not to what Degree I love you; let it suffice I do most passionately, and can have no Thoughts of any other Man, whilst I have Life. No! reproach me, defame me, lampoon me, curse me, and kill me, when I do, and let Heaven do so too.

Farewel —— I love you more and more every Moment of my Life. Know it, and Good-night. Come To-morrow, being *Wednesday*, to, my Adorable *Lycidas*, your



ASTREA.

D 4

LET.



LETTER VIII.

WHY, my dearest Charmer, do you disturb that Repose I had resolved to pursue, by taking it unkindly that I did not write? I cannot disobey you, because indeed I would not, tho' 'twere better much for both I had been for ever silent: I prophesy so, but at the same Time cannot help my Fate, and know not what Force or Credit there is in the Virtue we both profess; but I am sure 'tis not good to tempt it: I think I am sure, and I think my *Lycidas* just. But oh! to what Purpose is all this fooling? You have often wisely considered it; but I never stay'd to think till 'twas too late; and whatever Resolutions I make in the Absence of my lovely Friend, one single Sight turns me all Woman, and all his. Take Notice then, my *Lycidas*, I will henceforth never be wise more; never make any Vows against my Inclinations, or the little wing'd Deity. I own I have neither the Coldness of *Lycidas*, nor the Prudence; I cannot either not love, or have a thousand Arts of hiding it; I have nobody to fear, and therefore may have

have somebody to love : But if you are destin'd to be he, the Lord have Mercy on me ; for I'm sure you'll have none. I expect a Reprimand for this plain Confession ; but I must justify it, and I will, because I cannot help it : I was born to ill Luck ; and this Loss of my Heart, is, possibly, not the least Part on't. Do not let me see you disapprove it, I may one Day grow asham'd on't, and reclaim ; but never, whilst you blow the Flame, tho' perhaps against your Will. I expect now a very wise Answer ; and, I believe, with abundance of Discretion, you will caution me to avoid this Danger that threatens. Do so, if you have a Mind to make me launch farther into the main Sea of Love : Rather deal with me as with a right Woman ; make me believe myself infinitely belov'd. I may chance, from the natural Inconstancy of my Sex, to be as false as you would wish, and leave you in Quiet : For as I am satisfied I love in vain, and without Return, I'm satisfied that nothing, but the Thing that hates me, could treat me as *Lycidas* does ; and 'tis only the Vanity of being belov'd by me, can make you countenance a Softness so displeasing to you. How could any Thing, but the Man that hates me, entertain me so unkindly ? Witness your excellent Opinion of me, of loving others ; witness your

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passing by the End of the Street where I
 live, and squandering away your Time at any
 Coffee-house, rather than allow me what
 you know in your Soul is the greatest Bless-
 ing of my Life, your dear, *dull*, melancholy
 Company; I call it dull, because you can
 never be gay or merry where *Astrea* is.
 How could this Indifference possess you,
 when your malicious Soul knew I was lan-
 guishing for you? I died, I fainted, and
 panted for an Hour of what you lavish'd
 out, regardless of me, and without so
 much as thinking on me! What can you
 say, that Judgment may not pass? that
 you may not be condemn'd for the worst-
 natur'd, incorrigible Thing in the World?
 Yield, and at least say, My honest Friend
Astrea, I neither do love thee, nor can, nor
 ever will; at least let me say, you were
 generous, and told me plain blunt Truth:
 I know it; nay, worse, you impudently
 (but truly) told me your Business would
 permit you to come every Night, but your
 Inclinations would not: At least this was
 honest, but very unkind, and not over-civil.
 Not you, my amiable *Lycidas*, know I
 would purchase your Sight at any Rate?
 Why this Neglect then? Why keeping
 Distance? But as much as to say, *Astrea*,
truly you will make me love, you will make
me be fond of you, you will please and delight
me with your Conversation, and I am a Fellow
that

that do not desire to be pleas'd, therefore be not so civil to me, for I do not desire civil Company, nor Company that diverts me. A pretty Speech this! and yet if I do obey, desist being civil, and behave myself very rudely, as I have done, you say, these two or three Days —— then, Oh *Astrea*! where is your Profession? Where your Love so boasted? Your Good-Nature, &c. ? Why truly, my dear *Lycidas*, where it was, and ever will be, so long as you have invincible Charms, and shew your Eyes, and look so dearly; tho' you may, by your prudent Counsel, and your wise Conduct of Absence, and marching by my Door without calling in, oblige me to stay my Hand, and hold my Tongue. I can conceal my Kindness, tho' not dissemble one: I can make you think I am wise, if I list; but when I tell you I have Friendship, Love, and Esteem for you, you may pawn your Soul upon it: believe 'tis true, and satisfy yourself you have, my dear *Lycidas*, in your *Astrea* all she professes. I should be glad to see you as soon as possible (you say *Thursday*) you can: I beg you will, and shall with Impatience expect you betimes. Fail me not, as you would have me think you have any Value for

A S T R E A.

I beg you will not fail to let me hear from you To-day, being *Wednesday*, and see you at Night, if you can.

HERE I must draw to an End: for tho' considerable Trusts were repos'd in her, yet they were of that Import, that I must not presume here to insert 'em; but shall conclude with her Death, occasion'd by an unskilful Physician, on the 16th of *April*, 1689. She was buried in the Cloysters of *Westminster-Abby*, cover'd only with a plain Marble Stone, with two wretched Verses on it, made, as I'm inform'd, by a very ingenious Gentleman, tho' no Poet: the very Person, whom the Envious of our Sex, and the Malicious of the other, would needs have the Author of most of her's; which, to my Knowledge, were her own Product, without the Assistance of any Thing but Nature, which shews itself indeed without the Embarrassments of Art in every Thing she has wrote.

She was of a generous and open Temper, something passionate, very serviceable to her Friends in all that was in her Power; and could sooner forgive an injury, than do one. She had Wit, Honour, Good-humour, and Judgment. She was Mistress of all the pleasing Arts of Conversation, but us'd 'em not to any but those who love Plain-dealing.

dealing. She was a Woman of Sense, and by Consequence a Lover of Pleasure, as indeed all, both Men and Women, are ; but only some would be thought to be above the Conditions of Humanity, and place their chief Pleasure in a proud vain Hypocrisy. For my Part, I knew her intimately, and never saw aught unbecoming the just Modesty of our Sex, tho' more gay and free than the Folly of the Precise will allow. She was, I'm satisfy'd, a greater Honour to our Sex, than all the Canting Tribe of Dissemblers, that die with the false Reputation of Saints. This I may venture to say, because I'm unknown, and the revengeful Censures of my Sex will not reach me, since they will never be able to draw the Veil, and discover the Speaker of these bold Truths. If I have done my dead Friend any Manner of Justice, I'm satisfy'd, having obtain'd my End : If not, the Reader must remember that there are few *Astrea's* arise in our Age, and 'till such a one does appear, all our Endeavours in Encomiums on the last must be vain and impotent.







THE
HISTORY
OF THE
ROYAL SLAVE.



DO not pretend, in giving you the History of this *ROYAL SLAVE*, to entertain my Reader with the Adventures of a feign'd *Hero*, whose Life and Fortunes Fancy may manage at the Poet's Pleasure ; nor in relating the Truth, design to adorn it with any Accidents, but such as arrived in earnest to him : And it shall come simply into the World, recommended by its own proper Merits, and natural Intrigues ; there being enough of Reality to support it, and to render
it

it diverting, without the Addition of Invention.

I was myself an Eye-witness to a great Part of what you will find here set down ; and what I could not be Witness of, I receiv'd from the Mouth of the chief Actor in this History, the *Hero* himself, who gave us the whole Transactions of his Youth : And I shall omit, for Brevity's Sake, a thousand little Accidents of his Life, which, however pleasant to us, where History was scarce, and Adventures very rare, yet might prove tedious and heavy to my Reader, in a World where he finds Diversions for every Minute, new and strange. But we who were perfectly charm'd with the Character of this great Man, were curious to gather every Circumstance of his Life.

The Scene of the last Part of his Adventures lies in a Colony in *America*, called *Surinam*, in the *West-Indies*.

But before I give you the Story of this *Gallant Slave*, 'tis fit I tell you the Manner of bringing them to these new *Colonies* ; those they make Use of there, not being *Natives* of the Place : for those we live with in perfect Amity, without daring to command 'em ; but, on the contrary, cares 'em with all the brotherly and friendly Affection in the World ; trading with them for their Fish, Venison, Buffaloes

Buffaloes Skins, and little Rarities ; as *Marmosets*, a sort of Monkey, as big as a Rat or Weasel, but of a marvellous and delicate Shape, having Face and Hands like a Human Creature ; and *Cousheries*, a little Beast in the Form and Fashion of a Lion, as big as a Kitten, but so exactly made in all Parts like that Noble Beast, that it is it in *Miniature* : Then for little *Paraketoos*, great *Parrots*, *Muckaws* and a thousand other Birds and Beasts of wonderful and surprizing Forms, Shapes, and Colours : For Skins of prodigious Snakes, of which there are some three-score Yards in Length ; as is the Skin of one that may be seen at his Majesty's *Antiquary's* ; where are also some rare Flies, of amazing Forms and Colours, presented to 'em by myself : some as big as my Fist, some less ; and all of various Excellencies, such as Art cannot imitate. Then we trade for Feathers, which they order into all Shapes, make themselves little short Habits of 'em, and glorious Wreaths for their Heads, Necks, Arms and Legs, whose Tinctures are unconceivable. I had a Set of these presented to me, and I gave 'em to the *King's Theatre* ; it was the Dress of the *Indian Queen*, infinitely admir'd by Persons of Quality ; and was inimitable. Besides these, a thousand little Knacks, and Rarities

ties in Nature; and some of Art, as their Baskets, Weapons, Aprons, &c. We dealt with 'em with Beads of all Colours, Knives, Axes, Pins and Needles, which they us'd only as Tools to drill Holes with in their Ears, Noses and Lips, where they hang a great many little Things; as long Beads, Bits of Tin, Brass or Silver beat thin, and any shining Trinket. The Beads they weave into Aprons about a Quarter of an Ell long, and of the same Breadth; working them very prettily in Flowers of several Colours; which Apron they wear just before 'em, as *Adam* and *Eve* did the Fig-leaves; the Men wearing a long Stripe of Linen, which they deal with us for. They thread these Beads also on long Cotton-threads, and make Girdles to tie their Aprons to, which come twenty times, or more, about the Waste, and then cross, like a Shoulder-belt, both Ways, and round their Necks, Arms and Legs. This Adornment, with their long black Hair, and the Face painted in little Specks or Flowers here and there, makes 'em a wonderful Figure to behold. Some of the Beauties, which indeed are finely shap'd, as almost all are, and who have pretty Features, are charming and novel; for they have all that is called Beauty, except the Colour, which is a reddish Yellow;

Yellow ; or after a new Oiling, which they often use to themselves, they are of the Colour of a new Brick, but smooth, soft and sleek. They are extreme modest and bashful, very shy, and nice of being touch'd. And tho' they are all thus naked, if one lives for ever among 'em, there is not to be seen an indecent Action, or Glance : and being continually us'd to see one another so unadorn'd, so like our first Parents before the Fall, it seems as if they had no Wishes, there being nothing to heighten Curiosity : but all you can see, you see at once, and every Moment see ; and where there is no Novelty, there can be no Curiosity. Not but I have seen a handsome young *Indian*, dying for Love of a very beautiful young *Indian* Maid ; but all his Courtship was, to fold his Arms, pursue her with his Eyes, and Sighs were all his Language : Whilst she, as if no such Lover were present, or rather as if she desired none such, carefully guarded her Eyes from beholding him ; and never approach'd him, but she look'd down with all the blushing Modesty I have seen in the most Severe and Cautious of our World. And these People represented to me an absolute *Idea* of the first State of Innocence, before Man knew how to sin : And 'tis most evident and plain, that simple Nature is the most harmless, in-

offensive

offensive and virtuous Mistress. 'Tis she alone, if she were permitted, that better instructs the World, than all the Inventions of Man: Religion would here but destroy that Tranquillity they possess by Ignorance; and Laws would but teach 'em to know Offences, of which now they have no Notion. They once made Mourning and Fasting for the Death of the *English* Governor, who had given his Hand to come on such a Day to 'em, and neither came nor sent; believing, when a Man's Word was past, nothing but Death could or should prevent his keeping it: And when they saw he was not dead, they ask'd him what Name they had for a Man who promis'd a Thing he did not do? The Governor told them, Such a Man was a *Lyar*, which was a Word of Infamy to a Gentleman. Then one of 'em reply'd, *Governor, you are a Lyar, and guilty of that Infamy.* They have a native Justice, which knows no Fraud; and they understand no Vice, or Cunning, but when they are taught by the *White* Men. They have Plurality of Wives; which, when they grow old, serve those that succeed 'em, who are young, but with a Servitude easy and respected; and unless they take Slaves in War, they have no other Attendants.

Those

Those on that *Continent* where I was, had no King ; but the oldest War-Captain was obey'd with great Resignation.

A War-Captain is a Man who has led them on to Battle with Conduct and Success ; of whom I shall have Occasion to speak more hereafter, and of some other of their Customs and Manners, as they fall in my Way.

With these People, as I said, we live in perfect Tranquillity, and good Understanding, as it behoves us to do ; they knowing all the Places where to seek the best Food of the Country, and the Means of getting it ; and for very small and unvaluable Trifles, supplying us with what 'tis almost impossible for us to get : for they do not only in the Woods, and over the *Sevana's*, in Hunting, supply the Parts of Hounds, by swiftly scouring thro' those almost impassable Places, and by the mere Activity of their Feet, run down the nimblest Deer, and other eatable Beasts ; but in the Water, one would think they were Gods of the Rivers, or Fellow-Citizens of the Deep ; so rare an Art they have in swimming, diving, and almost living in Water ; by which they command the less swift Inhabitants of the Floods. And then for shooting, what they cannot take, or reach with their Hands, they do with Arrows ; and have so admirable an
Aim,

Aim, that they will split almost an Hair, and at any Distance that an Arrow can reach: they will shoot down Oranges, and other Fruit, and only touch the Stalk with the Dart's Point, that they may not hurt the Fruit. So that they being on all Occasions very useful to us, we find it absolutely necessary to careſs 'em as Friends, and not to treat 'em as Slaves; nor dare we do otherwise, their Numbers ſo far ſurpaſſing ours in that Continent.

Thoſe then whom we make uſe of to work in our Plantations of Sugar, are *Negroes*, Black-Slaves altogether, who are tranſported thither in this Manner.

Thoſe who want Slaves, make a Bargain with a Maſter, or a Captain of a Ship, and contract to pay him ſo much apiece, a Matter of twenty Pound a Head, for as many as he agrees for, and to pay for 'em when they ſhall be deliver'd on ſuch a Plantation: So that when there arrives a Ship laden with Slaves, they who have ſo contracted, go aboard, and receive their Number by Lot; and perhaps in one Lot that may be for ten, there may happen to be three or four Men, the reſt Women and Children. Or be there more or leſs of either Sex, you are obliged to be contented with your Lot.

Coramantien, a Country of *Blacks* ſo called, was one of thoſe Places in which they

they found the most advantageous Trading for these Slaves, and thither most of our great Traders in that Merchandize traffick; for that Nation is very warlike and brave: and having a continual Campaign, being always in Hostility with one neighbouring Prince or other, they had the Fortune to take a great many Captives: for all they took in Battle were sold as Slaves; at least those common Men who could not ransom themselves. Of these Slaves so taken, the General only has all the Profit; and of these Generals our Captains and Masters of Ships buy all their Freights.

The King of *Coramantien* was of himself a Man of an hundred and odd Years old, and had no Son, tho' he had many beautiful Black Wives: for most certainly there are Beauties that can charm of that Colour. In his younger Years he had had many gallant Men to his Sons, thirteen of whom died in Battle, conquering when they fell; and he had only left him for his Successor, one Grand-child, Son to one of these dead Victors, who, as soon as he could bear a Bow in his Hand, and a Quiver at his Back, was sent into the Field, to be train'd up by one of the oldest Generals to War; where, from his natural Inclination to Arms, and the Occasions given him, with the good Conduct
of

of the old General, he became, at the Age of seventeen, one of the most expert Captains, and bravest Soldiers that ever saw the Field of *Mars* : so that he was ador'd as the Wonder of all that World, and the Darling of the Soldiers. Besides, he was adorn'd with a native Beauty, so transcending all those of his gloomy Race, that he struck an Awe and Reverence, even into those that knew not his Quality ; as he did into me, who beheld him with Surprise and Wonder, when afterwards he arrived in our World.

He had scarce arrived at his seventeenth Year, when, fighting by his Side, the General was kill'd with an Arrow in his Eye, which the Prince *Oroonoko* (for so was this gallant *Moor* call'd) very narrowly avoided ; nor had he, if the General who saw the Arrow shot, and perceiving it aimed at the Prince, had not bow'd his Head between, on Purpose to receive it in his own Body, rather than it should touch that of the Prince, and so saved him.

'Twas then, afflicted as *Oroonoko* was, that he was proclaimed General in the old Man's Place : and then it was, at the finishing of that War, which had continu'd for two Years, that the Prince came to Court, where he had hardly been a Month together, from the Time of his
fifth

fifth Year to that of seventeen : and 'twas amazing to imagine where it was he learn'd so much Humanity ; or to give his Accomplishments a juster Name, where 'twas he got that real Greatness of Soul, those refined Notions of true Honour, that absolute Generosity, and that Softness, that was capable of the highest Passions of Love and Gallantry, whose Objects were almost continually fighting Men, or those mangled or dead, who heard no Sounds but those of War and Groans. Some Part of it we may attribute to the Care of a *Frenchman* of Wit and Learning, who finding it turn to a very good Account to be a sort of Royal Tutor to this young Black, and perceiving him very ready, apt, and quick of Apprehension, took a great Pleasure to teach him Morals, Language and Science ; and was for it extremely belov'd and valu'd by him. Another Reason was, he lov'd when he came from War, to see all the *English* Gentlemen that traded thither ; and did not only learn their Language, but that of the *Spaniard* also, with whom he traded afterwards for Slaves.

I have often seen and conversed with this Great Man, and been a Witness to many of his mighty Actions ; and do assure my Reader, the most illustrious Courts could not have produced a braver

Man, both for Greatness of Courage and Mind, a Judgment more solid, a Wit more quick, and a Conversation more sweet and diverting. He knew almost as much as if he had read much: He had heard of and admired the *Romans*: He had heard of the late Civil Wars in *England*, and the deplorable Death of our great Monarch; and would discourse of it with all the Sense and Abhorrence of the Injustice imaginable. He had an extreme good and graceful Mien, and all the Civility of a well-bred Great Man. He had nothing of Barbarity in his Nature, but in all Points address'd himself as if his Education had been in some *European* Court.

This great and just Character of *Oroonoko* gave me an extreme Curiosity to see him, especially when I knew he spoke *French* and *English*, and that I could talk with him. But tho' I had heard so much of him, I was as greatly surprized when I saw him, as if I had heard nothing of him; so beyond all Report I found him. He came into the Room, and address'd himself to me, and some other Women, with the best Grace in the World. He was pretty tall, but of a Shape the most exact that can be fancy'd: The most famous Statuary could not form the Figure of a Man more admirably turn'd from
Head

Head to Foot. His Face was not of that brown rusty Black which most of that Nation are, but a perfect Ebony, or polished Jet. His Eyes were the most awful that could be seen, and very piercing; the White of 'em being like Snow, as were his Teeth. His Nose was rising and *Roman*, instead of *African* and flat: His Mouth the finest shaped that could be seen; far from those great turn'd Lips, which are so natural to the rest of the Negroes. The whole Proportion and Air of his Face was so nobly and exactly form'd, that bating his Colour, there could be nothing in Nature more beautiful, agreeable and handsome. There was no one Grace wanting, that bears the Standard of true Beauty. His Hair came down to his Shoulders, by the Aids of Art, which was by pulling it out with a Quill, and keeping it comb'd; of which he took particular Care. Nor did the Perfections of his Mind come short of those of his Person; for his Discourse was admirable upon almost any Subject: and whoever had heard him speak, would have been convinced of their Errors, that all fine Wit is confined to the white Men, especially to those of Christendom; and would have confess'd that *Oroonoko* was as capable even of reigning well, and of governing as wisely, had as great a Soul,

as politick Maxims, and was as fenfible of Power, as any Prince civiliz'd in the moſt refined Schools of Humanity and Learning, or the moſt illuſtrious Courts.

This Prince, ſuch as I have deſcrib'd him, whoſe Soul and Body were ſo admirably adorned, was (while yet he was in the Court of his Grandfather, as I ſaid) as capable of Love, as 'twas poſſible for a brave and gallant Man to be ; and in ſaying that, I have named the higheſt Degree of Love : for ſure great Souls are moſt capable of that Paſſion.

I have already ſaid, the old General was kill'd by the Shot of an Arrow, by the Side of this Prince, in Battle ; and that *Oroonoko* was made General. This old dead Hero had one only Daughter left of his Race, a Beauty, that to deſcribe her truly, one need ſay only, ſhe was Female to the noble Male ; the beautiful Black *Venus* to our young *Mars* ; as charming in her Perſon as he, and of delicate Virtues. I have ſeen a hundred White Men fighting after her, and making a thouſand Vows at her Feet, all in vain and unſucceſſful. And ſhe was indeed too great for any but a Prince of her own Nation to adore.

Oroonoko Coming from the Wars (which were now ended) after he had made his Court to his Grandfather, he thought in
Honour

Honour he ought to make a Visit to *Imoinda*, the Daughter of his Foster-father, the dead General; and to make some Excuses to her, because his Preservation was the Occasion of her Father's Death; and to present her with those Slaves that had been taken in this last Battle, as the Trophies of her Father's Victories. When he came, attended by all the young Soldiers of any Merit, he was infinitely surpriz'd at the Beauty of this fair Queen of Night, whose Face and Person were so exceeding all he had ever beheld, that lovely Modesty with which she receiv'd him, that Softness in her Look and Sighs, upon the melancholy Occasion of this Honour that was done by so great a Man as *Oroonoko*, and a Prince of whom she had heard such admirable Things; the Awfulness wherewith she receiv'd him, and the Sweetness of her Words and Behaviour while he stay'd, gain'd a perfect Conquest over his fierce Heart, and made him feel, the Victor could be subdu'd. So that having made his first Compliments, and presented her an hundred and fifty Slaves in Fetters, he told her with his Eyes, that he was not insensible of her Charms; while *Imoinda*, who wish'd for nothing more than so glorious a Conquest, was pleas'd to believe, she understood that silent Language of new-born Love; and, from that

Moment, put on all her Additions to Beauty.

The Prince return'd to Court with quite another Humour than before; and tho' he did not speak much of the fair *Imoinda*, he had the Pleasure to hear all his Followers speak of nothing but the Charms of that Maid, infomuch, that, even in the Prefence of the old King, they were extolling her, and heightning, if possible, the Beauties they had found in her: so that nothing else was talk'd of, no other Sound was heard in every Corner where there were Whispermers, but *Imoinda! Imoinda!*

'Twill be imagin'd *Oroonoko* stay'd not long before he made his second Visit; nor, considering his Quality, not much longer before he told her, he ador'd her. I have often heard him say, that he admir'd by what strange Inspiration he came to talk Things so soft, and so passionate, who never knew Love, nor was us'd to the Conversation of Women; but (to use his own Words) he said, 'Most happily, some new, and, till then, unknown Power instructed his Heart and Tongue in the Language of Love; and at the same Time, in Favour of him, inspir'd *Imoinda* with a Sense of his Passion.' She was touch'd with what he said, and return'd it all in such Answers

as

as went to his very Heart, with a Pleasure unknown before. Nor did he use those Obligations ill, that Love had done him, but turn'd all his happy Moments to the best Advantage; and as he knew no Vice, his Flame aim'd at nothing but Honour, if such a Distinction may be made in Love; and especially in that Country, where Men take to themselves as many as they can maintain; and where the only Crime and Sin against a Woman, is, to turn her off, to abandon her to Want, Shame and Misery: such ill Morals are only practis'd in *Christian* Countries, where they prefer the bare Name of Religion; and, without Virtue or Morality, think that sufficient. But *Oroonoko* was none of those Professors; but as he had right Notions of Honour, so he made her such Propositions as were not only and barely such; but, contrary to the Custom of his Country, he made her Vows, she should be the only Woman he would possess while he liv'd; that no Age or Wrinkles should incline him to change: for her Soul would be always fine, and always young; and he should have an eternal *Idea* in his Mind of the Charms she now bore; and should look into his Heart for that *Idea*, when he could find it no longer in her Face.

After a thousand Assurances of his lasting Flame, and her eternal Empire over him, she condescended to receive him for her Husband; or rather, receive him, as the greatest Honour the Gods could do her.

There is a certain Ceremony in these Cases to be observ'd, which I forgot to ask how 'twas perform'd; but 'twas concluded on both Sides, that in Obedience to him, the Grandfather was to be first made acquainted with the Design: For they pay a most absolute Resignation to the Monarch, especially when he is a Parent also.

On the other Side, the old King, who had many Wives, and many Concubines, wanted not Court-Flatterers to insinuate into his Heart a thousand tender Thoughts for this young Beauty; and who represented her to his Fancy, as the most charming he had ever possess'd in all the long Race of his numerous Years. At this Character, his old Heart, like an extinguish'd Brand, most apt to take Fire, felt new Sparks of Love, and began to kindle; and now grown to his second Childhood, long'd with Impatience to behold this gay Thing, with whom, alas! he could but innocently play. But how he should be confirm'd she was this *Wonder*, before he us'd his Power to call her to Court, (where Maidens

dens never came, unless for the King's private Use) he was next to consider ; and while he was so doing, he had Intelligence brought him, that *Imoinda* was most certainly Mistress to the Prince *Oroonoko*. This gave him some Chagrine : however, it gave him also an Opportunity, one Day, when the Prince was a hunting, to wait on a Man of Quality, as his Slave and Attendant, who should go and make a Present to *Imoinda*, as from the Prince ; he should then, unknown, see this fair Maid, and have an Opportunity to hear what Message she would return the Prince for his Present, and from thence gather the State of her Heart, and Degree of her Inclination. This was put in Execution, and the old Monarch saw, and burn'd : He found her all he had heard, and would not delay his Happiness, but found he should have some Obstacle to overcome her Heart ; for she express'd her Sense of the Present the Prince had sent her, in Terms so sweet, so soft and pretty, with an Air of Love and Joy that could not be disssembled, insomuch that 'twas past Doubt whether she lov'd *Oroonoko* entirely. This gave the old King some Affliction ; but he salv'd it with this, that the Obedience the People pay their King, was not at all inferior to what they paid their Gods ; and what Love would not oblige

Imoinda to do, Duty would compel her to.

He was therefore no sooner got into his Apartment, but he sent the Royal Veil to *Imoinda* ; that is the Ceremony of Invitation : He sends the Lady he has a Mind to honour with his Bed, a Veil, with which she is covered, and secur'd for the King's Use ; and 'tis Death to disobey ; besides, held a most impious Disobedience.

'Tis not to be imagin'd the Surprize and Grief that seiz'd the lovely Maid at this News and Sight. However, as Delays in these Cases are dangerous, and Pleading worse than Treason ; trembling, and almost fainting, she was oblig'd to suffer herself to be cover'd, and led away.

They brought her thus to Court ; and the King, who had caus'd a very rich Bath to be prepar'd, was led into it, where he sat under a Canopy, in State, to receive this long'd-for Virgin ; whom he having commanded to be brought to him, they (after disrobing her) led her to the Bath, and making fast the Doors, left her to descend. The King, without more Courtship, bad her throw off her Mantle, and come to his Arms. But *Imoinda*, all in Tears, threw herself on the Marble, on the Brink of the Bath, and besought him to
hear

hear her. She told him, as she was a Maid, how proud of the Divine Glory she should have been, of having it in her Power to oblige her King : but as by the Laws he could not, and from his Royal Goodness would not take from any Man his wedded Wife ; so she believ'd she should be the Occasion of making him commit a great Sin, if she did not reveal her State and Condition ; and tell him she was another's, and could not be so happy to be his.

The King, enrag'd at this Delay, hastily demanded the Name of the bold Man, that had married a Woman of her Degree, without his Consent. *Imoinda* seeing his Eyes fierce, and his Hands tremble, (whether with Age or Anger, I know not, but she fancy'd the last) almost repented she had said so much, for now she fear'd the Storm would fall on the Prince ; she therefore said a thousand Things to appease the raging of his Flame, and to prepare him to hear who it was with Calmness : but before she spoke, he imagin'd who she meant, but would not seem to do so, but commanded her to lay aside her Mantle, and suffer herself to receive his Caresses, or, by his Gods he swore, that happy Man whom she was going to name should die, tho' it were even *Oroonoko* himself. *Therefore* (said he) *deny this Marriage, and swear thyself a Maid. That*

(reply'd *Imoinda*) by all our Powers I do ;
for I am not yet known to my Husband. 'Tis
enough (said the King) 'tis enough both to
satisfy my Conscience and my Heart. And
rising from his Seat, he went and led her
into the Bath ; it being in vain for her to
resist.

In this Time, the Prince, who was re-
turn'd from Hunting, went to visit his
Imoinda, but found her gone ; and not only
so, but heard she had receiv'd the Royal
Veil. This rais'd him to a Storm ; and in
his Madness, they had much ado to save
him from laying violent Hands on him-
self. Force first prevail'd, and then Rea-
son : They urg'd all to him, that might
oppose his Rage ; but nothing weigh'd so
greatly with him as the King's old Age,
uncapable of injuring him with *Imoinda*.
He would give Way to that Hope, because
it pleas'd him most, and flatter'd best his
Heart. Yet this serv'd not altogether to
make him cease his different Passions, which
sometimes rag'd within him, and softned
into Showers. 'Twas not enough to ap-
pease him, to tell him, his Grandfather
was old, and could not that Way injure
him, while he retain'd that awful Duty
which the young Men are us'd there to
pay to their grave Relations. He could
not be convinc'd he had no Cause to sigh
and mourn for the Loss of a Mistress, he
could

could not with all his Strength and Courage retrieve, and he would often cry, ‘ Oh, my Friends! were she in wall’d Cities, or confin’d from me in Fortifications of the greatest Strength ; did Inchantments or Monsters detain her from me ; I would venture tho’ any Hazard to free her : But here, in the Arms of a feeble old Man, my Youth, my violent Love, my Trade in Arms, and all my vast Desire of Glory, avail me nothing. *Imoinda* is as irrecoverably lost to me, as if she were snatch’d by the cold Arms of Death : Oh ! she is never to be retriev’d. If I would wait tedious Years ; till Fate should bow the old King to his Grave, even that would not leave me *Imoinda* free ; but still that Custom that makes it so vile a Crime for a Son to marry his Father’s Wives or Mistresses, would hinder my Happiness ; unless I would either ignobly set an ill Precedent to my Successors, or abandon my Country, and fly with her to some unknown World who never heard our Story.’

But it was objected to him, That his Case was not the same : for *Imoinda* being his lawful Wife by solemn Contract, ’twas he was the injur’d Man, and might, if he so pleas’d, take *Imoinda* back, the Breach of the Law being on his Grandfather’s Side ; and that if he could circumvent him,
and

and redeem her from the *Otan*, which is the Palace of the King's Women, a sort of *Seraglio*, it was both just and lawful for him so to do.

This Reasoning had some Force upon him, and he should have been entirely comforted, but for the Thought that she was possess'd by his Grandfather. However, he lov'd her so well, that he was resolv'd to believe what most favour'd his Hope, and to endeavour to learn from *Imoinda's* own Mouth, what only she could satisfy him in, whether she was robb'd of that Blessing which was only due to his Faith and Love. But as it was very hard to get a Sight of the Women, (for no Men ever enter'd into the *Otan*, but when the King went to entertain himself with some one of his Wives or Mistresses; and 'twas Death, at any other Time, for any other to go in) so he knew not how to contrive to get a Sight of her.

While *Oroonoko* felt all the Agonies of Love, and suffer'd under a Torment the most painful in the World, the old King was not exempted from his Share of Affliction. He was troubled, for having been forc'd, by an irresistible Passion, to rob his Son of a Treasure, he knew, could not but be extremely dear to him; since she was the most beautiful that ever had been seen, and had besides, all the Sweetness
and

and Innocence of Youth and Modesty, with a Charm of Wit surpassing all. He found, that however she was forc'd to expose her lovely Person to his wither'd Arms, she could only sigh and weep there, and think of *Oroonoko*; and oftentimes could not forbear speaking of him, tho' her Life were, by Custom, forfeited by owning her Passion. But she spoke not of a Lover only, but of a Prince dear to him to whom she spoke; and of the Praises of a Man, who, 'till now, fill'd the old Man's Soul with Joy at every Recital of his Bravery, or even his Name. And 'twas this Dotage on our young Hero, that gave *Imoinda* a thousand Privileges to speak of him without offending; and this Condescension in the old King, that made her take the Satisfaction of speaking of him so very often.

Besides, he many times enquir'd how the Prince bore himself: And those of whom he ask'd, being entirely Slaves to the Merits and Virtues of the Prince, still answer'd what they thought conduc'd best to his Service; which was, to make the old King fancy that the Prince had no more Interest in *Imoinda*, and had resign'd her willingly to the Pleasure of the King; that he diverted himself with his Mathematicians, his Fortifications, his Officers, and his Hunting.

This

This pleas'd the old Lover, who fail'd not to report these Things again to *Imoinda*, that she might, by the Example of her young Lover, withdraw her Heart, and rest better contented in his Arms. But, however she was forc'd to receive this unwelcome News, in all Appearance, with Unconcern and Content ; her Heart was bursting within, and she was only happy when she could get alone, to vent her Grievs and Moans with Sighs and Tears.

What Reports of the Prince's Conduct were made to the King, he thought good to justify, as far as possibly he could by his Actions ; and when he appear'd in the Presence of the King, he shew'd a Face not at all betraying his Heart : so that in a little Time, the Old Man, being entirely convinc'd that he was no longer a Lover of *Imoinda*, he carry'd him with him, in his Train, to the *Otan*, often to banquet with his Mistresses. But as soon as he enter'd, one Day, into the Apartment of *Imoinda*, with the King, at the first Glance from her Eyes, notwithstanding all his determined Resolution, he was ready to sink in the Place where he stood ; and had certainly done so, but for the Support of *Aboan*, a young Man who was next to him ; which, with his Change of Countenance, had betray'd him, had the King chanc'd to look that Way. And I
have

have observ'd, 'tis a very great Error in those who laugh when one says, *A Negro can change Colour*: for I have seen 'em as frequently blush, and look pale, and that as visibly as ever I saw in the most beautiful *White*. And 'tis certain, that both these Changes were evident, this Day, in both these Lovers. And *Imoinda*, who saw with some Joy the Change in the Prince's Face, and found it in her own, strove to divert the King from beholding either, by a forc'd Carefs, with which she met him; which was a new Wound in the Heart of the poor dying Prince. But as soon as the King was busy'd in looking on some fine Thing of *Imoinda's* making, she had Time to tell the Prince, with her angry, but Love-darting Eyes, that she resent'd his Coldness, and bemoan'd her own miserable Captivity. Nor were his Eyes silent, but answer'd her's again, as much as Eyes could do, instructed by the most tender and most passionate Heart that ever lov'd: And they spoke so well, and so effectually, as *Imoinda* no longer doubted but she was the only Delight and Darling of that Soul she found pleading in 'em its Right of Love, which none was more willing to resign than she. And 'twas this powerful Language alone that in an Instant convey'd all the Thoughts of their Souls to each other; that they

both found there wanted but Opportunity to make them both entirely happy. But when he saw another Door open'd by *Onahal* (a former old Wife of the King's, who now had Charge of *Imoinda*) and saw the Prospect of a Bed of State made ready, with Sweets and Flowers for the Dalliance of the King, who immediately led the trembling Victim from his Sight, into that prepar'd Repose ; what Rage ! what wild Frenzies seiz'd his Heart ! which forcing to keep within Bounds, and to suffer without Noise, it became the more insupportable, and rent his Soul with ten thousand Pains. He was forc'd to retire to vent his Groans, where he fell down on a Carpet, and lay struggling a long Time, and only breathing now and then— Oh *Imoinda* ! When *Onahal* had finished her necessary Affair within, shutting the Door, she came forth, to wait till the King called ; and hearing some one sighing in the other Room, she pass'd on, and found the Prince in that deplorable Condition, which she thought needed her Aid. She gave him Cordials, but all in vain ; till finding the Nature of his Disease, by his Sighs, and naming *Imoinda*, she told him he had not so much Cause as he imagined to afflict himself : for if he knew the King so well as she did, he would not lose a Moment in Jealousy ; and that she
was

was confident that *Imoinda* bore, at this Minute, Part in his Affliction. *Aboan* was of the same Opinion, and both together persuaded him to re-assume his Courage ; and all fitting down on the Carpet, the Prince said so many obliging Things to *Onahal*, that he half-persuaded her to be of his Party : and she promised him, she would thus far comply with his just Desires, that she would let *Imoinda* know how faithful he was, what he suffer'd, and what he said.

This Discourse lasted till the King called, which gave *Oroonoko* a certain Satisfaction ; and with the Hope *Onahal* had made him conceive, he assumed a Look as gay as 'twas possible a Man in his Circumstances could do : and presently after, he was call'd in with the rest who waited without. The King commanded Musick to be brought, and several of his young Wives and Mistresses came all together by his Command, to dance before him ; where *Imoinda* perform'd her Part with an Air and Grace so surpassing all the rest, as her Beauty was above 'em, and received the Present ordained as a Prize. The Prince was every Moment more charmed with the new Beauties and Graces he beheld in this Fair-One ; and while he gazed, and she danc'd, *Onahal* was retir'd to a Window with *Aboan*.

This

This *Onahal*, as I said, was one of the Cast-Mistresses of the old King ; and 'twas these (now past their Beauty) that were made Guardians or Governantees to the new and the young ones, and whose Business it was to teach them all those wanton Arts of Love, with which they prevail'd and charm'd heretofore in their Turn ; and who now treated the triumphant Happy-ones with all the Severity, as to Liberty and Freedom, that was possible, in Revenge of the Honours they rob them of ; envying them those Satisfactions, those Gallantries and Presents, that were once made to themselves, while Youth and Beauty lasted, and which they now saw pass, as it were regardless by, and paid only to the Bloomings. And certainly, nothing is more afflicting to a decay'd Beauty, than to behold in itself declining Charms, that were once ador'd ; and to find those Caresses paid to new Beauties, to which once she laid Claim ; to hear them whisper, as she passes by, that once was a delicate Woman. Those abandon'd Ladies therefore endeavour to revenge all the Despights and Decays of Time, on these flourishing Happy-ones. And 'twas this Severity that gave *Oroonoko* a thousand Fears he should never prevail with *Onahal* to see *Imoinda*. But, as I said, she was now retir'd to a Window with *Aboan*.

This

This young Man was not only one of the best Quality, but a Man extremely well made, and beautiful ; and coming often to attend the King to the *Otan*, he had subdu'd the Heart of the antiquated *Onahal*, which had not forgot how pleasant it was to be in love. And tho' she had some Decays in her Face, she had none in her Sense and Wit ; she was there agreeable still, even to *Aboan's* Youth : so that he took Pleasure in entertaining her with Discourses of Love. He knew also, that to make his Court to these She-favourites, was the Way to be great ; these being the Persons that do all Affairs and Business at Court. He had also observed, that she had given him Glances more tender and inviting than she had done to others of his Quality. And now, when he saw that her Favour could so absolutely oblige the Prince, he fail'd not to sigh in her Ear, and look with Eyes all soft upon her, and gave her Hope that she had made some Impressions on his Heart. He found her pleas'd at this, and making a thousand Advances to him : but the Ceremony ending, and the King departing, broke up the Company for that Day, and his Conversation.

Aboan fail'd not that Night to tell the Prince of his Success, and how advantageous the Service of *Onahal* might be to
his

his Amour with *Imoinda*. The Prince was over-joy'd with this good News, and besought him, if it were possible, to care for her so, as to engage her entirely, which he could not fail to do, if he comply'd with her Desires : *For then* (said the Prince) *her Lifelying at your Mercy, she must grant you the Request you make in my Behalf.* Aboan understood him, and assur'd him he would make Love so effectually, that he would defy the most expert Mistress of the Art, to find out whether he disssembled it, or had it really. And 'twas with Impatience they waited the next Opportunity of going to the *Otan*.

The Wars came on, the Time of taking the Field approached ; and 'twas impossible for the Prince to delay his going at the Head of his Army to encounter the Enemy ; so that every Day seem'd a tedious Year, till he saw his *Imoinda* : for he believ'd he could not live, if he were forced away without being so happy. 'Twas with Impatience therefore that he expected the next Visit the King would make ; and, according to his Wish, it was not long.

The Parley of the Eyes of these two Lovers had not pass'd so secretly, but an old jealous Lover could spy it ; or rather, he wanted not Flatterers who told him they observ'd it : so that the Prince was
 hasten'd

hasten'd to the Camp, and this was the last Visit he found he should make to the *Otan*; he therefore urged *Aboan* to make the best of this last Effort, and to explain himself so to *Onahal*, that she deferring her Enjoyment of her young Lover no longer, might make Way for the Prince to speak to *Imoinda*.

The whole Affair being agreed on between the Prince and *Aboan*, they attended the King, as the Custom was, to the *Otan*; where, while the whole Company was taken up in beholding the Dancing, and Antick Postures the Women-Royal made to divert the King, *Onahal* singled out *Aboan*, whom she found most pliable to her Wish. When she had him where she believed she could not be heard, she sigh'd to him, and softly cry'd, ' Ah
' *Aboan*! when will you be sensible of my
' Passion? I confess it with my Mouth,
' because I would not give my Eyes the
' Lye; and you have but too much al-
' ready perceived they have confess'd
' my Flame: nor would I have you be-
' lieve, that because I am the abandon'd
' Mistress of a King, I esteem myself al-
' together divested of Charms: No,
' *Aboan*; I have still a Rest of Beauty enough
' engaging, and have learn'd to please too
' well, not to be desirable. I can have
' Lovers still, but will have none but
' *Aboan*.

‘ *Aboan.* Madam, *(reply’d the half-feigning*
 ‘ *Youth)* you have already, by my Eyes,
 ‘ found you can still conquer ; and I be-
 ‘ lieve ’tis in pity of me you condescend
 ‘ to this kind Confession. But, Madam,
 ‘ Words are us’d to be so small a Part
 ‘ of our Country-Courtship, that ’tis rare
 ‘ one can get so happy an Opportunity as
 ‘ to tell one’s Heart ; and those few Mi-
 ‘ nutes we have, are forced to be snatch’d
 ‘ for more certain Proofs of Love than
 ‘ speaking and sighing : and such I lan-
 ‘ guish for.’

He spoke this with such a Tone, that
 she hoped it true, and could not forbear
 believing it ; and being wholly transport-
 ed with Joy for having subdued the finest
 of all the King’s Subjects to her Desires,
 she took from her Ears two large Pearls,
 and commanded him to wear ’em in his.
 He would have refused ’em crying, *Ma-*
dam these are not the Proofs of your Love
that I expect ; ’tis Opportunity, ’tis a Lone-
Hour only, that can make me happy. But
 forcing the Pearls into his Hand, she
 whisper’d softly to him ; *Oh ! do not fear*
a Woman’s Invention, when Love sets her a
thinking. And pressing his Hand, she
 cry’d, *This Night you shall be happy. Come*
to the Gate of the Orange-Grove, behind the
Otan, and I will be ready about Midnight
to receive you. ’Twas thus agreed, and
 she

ſhe left him, that no Notice might be taken of their ſpeaking together.

The Ladies were ſtill dancing, and the King, laid on a Carpet, with a great deal of Pleaſure was beholding them, eſpecially *Imoinda*, who that Day appeared more lovely than ever, being enlivened with the good Tidings *Onahal* had brought her, of the conſtant Paſſion the Prince had for her. The Prince was laid on another Carpet at the other End of the Room, with his Eyes fixed on the Object of his Soul; and as ſhe turned or moved, ſo did they; and ſhe alone gave his Eyes and Soul their Motions. Nor did *Imoinda* employ her Eyes to any other Uſe, than in beholding with infinite Pleaſure the Joy ſhe produced in thoſe of the Prince. But while ſhe was more regarding him than the Steps ſhe took, ſhe chanced to fall, and ſo near him, as that leaping with extreme Force from the Carpet, he caught her in his Arms as ſhe fell; and 'twas viſible to the whole Preſence, the Joy where-with he received her. He claſped her cloſe to his Boſom, and quite forgot that Reverence that was due to the Miſtreſs of a King, and that Punishment that is the Reward of a Boldneſs of this Nature. And had not the Preſence of Mind of *Imoinda* (fonder of his Safety than her own) befriended him, in making her ſpring from

his Arms, and fall into her Dance again, he had at that Instant met his Death; for the old King, jealous to the last Degree, rose up in Rage, broke all the Diverſion, and led *Imoinda* to her Apartment, and ſent out Word to the Prince, to go immediately to the Camp; and that if he were found another Night in Court, he ſhould ſuffer the Death ordained for diſobedient to Offenders.

You may imagine how welcome this News was to *Oroonoko*, whoſe unſeaſonable Transport and Careſs of *Imoinda* was blamed by all Men that loved him: and now he perceived his Fault, yet cry'd, *That for ſuch another Moment he would be content to die.*

All the *Otan* was in Diſorder about this Accident; and *Onahal* was particularly concern'd, becauſe on the Prince's Stay depended her Happineſs; for ſhe could no longer expect that of *Aboan*: So that e'er they departed, they contriv'd it ſo, that the Prince and he ſhould both come that Night to the Grove of the *Otan*, which was all of Oranges and Citrons, and that there they would wait her Orders.

They parted thus with Grief enough 'till Night, leaving the King in Poſſeſſion of the lovely Maid. But nothing could appeaſe the Jealouſy of the old Lover; he

he would not be imposed on, but would have it that *Imoinda* made a false Step on Purpose to fall into *Oroonoko's* Bosom, and that all Things looked like a Design on both Sides; and 'twas in vain she protested her Innocence: He was old and obstinate, and left her, more than half assur'd that his Fear was true.

The King going to his Apartment, sent to know where the Prince was, and if he intended to obey his Command. The Messenger return'd, and told him, he found the Prince pensive, and altogether unprepar'd for the Campaign; that he lay negligently on the Ground, and answer'd very little. This confirm'd the Jealousy of the King, and he commanded that they should very narrowly and privately watch his Motions; and that he should not stir from his Apartment, but one Spy or other should be employ'd to watch him: So that the Hour approaching, wherein he was to go to the Citron-Grove; and taking only *Aboan* along with him, he leaves his Apartment, and was watched to the very Gate of the *Otan*; where he was seen to enter, and where they left him, to carry back the Tidings to the King.

Oroonoko and *Aboan* were no sooner enter'd, but *Onahal* led the Prince to the Apartment of *Imoinda*; who, not know-

ing any thing of her Happinefs, was laid in Bed. But *Onahal* only left him in her Chamber, to make the beft of his Opportunity, and took her dear *Aboan* to her own ; where he fhewed the Height of Complaisance for his Prince, when, to give him an Opportunity, he fuffered himfelf to be careffed in Bed by *Onahal*.

The Prince foftly waken'd *Imoinda*, who was not a little furpriz'd with Joy to find him there ; and yet ſhe trembled with a thoufand Fears. I believe he omitted faying nothing to this young Maid, that might perfuade her to fuffer him to feize his own, and take the Rights of Love. And I believe ſhe was not long refifting thofe Arms where ſhe fo longed to be ; and having Opportunity, Night, and Silence, Youth, Love, and Defire, he ſoon prevail'd, and ravifhed in a Moment what his old Grandfather had been endeavouring for fo many Months.

'Tis not to be imagined the Satisfaction of thefe two young Lovers ; nor the Vows ſhe made him, that ſhe remained a ſpotlefs Maid till that Night, and that what ſhe did with his Grandfather had robb'd him of no Part of her Virgin-Honour ; the Gods, in Mercy and Juſtice, having referved that for her plighted Lord, to whom of Right it belonged. And 'tis impoſſible to expreſs the Tranſports he ſuffer'd,

suffer'd, while he listen'd to a Discourse so charming from her loved Lips ; and clasped that Body in his Arms, for whom he had so long languished : and nothing now afflicted him, but his sudden Departure from her ; for he told her the Necessity, and his Commands, but should depart satisfy'd in this, That since the old King had hitherto not been able to deprive him of those Enjoyments which only belonged to him, he believed for the future he would be less able to injure him ; so that, abating the Scandal of the Veil, which was no otherwise so, than that she was Wife to another, he believed her safe, even in the Arms of the King, and innocent ; yet would he have ventur'd at the Conquest of the World, and have given it all to have had her avoided that Honour of receiving the *Royal Veil*. 'Twas thus, between a thousand Caresses, that both bemoan'd the hard Fate of Youth and Beauty, so liable to that cruel Promotion : 'Twas a Glory that could well have been spared here, tho' desired and aim'd at by all the young Females of that Kingdom.

But while they were thus fondly employ'd, forgetting how Time ran on, and that the Dawn must conduct him far away from his only Happiness, they heard a great Noise in the *Otan*, and unusual

Voices of Men ; at which the Prince, starting from the Arms of the frighted *Imoinda*, ran to a little Battle-Ax he used to wear by his Side ; and having not so much Leisure as to put on his Habit, he opposed himself against some who were already opening the Door : which they did with so much Violence, that *Oroonoko* was not able to defend it ; but was forced to cry out with a commanding Voice,

‘ Whoever ye are that have the Boldness
 ‘ to attempt to approach this Apartment
 ‘ thus rudely ; know, that I, the Prince
 ‘ *Oroonoko*, will revenge it with the certain
 ‘ Death of him that first enters : There-
 ‘ fore stand back, and know, this Place is
 ‘ sacred to Love and Me this Night ; To-
 ‘ morrow ’tis the King’s.’

This he spoke with a Voice so resolv’d and assur’d, that they soon retired from the Door ; but cry’d, ‘ ’Tis by the King’s
 ‘ Command we are come ; and being satisfi’d by thy Voice, O Prince, as much
 ‘ as if we had enter’d, we can report
 ‘ to the King the Truth of all his Fears,
 ‘ and leave thee to provide for thy own
 ‘ Safety, as thou art advis’d by thy
 ‘ Friends.’

At these Words they departed, and left the Prince to take a short and sad Leave of his *Imoinda* ; who, trusting in the Strength of her Charms, believed she should

should appease the Fury of a jealous King, by saying, she was surprized, and that it was by Force of Arms he got into her Apartment. All her Concern now was for his Life, and therefore she hasten'd him to the Camp, and with much ado prevail'd on him to go. Nor was it she alone that prevail'd; *Aboan* and *Onahal* both pleaded, and both assured him of a Lye that should be well enough contrived to secure *Imoinda*. So that at last, with a Heart sad as Death, dying Eyes, and sighing Soul, *Oroonoko* departed, and took his Way to the Camp.

It was not long after, the King in Person came to the *Otan*; where beholding *Imoinda*, with Rage in his Eyes, he upbraided her Wickedness, and Perfidy; and threatening her Royal Lover, she fell on her Face at his Feet, bedewing the Floor with her Tears, and imploring his Pardon for a Fault which she had not with her Will committed; as *Onahal*, who was also prostrate with her, could testify: That, unknown to her, he had broke into her Apartment, and ravished her. She spoke this much against her Conscience; but to save her own Life, 'twas absolutely necessary she should feign this Fal-
sity. She knew it could not injure the Prince, he being fled to an Army that would stand by him, against any Injuries

that should assault him. However, this last Thought of *Imoinda's* being ravished, changed the Measures of his Revenge ; and whereas before he designed to be himself her Executioner, he now resolved she should not die. But as it is the greatest Crime in Nature amongst them, to touch a Woman after having being possess'd by a Son, a Father, or a Brother, so now he looked on *Imoinda* as a polluted thing wholly unfit for his Embrace ; nor would he resign her to his Grandson, because she had received the *Royal Veil* : He therefore removes her from the *Otan*, with *Onahal* ; whom he put into safe Hands, with Order they should be both sold off as Slaves to another Country, either *Christian* or *Heathen*, 'twas no Matter where.

This cruel Sentence, worse than Death, they implor'd might be reversed ; but their Prayers were vain, and it was put in Execution accordingly, and that with so much Secrecy, that none, either without or within the *Otan*, knew any thing of their Absence, or their Destiny.

The old King nevertheless executed this with a great deal of Reluctancy ; but he believed he had made a very great Conquest over himself, when he had once resolved, and had perform'd what he resolved. He believed now, that his Love had been unjust ; and that he could not
expect

expect the Gods, or *Captain of the Clouds* (as they call the unknown Power) would suffer a better Consequence from so ill a Cause. He now begins to hold *Oroonoko* excused; and to say, he had reason for what he did. And now every body could assure the King how passionately *Imoinda* was beloved by the Prince; even those confess'd it now, who said the contrary before his Flame was not abated. So that the King being old, and not able to defend himself in War, and having no Sons of all his Race remaining alive, but only this, to maintain him on his Throne; and looking on this as a Man disobliged, first by the Rape of his Mistress, or rather Wife, and now by depriving him wholly of her, he fear'd, might make him desperate, and do some cruel thing, either to himself or his old Grandfather the Offender, he began to repent him extremely of the Contempt he had, in his Rage, put on *Imoinda*. Besides, he consider'd he ought in Honour to have killed her for this Offence, if it had been one. He ought to have had so much Value and Consideration for a Maid of her Quality, as to have nobly put her to Death, and not to have sold her like a common Slave; the greatest Revenge, and the most disgraceful of any, and to which they a thousand times prefer Death, and

implore it ; as *Imoinda* did, but could not obtain that Honour. Seeing therefore it was certain that *Oroonoko* would highly resent this Affront, he thought good to make some Excuse for his Rashness to him ; and to that End, he sent a Messenger to the Camp, with Orders to treat with him about the Matter, to gain his Pardon, and endeavour to mitigate his Grief : but that by no Means he should tell him she was sold, but secretly put to Death ; for he knew he should never obtain his Pardon for the other.

When the Messenger came, he found the Prince upon the Point of engaging with the Enemy ; but as soon as he heard of the Arrival of the Messenger, he commanded him to his Tent, where he embraced him, and received him with Joy ; which was soon abated by the down-cast Looks of the Messenger, who was instantly demanded the Cause by *Oroonoko* ; who, impatient of Delay, ask'd a thousand Questions in a Breath, and all concerning *Imoinda*. But there needed little Return ; for he could almost answer himself of all he demanded, from his Sight and Eyes. At last the Messenger casting himself at the Prince's Feet, and kissing them with all the Submission of a Man that had something to implore which he dreaded to utter, besought him to hear
with

with Calmness what he had to deliver to him, and to call up all his noble and heroick Courage, to encounter with his Words, and defend himself against the ungrateful Things he had to relate. *Oroonoko* reply'd, with a deep Sigh, and a languishing Voice, — *I am armed against their worst Efforts — For I know they will tell me, Imoinda is no more — And after that, you may spare the rest.* Then, commanding him to rise, he laid himself on a Carpet, under a rich Pavilion, and remained a good while silent, and was hardly heard to sigh. When he was come a little to himself, the Messenger asked him Leave to deliver that Part of his Embassy which the Prince had not yet divin'd: And the Prince cry'd, *I permit thee*—— Then he told him the Affliction the old King was in, for the Rashness he had committed in his Cruelty to *Imoinda*; and how he deign'd to ask Pardon for his Offence, and to implore the Prince would not suffer that Loss to touch his Heart too sensibly, which now all the Gods could not restore him, but might recompense him in Glory, which he begged he would pursue; and that Death, that common Revenger of all Injuries, would soon even the Account between him and a feeble old Man.

Oroonoko bad him return his Duty to his Lord and Master; and to assure him, there

was no Account of Revenge to be adjudged between them: If there was, he was the Aggressor, and that Death would be just, and, maugre his Age, would see him righted; and he was contented to leave his Share of Glory to Youths more fortunate and worthy of that Favour from the Gods: That henceforth he would never lift a Weapon, or draw a Bow, but abandon the small Remains of his Life to Sighs and Tears, and the continual Thoughts of what his Lord and Grandfather had thought good to send out of the World, with all that Youth, that Innocence and Beauty.

After having spoken this, whatever his greatest Officers and Men of the best Rank could do, they could not raise him from the Carpet, or persuade him to Action, and Resolutions of Life; but commanding all to retire, he shut himself into his Pavilion all that Day, while the Enemy was ready to engage: and wondring at the Delay, the whole Body of the chief of the Army then address'd themselves to him, and to whom they had much ado to get Admittance. They fell on their Faces at the Foot of his Carpet, where they lay, and besought him with earnest Prayers and Tears to lead them forth to Battle, and not let the Enemy take Advantages of them; and implored him to have Regard
to

to his Glory, and to the World, that depended on his Courage and Conduct. But he made no other Reply to all their Supplications than this, That he had now no more Business for Glory ; and for the World, it was a Trifle not worth his Care : *Go, (continued he, fighting) and divide it amongst you, and reap with Joy what you so vainly prize, and leave me to my more welcome Destiny.*

They then demanded what they should do, and whom he would constitute in his Room, that the Confusion of ambitious Youth and Power might not ruin their Order, and make them a Prey to the Enemy. He reply'd, he would not give himself that Trouble—— but wished 'em to chuse the bravest Man amongst 'em, let his Quality or Birth be what it would :
 ' For, Oh my Friends ! (says he) it is not
 ' Titles make Men Brave or Good ; or
 ' Birth that bestows Courage and Generosity, or makes the Owner Happy.
 ' Believe this, when you behold *Oroonoko*
 ' the most wretched, and abandoned by
 ' Fortune, of all the Creation of the
 ' Gods.' So turning himself about, he would make no more Reply to all they could urge or implore.

The Army beholding their Officers return unsuccessful, with sad Faces and ominous Looks, that presaged no good
 Luck,

Luck, suffer'd a thousand Fears to take Possession of their Hearts, and the Enemy to come even upon them before they could provide for their Safety by any Defence: and tho' they were assured by some who had a Mind to animate them, that they should be immediately headed by the Prince; and that in the mean time *Aboan* had Orders to command as General; yet they were so dismay'd for want of that great Example of Bravery, that they could make but a very feeble Resistance; and, at last, downright fled before the Enemy, who pursued 'em to the very Tents, killing 'em: Nor could all *Aboan's* Courage, which that Day gained him immortal Glory, shame 'em into a manly Defence of themselves. The Guards that were left behind about the Prince's Tent, seeing the Soldiers flee before the Enemy, and scatter themselves all over the Plain, in great Disorder, made such Out-cries, as rous'd the Prince from his amorous Slumber, in which he had remained buried for two Days, without permitting any Sustenance to approach him. But, in Spite of all his Resolutions, he had not the Constancy of Grief to that Degree, as to make him insensible of the Danger of his Army; and in that Instant he leaped from his Couch, and cry'd— ' Come, ' if we must die, let us meet Death the ' noblest Way; and 'twill be more like
' Orog.

‘ *Oroonoko* to encounter him at an Army’s
‘ Head, opposing the Torrent of a con-
‘ quering Foe, than lazily on a Couch,
‘ to wait his lingering Pleasure, and die
‘ every Moment by a thousand racking
‘ Thoughts ; or be tamely taken by an
‘ Enemy, and led a whining, love-sick
‘ Slave to adorn the Triumphs of *Jamoan*,
‘ that young Victor, who already is en-
‘ ter’d beyond the Limits I have prescrib’d
‘ him.’

While he was speaking, he suffer’d his People to dress him for the Field ; and falling out of his Pavilion, with more Life and Vigour in his Countenance than ever he shew’d, he appear’d like some Divine Power descended to save his Country from Destruction : And his People had purposely put him on all Things that might make him shine with most Splendor, to strike a reverend Awe into the Beholders. He flew into the thickest of those that were pursuing his Men ; and being animated with Despair, he fought as if he came on Purpose to die, and did such Things as will not be believed that human Strength could perform ; and such, as soon inspir’d all the rest with new Courage, and new Ardor. And now it was that they began to fight indeed ; and so, as if they would not be out-done even by their ador’d Hero ; who turning the Tide
of

of the Victory, changing absolutely the Fate of the Day, gain'd an entire Conquest: And *Oroonoko* having the good Fortune to single out *Jamoan*, he took him Prisoner with his own Hand, having wounded him almost to Death.

This *Jamoan* afterwards became very dear to him, being a Man very gallant, and of excellent Graces, and fine Parts; so that he never put him amongst the Rank of Captives as they used to do, without Distinction, for the common Sale, or Market, but kept him in his own Court, where he retain'd nothing of the Prisoner but the Name, and returned no more into his own Country; so great an Affection he took for *Oroonoko*, and by a thousand Tales and Adventures of Love and Gallantry, flatter'd his Disease of Melancholy and Languishment; which I have often heard him say, had certainly kill'd him, but for the Conversation of this Prince and *Aboan*, and the *French* Governor he had from his Childhood, of whom I have spoken before, and who was a Man of admirable Wit, great Ingenuity and Learning; all which he had infused into his young Pupil. This *Frenchman* was banished out of his own Country for some Heretical Notions he held; and tho' he was a Man of very little Religion, yet he had admirable Morals, and a brave Soul.

After

After the total Defeat of *Jamoan's* Army, which all fled, or were left dead upon the Place, they spent some Time in the Camp; *Oroonoko* chusing rather to remain a While there in his Tents, than to enter into a Palace, or live in a Court where he had so lately suffer'd so great a Loss, the Officers therefore, who saw and knew his Cause of Discontent, invented all sorts of Diversions and Sports to entertain their Prince: So that what with those Amusements abroad, and others at home, that is, within their Tents, with the Persuasions, Arguments, and Care of his Friends and Servants that he more peculiarly priz'd, he wore off in Time a great Part of that Chagrin, and Torture of Despair, which the first Efforts of *Imoinda's* Death had given him; insomuch, as having received a thousand kind Embassies from the King, and Invitation to return to Court, he obey'd, tho' with no little Reluctancy; and when he did so, there was a visible Change in him, and for a long Time he was much more melancholy than before. But Time lessens all Extremes, and reduces 'em to Mediums, and Unconcern; but no Motives of Beauties, tho' all endeavour'd it, could engage him in any sort of Amour, tho' he had all the Invitations to it, both from his own Youth, and other Ambitions and Designs.

Oroo-

Oroonoko was no sooner return'd from this last Conquest, and received at Court with all the Joy and Magnificence that could be express'd to a Young Victor, who was not only return'd Triumphant, but belov'd like a Deity, than there arriv'd in the Port an *English* Ship.

The Master of it had often before been in these Countries, and was very well known to *Oroonoko*, with whom he had traffick'd for Slaves, and had us'd to do the same with his Predecessors.

This Commander was a Man of a finer sort of Address and Conversation, better bred, and more engaging, than most of that sort of Men are ; so that he seem'd rather never to have been bred out of a Court, than almost all his Life at Sea. This Captain therefore was always better receiv'd at Court, than most of the Traders to those Countries were ; and especially by *Oroonoko*, who was more civiliz'd, according to the *European* Mode, than any other had been, and took more Delight in the *White* Nations ; and, above all, Men of Parts and Wit. To this Captain he sold abundance of his Slaves ; and for the Favour and Esteem he had for him, made him many Presents, and oblig'd him to stay at Court as long as possibly he could. Which the Captain seem'd to take as a very great Honour done him, entertain-
ing

ing the Prince every Day with Globes and Maps, and Mathematical Discourses and Instruments ; eating, drinking, hunting, and living with him with so much Familiarity, that it was not to be doubted but he had gain'd very greatly upon the Heart of this gallant young Man. And the Captain, in Return of all these mighty Favours, besought the Prince to honour his Vessel with his Presence some Day or other at Dinner, before he should set sail ; which he condescended to accept, and appointed his Day. The Captain, on his Part, fail'd not to have all Things in a Readiness, in the most magnificent Order he could possibly ; And the Day being come, the Captain, in his Boat, richly adorn'd with Carpets and Velvet Cushions, rowed to the Shore, to receive the Prince ; with another Long-boat, where was plac'd all his Musick and Trumpets, with which *Oroonoko* was extremely delighted ; who met him on the Shore, attended by his *French* Governor, *Jamoan*, *Aboan*, and about an Hundred of the noblest of the Youths of the Court ; And after they had first carried the Prince on Board, the Boats fetch'd the rest off ; where they found a very splendid Treat, with all Sorts of fine Wines ; and were as well entertain'd, as 'twas possible in such a Place to be.

The

The Prince having drank hard of Punch, and several Sorts of Wine, as did all the rest, (for great Care was taken they should want nothing of that Part of the Entertainment) was very merry, and in great Admiration of the Ship, for he had never been in one before ; so that he was curious of beholding every Place where he decently might descend. The rest, no less curious, who were not quite overcome with drinking, rambled at their Pleasure *Fore* and *Aft*, as their Fancies guided 'em : So that the Captain, who had well laid his Design before, gave the Word, and seiz'd on all his Guests ; they clapping great Irons suddenly on the Prince, when he was leap'd down into the Hold, to view that Part of the Vessel ; and locking him fast down, secur'd him. The same Treachery was us'd to all the rest ; and all in one Instant, in several Places of the Ship, were lash'd fast in Irons, and betray'd to Slavery. That great Design over, they set all Hands at Work to hoist Sail ; and with as treacherous as fair a Wind they made from the Shore with this innocent and glorious Prize, who thought of nothing less than such an Entertainment.

Some have commended this Act, as brave in the Captain ; but I will spare my Sense of it, and leave it to my Reader to judge as he pleases. It may be easily
gues'd,

gues'd, in what Manner the Prince resent'd this Indignity, who may be best resembled to a Lion taken in a Toil; so he raged, so he struggled for Liberty, but all in vain: And they had so wisely managed his Fetters, that he could not use a Hand in his Defence, to quit himself of a Life that would by no Means endure Slavery; nor could he move from the Place where he was ty'd, to any solid Part of the Ship, against which he might have beat his Head, and have finish'd his Disgrace that Way. So that being deprived of all other Means, he resolv'd to perish for want of Food; and pleas'd at last with that Thought, and toil'd and tir'd by Rage and Indignation, he laid himself down, and fullenly resolv'd upon dying, and refused all Things that were brought him.

This did not a little vex the Captain, and the more so, because he found almost all of 'em of the same Humour; so that the Loss of so many brave Slaves, so tall and goodly to behold, would have been very considerable: He therefore order'd one to go from him (for he would not be seen himself) to *Oroonoko*, and to assure him, he was afflicted for having rashly done so unhospitable a Deed, and which could not be now remedied, since they were far from Shore; but since he resent'd it in so high a Nature, he assur'd him he
would

would revoke his Resolution, and fet both him and his Friends ashore on the next Land they should touch at ; and of this the Messenger gave him his Oath, provided he would resolve to live. And *Oroonoko*, whose Honour was such, as he never had violated a Word in his Life himself, much less a solemn Affelevation, believ'd in an Instant what this Man said ; but reply'd, He expected, for a Confirmation of this, to have his shameful Fetters dismiss'd. This Demand was carried to the Captain ; who return'd him Answer, That the Offence had been so great which he had put upon the Prince, that he durst not trust him with Liberty while he remain'd in the Ship, for fear, lest by a Valour natural to him, and a Revenge that would animate that Valour, he might commit some Outrage fatal to himself, and the King his Master, to whom the Vessel did belong. To this *Oroonoko* reply'd, He would engage his Honour to behave himself in all friendly Order and Manner, and obey the Command of the Captain, as he was Lord of the King's Vessel, and General of those Men under his Command.

This was deliver'd to the still doubting Captain, who could not resolve to trust a Heathen, he said, upon his Parole, a Man that had no Sense or Notion of the God that he worshipp'd. *Oroonoko* then
reply'd,

reply'd, He was very sorry to hear that the Captain pretended to the Knowledge and Worship of any Gods, who had taught him no better Principles, than not to credit as he would be credited. But they told him, the Difference of their Faith occasion'd that Distrust : for the Captain had protested to him upon the Word of a Christian, and sworn in the Name of a great GOD ; which if he should violate, he must expect eternal Torments in the World to come. ' Is that all the Obligations he ' has to be just to his Oath ? (reply'd *Oroonoko*) Let him know, I swear by my ' Honour ; which to violate, would not ' only render me contemptible and despised by all brave and honest Men, and ' so give my self perpetual Pain, but it ' would be eternally offending and displeasing to all Mankind ; harming, betraying circumventing, and outraging all ' Men. But Punishments hereafter are ' suffer'd by one's self ; and the World ' takes no Cognizance whether this GOD ' has reveng'd 'em or not, 'tis done so ' secretly, and deferr'd so long ; while ' the Man of no Honour suffers every Moment the Scorn and Contempt of the ' honest World, and dies every Day ignominiously in his Fame, which is more ' valuable than Life. I speak not this to ' move Belief, but to shew you how you ' mistake,

‘ mistake, when you imagine, that he
‘ who will violate his Honour, will keep
‘ his Word with his *Gods*.’ So, turning
from him with a disdainful Smile, he re-
fused to answer him, when he urged him
to know what Answer he should carry back
to his Captain ; so that he departed with-
out saying any more.

The Captain pondering and consulting
what to do, it was concluded, that no-
thing but *Oroonoko*’s Liberty would encour-
age any of the rest to eat, except the
Frenchman, whom the Captain could not
pretend to keep Prisoner, but only told
him, he was secur’d, because he might act
something in Favour of the Prince ; but
that he should be freed as soon as they
came to Land. So that they concluded
it wholly necessary to free the Prince from
his Irons, that he might shew himself to
the rest ; that they might have an Eye up-
on him, and that they could not fear a sin-
gle Man.

This being resolved, to make the Obli-
gation the greater, the Captain himself
went to *Oroonoko* ; where, after many
Compliments, and Assurances of what
he had already promis’d, he receiving from
the Prince his Parole, and his Hand, for
his good Behaviour, dismiss’d his Irons,
and brought him to his own Cabin ;
where, after having treated and repos’d
him

him a While, (for he had neither eat nor slept in four Days before) he besought him to visit those obstinate People in Chains, who refused all manner of Sustenance ; and intreated him to oblige 'em to eat, and assure 'em of their Liberty the first Opportunity.

Oroonoko, who was too generous not to give Credit to his Words, shew'd himself to his People, who were transported with Excess of Joy at the Sight of their darling Prince ; falling at his Feet, and kissing and embracing 'em ; believing, as some divine Oracle, all he assur'd 'em. But he besought 'em to bear their Chains with that Bravery that became those whom he had seen act so nobly in Arms ; and that they could not give him greater Proofs of their Love and Friendship, since 'twas all the Security the Captain (his Friend) could have against the Revenge, he said, they might possibly justly take for the Injuries sustained by him. And they all, with one Accord, assur'd him, that they could not suffer enough, when it was for his Repose and Safety.

After this, they no longer refus'd to eat, but took what was brought 'em, and were pleas'd with their Captivity, since by it they hoped to redeem the Prince, who, all the rest of the Voyage, was treated with all the Respect due to his

Birth, tho' nothing could divert his Melancholy ; and he would often sigh for *Imoinda*, and think this a Punishment due to his Misfortune, in having left that noble Maid behind him, that fatal Night, in the *Otan*, when he fled to the Camp.

Possess'd with a thousand Thoughts of past Joys with this fair young Person, and a Thousand Griefs for her eternal Loss, he endur'd a tedious Voyage, and at last arriv'd at the Mouth of the River of *Surinam*, a Colony belonging to the King of *England*, and where they were to deliver some Part of their Slaves. There the Merchants and Gentlemen of the Country going on Board, to demand those Lots of Slaves they had already agreed on ; and, amongst those, the Overseers of those Plantations where I then chanc'd to be : The Captain, who had given the Word, order'd his Men to bring up those noble Slaves in Fetters, whom I have spoken of ; and having put 'em, some in one, and some in other Lots, with Women and Children, (which thy call *Pickaninies*) they sold 'em off, as Slaves to several Merchants and Gentlemen ; not putting any two in one Lot, because they would separate 'em far from each other ; nor daring to trust 'em together, lest Rage and Courage should put 'em upon contriving

triving some great Action, to the Ruin of the Colony.

Oroonoko was first seiz'd on, and sold to our Overseer, who had the first Lot, with seventeen more of all Sorts and Sizes, but not one of Quality with him. When he saw this, he found what they meant; for, as I said, he understood *English* pretty well; and being wholly unarm'd and defenceless, so as it was in vain to make any Resistance, he only beheld the Captain with a Look all fierce and disdainful, upbraiding him with Eyes that forc'd Blushes on his guilty Cheeks, he only cry'd in passing over the Side of the Ship; *Farewel, Sir, 'tis worth my Sufferings to gain so true a Knowledge, both of you, and of your Gods, by whom you swear.* And desiring those that held him to forbear their Pains, and telling 'em he would make no Resistance, he cry'd, *Come, my Fellow-Slaves, let us descend, and see if we can meet with more Honour and Honesty in the next World we shall touch upon.* So he nimbly leapt into the Boat, and shewing no more Concern, suffer'd himself to be row'd up the River, with his seventeen Companions.

The Gentlemen that brought him, was a young *Cornish* Gentleman, whose Name was *Trefry*; a Man of great Wit, and fine Learning, and was carried into those Parts by the Lord — Governor, to

manage all his Affairs. He reflecting on the last Words of *Oroonoko* to the Captain, and beholding the Richness of his Vest, no sooner came into the Boat, but he fix'd his Eyes on him ; and finding something so extraordinary in his Face, his Shape and Mein, a Greatness of Look, and Haughtiness in his Air, and finding he spoke *English*, had a great Mind to be enquiring into his Quality and Fortune ; which, though *Oroonoko* endeavour'd to hide, by only confessing he was above the Rank of common Slaves, *Trefry* soon found he was yet something greater than he confess'd ; and from that Moment began to conceive so vast an Esteem for him, that he ever after lov'd him as his dearest Brother, and shew'd him all the Civilities due to so great a Man.

Trefry was a very good Mathematician, and a Linguist ; could speak *French* and *Spanish* ; and in the three Days they remain'd in the Boat, (for so long were they going from the Ship to the Plantation) he entertain'd *Oroonoko* so agreeably with his Art and Discourse, that he was no less pleas'd with *Trefry*, than he was with the Prince ; and he thought himself, at least, fortunate in this, that since he was a Slave, as long as he would suffer himself to remain so, he had a Man of so excellent Wit and Parts for a Master.

So

So that before they had finish'd their Voyage up the River, he made no Scruple of declaring to *Trefry* all his Fortunes, and most Part of what I have here related, and put himself wholly into the Hands of his new Friend, who he found resented all the Injuries were done him, and was charm'd with all the Greatnesses of his Actions; which were recited with that Modesty, and delicate Sense, as wholly vanquish'd him, and subdu'd him to his Interest. And he promis'd him, on his Word and Honour, he would find the Means to re-conduct him to his own Country again; assuring him, he had a perfect Abhorrence of so dishonourable an Action; and that he would sooner have dy'd, than have been the Author of such a Perfidy. He found the Prince was very much concerned to know what became of his Friends, and how they took their Slavery; and *Trefry* promised to take Care about the enquiring after their Condition, and that he should have an Account of 'em.

Tho', as *Oroonoko* afterwards said, he had little Reason to credit the Words of a *Backearary*; yet he knew not why, but he saw a kind of Sincerity, and awful Truth in the Face of *Trefry*; he saw Honesty in his Eyes, and he found him wise and witty enough to understand Honour: for it was one of his Maxims, *A Man of Wit could not be a Knave or Villain.*

In their Passage up the River, they put in at several Houses for Refreshment ; and ever when they landed, Numbers of People would flock to behold this Man : not but their Eyes were daily entertain'd with the Sight of Slaves ; but the Fame of *Oroonoko* was gone before him, and all People were in Admiration of his Beauty. Besides, he had a rich Habit on, in which he was taken, so different from the rest, and which the Captain could not strip him of, because he was forc'd to surprize his Person in the Minute he sold him. When he found his Habit made him liable, as he thought, to be gazed at the more, he begged *Trefry* to give him something more befitting a Slave, which he did, and took off his Robes : Nevertheless, he shone thro' all, and his *Osenbrigs* (a sort of brown *Holland* Suit he had on) could not conceal the Graces of his Looks and Mein ; and he had no less Admirers than when he had his dazling Habit on : The Royal Youth appear'd in spite of the Slave, and People could not help treating him after a different Manner, without designing it. As soon as they approached him, they venerated and esteemed him ; his Eyes insensibly commanded Respect, and his Behaviour insinuated it into every Soul. So that there was nothing talked of but this young and gallant Slave, even by those who yet knew not that he was a Prince. I

I ought to tell you that the Christians never buy any Slaves but they give 'em some Name of their own, their native ones being likely very barbarous, and hard to pronounce ; so that Mr. *Trefry* gave *Oroonoko* that of *Cæsar* ; which Name will live in that Country as long as that (scarce more) glorious one of the great *Roman* : for 'tis most evident he wanted no Part of the personal Courage of that *Cæsar*, and acted Things as memorable, had they been done in some Part of the World replenished with People and Historians, that might have given him his Due. But his Misfortune was, to fall in an obscure World, that afforded only a Female Pen to celebrate his Fame ; tho' I doubt not but it had lived from others Endeavours, if the *Dutch*, who immediately after his Time took that Country, had not killed, banished and dispersed all those that were capable of giving the World this great Man's Life, much better than I have done. And Mr. *Trefry*, who design'd it, died before he began it, and bemoan'd himself for not having undertook it in Time.

For the future therefore I must call *Oroonoko Cæsar* ; since by that Name only he was known in our Western World, and by that Name he was received on Shore at *Parham-House*, where he was destin'd a Slave. But if the King himself

(God blefs him) had come afhore, there could not have been greater Expectation by all the whole Plantation, and thofe neighbouring ones, than was on ours at that Time: and he was received more like a Governor than a Slave: Notwithstanding, as the Cuftom was, they affigned him his Portion of Land, his Houfe and his Bufinefs up in the Plantation. But as it was more for Form, than any Defign to put him to his Task, he endured no more of the Slave but the Name, and remain'd fome Days in the Houfe, receiving all Vifits that were made him, without ftirring towards that Part of the Plantation where the *Negroes* were.

At laft, he would needs go view his Land, his Houfe, and the Bufinefs affign'd him. But he no fooner came to the Houfes of the Slaves, which are like a little Town by itfelf, the *Negroes* all having left Work, but they all came forth to behold him, and found he was that Prince who had, at feveral Times, fold moft of 'em to thefe Parts; and from a Veneration they pay to great Men, efpecially if they know 'em, and from the Surprize and Awe they had at the Sight of him, they all caft themfelves at his Feet, crying out, in their Language, *Live, O King! Long live, O King!* and kifling his Feet, paid him even Divine Homage.

Several

Several *English* Gentlemen were with him, and what Mr. *Trefry* had told 'em was here confirm'd ; of which he himself before had no other Witnefs than *Cæſar* himſelf : But he was infinitely glad to find his Grandeur confirmed by the Adoration of all the Slaves.

Cæſar, troubled with their Over-Joy, and Over-Ceremony, beſought 'em to riſe, and to receive him as their Fellow-Slave ; affuring them he was no better. At which they ſet up with one Accord a moſt terrible and hideous Mourning and Condoling, which he and the *English* had much ado to appeaſe : but at laſt they prevailed with 'em, and they prepared all their barbarous Muſick, and every one kill'd and drefs'd ſomething of his own Stock (for every Family has their Land apart, on which, at their Leiſure-times, they breed all eatable Things) and clubbing it together, made a moſt magnificent Supper, inviting their *Grandee Captain*, their *Prince*, to honour it with his Preſence ; which he did, and ſeveral *English* with him, where they all waited on him, ſome playing, others dancing before him all the Time, according to the Manners of their ſeveral Nations, and with unwearied Induſtry endeavouring to pleaſe and delight him.

While they ſat at Meat, Mr. *Trefry* told *Cæſar*, that moſt of theſe young Slaves

were undone in Love with a fine She-Slave, whom they had had about fix Months on their Land ; the Prince, who never heard the Name of *Love* without a Sigh, nor any Mention of it without the Curiosity of examining further into that Tale, which . of all Discourses was most agreeable to him, asked, how they came to be so unhappy, as to be all undone for one fair Slave ? *Trefry*, who was naturally amorous, and delighted to talk of Love as well as any Body, proceeded to tell him, they had the most charming Black that ever was beheld on their Plantation, about fifteen or sixteen Years old, as he guess'd ; that for his Part he had done nothing but sigh for her ever since she came ; and that all the White Beauties he had seen, never charm'd him so absolutely as this fine Creature had done ; and that no Man, of any Nation, ever beheld her, that did not fall in love with her ; and that she had all the Slaves perpetually at her Feet ; and the whole Country resounded with the Fame of *Clemene*, for so (said he) we have christen'd her : but she denies us all with such a noble Disdain, that 'tis a Miracle to see, that she who can give such eternal Desires, should herself be all Ice and all Unconcern. She is adorn'd with the most graceful Modesty that ever beautify'd Youth ; the softest
Sigher

Sigher — that, if she were capable of Love, one would swear she languished for some absent happy Man; and so retired, as if she fear'd a Rape even from the God of Day, or that the Breezes would steal Kisses from her delicate Mouth. Her Task of Work, some sighing Lover every Day makes it his Petition to perform for her; which she accepts blushing, and with Reluctancy, for Fear he will ask her a Look for a Recompence, which he dares not presume to hope; so great an Awe she strikes into the Hearts of her Admirers.

‘ I do not wonder (*reply'd the Prince*) that
 ‘ *Clemene* should refuse Slaves, being, as
 ‘ you say, so beautiful; but wonder how
 ‘ she escapes those that can entertain her
 ‘ as you can do; or why, being your
 ‘ Slave, you do not oblige her to yield?
 ‘ I confess (*said Trefry*) when I have,
 ‘ against her Will, entertained her with
 ‘ Love so long, as to be transported with
 ‘ my Passion even above Decency, I have
 ‘ been ready to make Use of those Advan-
 ‘ tages of Strength and Force Nature has
 ‘ given me: But Oh; she disarms me with
 ‘ that Modesty and Weeping, so ten-
 ‘ der and so moving, that I retire, and
 ‘ thank my Stars she overcame me.’ The
 Company laugh'd at his Civility to a Slave,
 and *Cæsar* only applauded the Nobleness
 of his Passion and Nature, since that Slave

might be noble, or, what was better, have true Notions of Honour and Virtue in her. Thus pass'd they this Night, after having received from the Slaves all imaginable Respect and Obedience.

The next Day, *Trefry* ask'd *Cæsar* to walk when the Heat was allay'd, and designedly carried him by the Cottage of the fair Slave; and told him she whom he spoke of last Night lived there retir'd: *But* (says he) *I would not wish you to approach; for I am sure you will be in Love as soon as you behold her.* *Cæsar* assured him, he was Proof against all the Charms of that Sex; and that if he imagined his Heart could be so perfidious to love again after *Imoinda*, he believed he should tear it from his Bosom. They had no sooner spoke, but a little Shock-Dog, that *Clemene* had presented her, which she took great Delight in, ran out; and she, not knowing any Body was there, ran to get it in again, and bolted out on those who were just speaking of her: when seeing them, she would have run in again, but *Trefry* caught her by the Hand, and cry'd, *Clemene, however you fly a Lover, you ought to pay some Respect to this Stranger,* (pointing to *Cæsar*.) But she, as if she had resolved never to raise her Eyes to the Face of a Man again, bent 'em the more to the Earth, when he spoke, and gave the
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the Prince the Leisure to look the more at her. There needed no long gazing, or Consideration, to examine who this fair Creature was ; he soon saw *Imoinda* all over her ; in a Minute he saw her Face, her Shape, her Air, her Modesty, and all that call'd forth his Soul with Joy at his Eyes, and left his Body destitute of almost Life : it stood without Motion, and for a Minute knew not that it had a Being ; and, I believe, he had never come to himself, so oppress'd he was with Over-joy, if he had not met with this Allay, that he perceived *Imoinda* fall dead in the Hands of *Trefry*. This awaken'd him, and he ran to her Aid, and caught her in his Arms, where by Degrees she came to herself ; and 'tis needless to tell with what Transports, what Extasies of Joy, they both a While beheld each other, without speaking ; then snatch'd each other to their Arms ; then gaze again, as if they still doubted whether they possess'd the Blessing they grasped : but when they recover'd their Speech, 'tis not to be imagined what tender Things they express'd to each other ; wondring what strange Fate had brought them again together. They soon inform'd each other of their Fortunes, and equally bewail'd their Fate ; but at the same Time they mutually

mutually protested, that even Fetters and Slavery were soft and easy, and would be supported with Joy and Pleasure, while they could be so happy to possess each other, and to be able to make good their Vows. *Cæsar* swore he disdained the Empire of the World, while he could behold his *Imoinda*; and she despised Grandeur and Pomp, those Vanities of her Sex, when she could gaze on *Oroonoko*. He ador'd the very Cottage where she resided, and said, That little Inch of the World would give him more Happiness than all the Universe could do; and she vow'd it was a Palace, while adorned with the Presence of *Oroonoko*.

Trefry was infinitely pleased with this Novel, and found this *Clemene* was the fair Mistress of whom *Cæsar* had before spoke; and was not a little satisfy'd, that Heaven was so kind to the Prince as to sweeten his Misfortunes by so lucky an Accident; and leaving the Lovers to themselves, was impatient to come down to *Parham-House* (which was on the same Plantation) to give me an Account of what had happened. I was as impatient to make these Lovers a Visit, having already made a Friendship with *Cæsar*, and from his own Mouth learned what I have related; which was confirmed by his *Frenchman*,
who

who was fet on fhore to feek his Fortune, and of whom they could not make a Slave, becaufe a Chriftian; and he came daily to *Parham-Hill* to fee and pay his Refpects to his Pupil Prince. So that concerning and interefting myfelf in all that related to *Cæfar*, whom I had affured of Liberty as foon as the Governour arrived, I hafted prefently to the Place where thefe Lovers were, and was infinitely glad to find this beautiful young Slave (who had already gain'd all our Esteems, for her Modesty and extraordinary Prettinefs) to be the fame I had heard *Cæfar* fpeak fo much of. One may imagine then we paid her a treble Refpect; and tho' from her being carved in fine Flowers and Birds all over her Body, we took her to be of Quality before, yet when we knew *Clemene* was *Imoinda*, we could not enough admire her.

I had forgot to tell you, that thofe who are nobly born of that Country, are fo delicately cut and raifed all over the Fore-part of the Trunk of their Bodies, that it looks as if it were japan'd, the Works being raifed like high Point round the Edges of the Flowers. Some are only carved with a little Flower, or Bird, at the Sides of the Temples, as was *Cæfar*; and thofe who are fo carved over the Body, refemble our antient *Picfts* that are figur'd

figur'd in the Chronicles, but these Carvings are more delicate.

From that happy Day *Cæsar* took *Clemene* for his Wife, to the general Joy of all People; and there was as much Magnificence as the Country could afford at the Celebration of this Wedding: and in a very short Time after she conceived with Child, which made *Cæsar* even adore her, knowing he was the last of his great Race. This new Accident made him more impatient of Liberty, and he was every Day treating with *Trefrey* for his and *Clemene's* Liberty, and offer'd either Gold, or a vast Quantity of Slaves, which should be paid before they let him go, provided he could have any Security that he should go when his Ransom was paid. They fed him from Day to Day with Promises, and delay'd him till the Lord-Governor should come; so that he began to suspect them of Falshood, and that they would delay him till the Time of his Wife's Delivery, and make a Slave of the Child too; for all the Breed is theirs to whom the Parents belong. This Thought made him very uneasy, and his Sullenness gave them some Jealousies of him; so that I was obliged, by some Persons who fear'd a Mutiny (which is very fatal sometimes in those Colonies that abound so with Slaves, that they exceed the Whites in vast Numbers)

bers) to discourse with *Cæsar*, and to give him all the Satisfaction I possibly could: They knew he and *Clemene* were scarce an Hour in a Day from my Lodgings; that they eat with me, and that I oblig'd them in all Things I was capable. I entertain'd them with the Lives of the *Romans*, and great Men, which charmed him to my Company; and her, with teaching her all the pretty Works that I was Mistress of, and telling her Stories of Nuns, and endeavouring to bring her to the Knowledge of the true God: But of all Discourses, *Cæsar* liked that the worst, and would never be reconciled to our Notions of the Trinity, of which he ever made a Jest; it was a Riddle he said would turn his Brain to conceive, and one could not make him understand what Faith was. However, these Conversations fail'd not altogether so well to divert him, that he liked the Company of us Women much above the Men, for he could not drink, and he is but an ill Companion in that Country that cannot. So that obliging him to love us very well, we had all the Liberty of Speech with him, especially myself, whom he call'd his *Great Mistress*; and indeed my Word would go a great Way with him. For these Reasons I had Opportunity to take Notice of him, that he was not well pleased of late, as he

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used

used to be ; was more retired and thoughtful ; and told him, I took it ill he should suspect we would break our Words with him, and not permit both him and *Clemene* to return to his own Kingdom, which was not so long a Way, but when he was once on his Voyage he would quickly arrive there. He made me some Answers that shew'd a Doubt in him, which made me ask, what Advantage it would be to doubt ? It would but give us a Fear of him, and possibly compel us to treat him so as I should be very loth to behold ; that is, it might occasion his Confinement. Perhaps this was not so luckily spoke of me, for I perceiv'd he repented that Word, which I strove to soften again in vain : However, he assur'd me, that whatsoever Resolutions he should take, he would act nothing upon the *White* People ; and as for myself, and those upon that *Plantation* where he was, he would sooner forfeit his eternal Liberty, and Life itself, than lift his Hand against his greatest Enemy on that Place. He besought me to suffer no Fears upon his Account, for he could do nothing that Honour should not dictate ; but he accused himself for having suffer'd Slavery so long ; yet he charg'd that Weakness on Love alone, who was capable of making him neglect even Glory itself ;
and,

and, for which, now he reproaches himself every Moment of the Day. Much more to this Effect he spoke, with an Air impatient enough to make me know he would not be long in Bondage ; and tho' he suffer'd only the Name of a Slave, and had nothing of the Toil and Labour of one, yet that was sufficient to render him uneasy ; and he had been too long idle, who us'd to be always in Action, and in Arms. He had a Spirit all rough and fierce, and that could not be tam'd to lazy Rest : And tho' all Endeavours were us'd to exercise himself in such Actions and Sports as this World afforded, as Running, Wrestling, Pitching the Bar, Hunting and Fishing, Chasing and Killing *Tygers* of a monstrous Size, which this Continent affords in abundance ; and wonderful *Snakes*, such as *Alexander* is reported to have encounter'd at the River of *Amazons*, and which *Cæsar* took great Delight to overcome ; yet these were not Actions great enough for his large Soul, which was still panting after more renown'd Actions.

Before I parted that Day with him, I got, with much ado, a Promise from him to rest yet a little longer with Patience, and wait the Coming of the Lord Governor, who was every Day expected on our Shore : He assur'd me he would, and this
Pro-

Promise he desired me to know was given perfectly in Complaisance to me, in whom he had an entire Confidence.

After this, I neither thought it convenient to trust him much out of our View, nor did the Country, who fear'd him ; but with one Accord it was advis'd to treat him fairly, and oblige him to remain within such a Compass, and that he should be permitted, as seldom as could be, to go up to the Plantations of the *Negroes* ; or, if he did, to be accompany'd by some that should be rather, in Appearance, Attendants than Spies. This Care was for some time taken, and *Cæsar* look'd upon it as a Mark of extraordinary Respect, and was glad his Discontent had oblig'd 'em to be more observant to him ; he received new Assurance from the Overseer, which was confirmed to him by the Opinion of all the Gentlemen of the Country, who made their Court to him. During this Time that we had his Company more frequently than hitherto we had had, it may not be unpleasant to relate to you the Diversions we entertain'd him with, or rather he us.

My Stay was to be short in that Country ; because my Father dy'd at Sea, and never arriv'd to possess the Honour design'd him, (which was Lieutenant-General of six and thirty Islands, besides the Continent

Continent of *Surinam*) nor the Advantages he hop'd to reap by them : So that though we were oblig'd to continue on our Voyage, we did not intend to stay upon the Place. Though, in a Word, I must say thus much of it ; That certainly had his late Majesty, of sacred Memory, but seen and known what a vast and charming World he had been Master of in that Continent, he would never have parted so easily with it to the *Dutch*. 'Tis a Continent, whose vast Extent was never yet known, and may contain more noble Earth than all the Universe beside ; for, they say, it reaches from East to West one Way as far as *China*, and another to *Peru* : It affords all Things, both for Beauty and Use ; 'tis there eternal Spring, always the very Months of *April*, *May*, and *June* ; the Shades are perpetual, the Trees bearing at once all Degrees of Leaves, and Fruit, from blooming Buds to ripe Autumn : Groves of Oranges, Lemons Citrons, Figs, Nutmegs, and noble Aromatics, continually bearing their Fragrances : The Trees appearing all like Nofegays, adorn'd with Flowers of different Kinds ; some are all White, some Purple, some Scarlet, some Blue, some Yellow ; bearing at the same Time ripe Fruit, and blooming young, or producing every Day new. The very Wood of
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all these Trees has an intrinsic Value, above common Timber ; for they are, when cut, of different Colours, glorious to behold, and bear a Price considerable, to inlay withal. Besides this, they yield rich Balm, and Gums ; so that we make our Candles of such an aromatic Substance, as does not only give a sufficient Light, but as they burn, they cast their Perfumes all about. Cedar is the common Firing, and all the Houses are built with it. The very Meat we eat, when set on the Table, if it be native, I mean of the Country, perfumes the whole Room ; especially a little Beast call'd an *Armadillo*, a Thing which I can liken to nothing so well as a *Rhinoceros* ; 'tis all in white Armour, so jointed, that it moves as well in it, as if it had nothing on : This Beast is about the Bigness of a Pig of six Weeks old. But it were endless to give an Account of all the divers wonderful and strange Things that Country affords, and which he took a great Delight to go in Search of ; tho' those Adventures are oftentimes fatal, and at least dangerous : But while we had *Cæsar* in our Company on these Designs, we fear'd no Harm, nor suffer'd any.

As soon as I came into the Country, the best House in it was presented me, call'd *St. John's Hill* : It stood on a vast
Rock

Rock of white Marble, at the Foot of which, the River ran a vast Depth down, and not to be descended on that Side ; the little Waves still dashing and washing the Foot of this Rock, made the softest Murmurs and Purlings in the World ; and the opposite Bank was adorn'd with such vast Quantities of different Flowers eternally blowing, and every Day and Hour new, fenc'd behind 'em with lofty Trees of a thousand rare Forms and Colours, that the Prospect was the most ravishing that Fancy can create. On the Edge of this white Rock, towards the River, was a Walk, or Grove, of Orange and Lemon-Trees, about half the Length of the *Mall* here, whose flowery and Fruit-bearing Branches met at the Top, and hinder'd the Sun, whose Rays are very fierce there, from entring a Beam into the Grove ; and the cool Air that came from the River, made it not only fit to entertain People in, at all the hottest Hours of the Day, but refresh the sweet Blossoms, and made it always sweet and charming ; and sure, the whole Globe of the World cannot shew so delightful a Place as this Grove was : Not all the Gardens of boasted *Italy* can produce a Shade to out-vie this, which Nature has join'd with Art to render so exceeding fine ; and 'tis a Marvel to see how such vast Trees, as
big

big as *English* Oaks, could take Footing on so solid a Rock, and in so little Earth as cover'd that Rock: But all Things by Nature there are rare, delightful, and wonderful. But to our Sports.

Sometimes we would go surprising, and in Search of young *Tygers* in their Dens, watching when the old ones went forth to forage for Prey · and oftentimes we have been in great Danger, and have fled apace for our Lives, when surpriz'd by the Dams. But once, above all other Times, we went on this Design, and *Cæsar* was with us; who had no sooner stoln a young *Tyger* from her Nest, but going off, we encounter'd the Dam, bearing a Buttock of a Cow, which she had torn off with her mighty Paw, and going with it towards her Den: We had only four Women, *Cæsar*, and an *English* Gentleman, Brother to *Harry Martin* the great *Olive-rian*; we found there was no escaping this enraged and ravenous Beast. However, we Women fled as fast as we could from it; but our Heels had not saved our Lives, if *Cæsar* had not laid down her *Cub*, when he found the *Tyger* quit her Prey to make the more Speed towards him; and taking Mr. *Martin's* Sword, desired him to stand aside, or follow the Ladies. He obey'd him; and *Cæsar* met this monstrous Beast of mighty Size, and vast Limbs, who came with
open

open Jaws upon him; and fixing his awful stern Eyes full upon those of the Beast, and putting himself into a very steady and good aiming Posture of Defence, ran his Sword quite through his Breast, down to his very Heart, home to the Hilt of the Sword: The dying Beast stretch'd forth her Paw, and going to grasp his Thigh, surpriz'd with Death in that very Moment, did him no other Harm than fixing her long Nails in his Flesh very deep, feebly wounded him, but could not grasp the Flesh to tear off any. When he had done this, he hallow'd to us to return; which, after some Assurance of his Victory, we did, and found him lugging out the Sword from the Bosom of the *Tyger*, who was laid in her Blood on the Ground. He took up the *Cub*, and with an Unconcern that had nothing of the Joy or Gladness of Victory, he came and laid the Whelp at my Feet. We all extremely wonder'd at his daring, and at the Bigness of the Beast, which was about the Height of an Heifer, but of mighty great and strong Limbs.

Another time, being in the Woods, he kill'd a *Tyger*, that had long infested that Part, and born away abundance of Sheep and Oxen, and other Things, that were for the Support of those to whom they belong'd. Abundance of People assail'd this Beast, some affirming they had shot

her with feveral Bullets quite through the Body at feveral times ; and fome fwearing they ſhot her through the very Heart ; and they believed ſhe was a Devil, rather than a mortal Thing. *Cæſar* had often ſaid, he had a Mind to encounter this Monſter, and ſpoke with feveral Gentlemen who had attempted her ; one crying, I ſhot her with ſo many poiſon'd Arrows, another with his Gun in this Part of her, and another in that ; ſo that he remarking all the Places where ſhe was ſhot, fancy'd ſtill he ſhould overcome her, by giving her another Sort of a Wound than any had yet done ; and one Day ſaid (at the Table) ‘ What Trophies and Garlands, Ladies, will you make me, if I bring you home the Heart of this ravenous Beaſt, that eats up all your Lambs and Pigs ? ’ We all promis’d he ſhould be rewarded at our Hands. So taking a Bow, which he choſe out of a great many, he went up into the Wood, with two Gentlemen, where he imagin’d this Devourer to be. They had not paſs’d very far into it, but they heard her Voice, growling and grumbling, as if ſhe were pleas’d with ſomething ſhe was doing. When they came in View, they found her muzzling in the Belly of a new raviſh’d Sheep, which ſhe had torn open ; and ſeeing herſelf approach’d, ſhe took faſt hold
of

of her Prey with her fore Paws, and set a very fierce raging Look on *Cæsar*, without offering to approach him, for Fear at the same Time of loosing what she had in Possession: So that *Cæsar* remain'd a good while, only taking Aim, and getting an Opportunity to shoot her where he design'd. 'Twas some Time before he could accomplish it; and to wound her, and not kill her, would but have enrag'd her the more, and endanger'd him. He had a Quiver of Arrows at his Side, so that if one fail'd, he could be supply'd: At last, retiring a little, he gave her Opportunity to eat, for he found she was ravenous, and fell to as soon as she saw him retire, being more eager of her Prey, than of doing new Mischiefs; when he going softly to one Side of her, and hiding his Person behind certain Herbage, that grew high and thick, he took so good Aim, that, as he intended, he shot her just into the Eye, and the Arrow was sent with so good a Will, and so sure a Hand, that it stuck in her Brain, and made her caper, and become mad for a Moment or two; but being seconded by another Arrow, she fell dead upon the Prey. *Cæsar* cut her open with a Knife, to see where those Wounds were that had been reported to him, and why she did not die of 'em. But I shall now relate a Thing that, possibly,

will find no Credit among Men ; because 'tis a Notion commonly receiv'd with us, That nothing can receive a Wound in the Heart, and live : But when the Heart of this courageous Animal was taken out, there were seven Bullets of Lead in it, the Wound seam'd up with great Scars, and she liv'd with the Bullets a great While, for it was long since they were shot : This Heart the Conqueror brought up to us, and 'twas a very great Curiosity, which all the Country came to see ; and which gave *Cæsar* Occasion of many fine Discourses of Accidents in War, and strange Escapes.

At other times he would go a Fishing ; and discoursing on that Diverſion, he found we had in that Country a very ſtrange Fiſh, call'd a *Numb-Eel*, (an *Eel* of which I have eaten) that while it is alive, it has a Quality ſo cold, that thoſe who are angling, tho' with a Line of ever ſo great a Length, with a Rod at the End of it, it ſhall in the ſame Minute the Bait is touch'd by this *Eel*, ſeize him or her that holds the Rod with a Numbneſs, that ſhall deprive 'em of Senſe for a While ; and ſome have fallen into the Water, and other's drop'd, as dead, on the Banks of the Rivers where they ſtood, as ſoon as this Fiſh touches the Bait. *Cæſar* us'd to laugh at this, and believ'd it im-

impossible a Man could lose his Force at the Touch of a Fish ; and could not understand that Philosophy, that a cold Quality should be of that Nature ; however, he had a great Curiosity to try whether it would have the same Effect on him it had on others, and often try'd, but in vain. At last, the sought-for Fish came to the Bait, as he stood angling on the Bank ; and instead of throwing away the Rod, or giving it a sudden Twitch out of the Water, whereby he might have caught both the *Eel*, and have dismiss'd the Rod, before it could have too much Power over him ; for Experiment-sake, he grasp'd it but the harder, and fainting, fell into the River ; and being still possess'd of the Rod, the Tide carry'd him, senseless as he was, a great Way, till an *Indian* Boat took him up ; and perceiv'd, when they touch'd him, a Numbness seize them, and by that knew the Rod was in his Hand ; which with a Paddle, (that is a short Oar) they struck away, and snatch'd it into the Boat, *Eel* and all. If *Cæsar* was almost dead, with the Effect of this Fish, he was more so with that of the Water, where he had remain'd the Space of going a League, and they found they had much ado to bring him back to Life ; but at last they did, and brought him home, where he was in a few Hours well recover'd and refresh'd, and not

a little aſham'd to find he ſhould be overcome by an *Eel*, and that all the People, who heard his Deſiance, would laugh at him. But we chear'd him up ; and he being convinc'd, we had the *Eel* at Supper, which was a quarter of an Ell about, and moſt delicate Meat ; and was of the more Value, ſince it coſt ſo dear as almoſt the Life of ſo gallant a Man.

About this Time we were in many mortal Fears, about ſome Diſputes the *English* had with the *Indians* ; ſo that we could ſcarce truſt our ſelves, without great Numbers, to go to any *Indian* Towns, or Place where they abode, for fear they ſhould fall upon us, as they did immediately after my coming away ; and the Place being in the Poſſeſſion of the *Dutch*, they uſ'd them not ſo civilly as the *English* ; ſo that they cut in Pieces all they could take, getting into Houſes, and hanging up the Mother, and all her Children about her ; and cut a Footman, I left behind me, all in Joints, and nail'd him to Trees.

This Feud began while I was there ; ſo that I loſt half the Satisfaction I propos'd, in not ſeeing and viſiting the *Indian* Towns. But one Day, bemoaning of our Miſfortunes upon this Account, *Cæſar* told us, we need not fear, for if we had a Mind to go, he would undertake to be our Guard. Some would, but moſt would not venture :

About

About eighteen of us resolv'd, and took Barge; and after eight Days, arriv'd near an *Indian* Town: But approaching it, the Hearts of some of our Company fail'd, and they would not venture on Shore; so we poll'd, who would, and who would not. For my Part, I said, if *Cæsar* would, I would go. He resolv'd; so did my Brother, and my Woman, a Maid of good Courage. Now none of us speaking the Language of the People, and imagining we should have a half Diversion in gazing only; and not knowing what they said, we took a Fisherman that liv'd at the Mouth of the River, who had been a long Inhabitant there, and oblig'd him to go with us: But because he was known to the *Indians*, as trading among 'em, and being, by long living there, become a perfect *Indian* in Colour, we, who had a Mind to surprize 'em, by making them see something they never had seen, (that is, *White* People) resolv'd only my self, my Brother and Woman should go: So *Cæsar*, the Fisherman, and the rest, hiding behind some thick Reeds and Flowers that grew in the Banks, let us pass on towards the Town, which was on the Bank of the River all along. A little distant from the Houses, or Huts, we saw some dancing, others busy'd in fetching and carrying of Water from the River. They had no sooner spy'd us, but

they fet up a loud Cry, that frightened us at first ; we thought it had been for those that should kill us, but it seems it was of Wonder and Amazement. They were all naked ; and we were dress'd, so as is most commode for the hot Countries, very glittering and rich ; so that we appear'd extremely fine ; my own Hair was cut short, and I had a Taffety Cap, with black Feathers on my Head ; my Brother was in a Stuff-Suit, with Silver Loops and Buttons, and abundance of green Ribbon. This was all infinitely surprising to them ; and because we saw them stand still till we approach'd 'em, we took Heart and advanc'd, came up to 'em, and offer'd 'em our Hands ; which they took, and look'd on us round about, calling still for more Company ; who came swarming out, all wondering, and crying out *Tepeeme* ; taking their Hair up in their Hands, and spreading it wide to those they call'd out to ; as if they would say (as indeed it signify'd) *Numberless Wonders*, or not to be recounted, no more than to number the Hair of their Heads. By Degrees they grew more bold, and from gazing upon us round, they touch'd us, laying their Hands upon all the Features of our Faces, feeling our Breasts and Arms, taking up one Petticoat, then wondering to see another ; admiring our Shoes and Stockings, but more our Garters,

ters, which we gave 'em, and they ty'd about their Legs, being lac'd with Silver Lace at the Ends ; for they much esteem any shining Things. In fine, we suffer'd 'em to survey us as they pleas'd, and we thought they would never have done admiring us. When *Cæsar*, and the rest, saw we were receiv'd with such Wonder, they came up to us ; and finding the *Indian* Trader whom they knew, (for 'tis by these Fisherman, call'd *Indian* Traders, we hold a Commerce with 'em ; for they love not to go far from home, and we never go to them) when they saw him therefore, they set up a new Joy, and cry'd in their Language, *Oh, here's our Tigumy, and we shall know whether those Things can speak*. So advancing to him, some of 'em gave him their Hands, and cry'd, *Amora Tigumy* ; which is as much as, *How do you do ?* or, *Welcome Friend* ; and all, with one din, began to gabble to him, and ask'd, if we had Sense and Wit ? If we could talk of Affairs of Life and War, as they could do ? If we could hunt, swim, and do a thousand Things they use ? He answer'd 'em, We could. Then they invited us into their Houses, and dress'd Venison and Buffalo for us ; and going out, gather'd a Leaf of a Tree, called a *Sarumbo* Leaf, of six Yards long, and spread it on the Ground for a Table-Cloth ; and cutting another in

Pieces, instead of Plates, set us on little low *Indian* Stools, which they cut out of one entire Piece of Wood, and paint in a sort of Japan-Work. They serve every one their Mefs on these Pieces of Leaves ; and it was very good, but too high-season'd with Pepper. When we had eat, my Brother and I took out our Flutes, and play'd to 'em, which gave 'em new Wonder ; and I soon perceiv'd, by an Admiration that is natural to these People, and by the extreme Ignorance and Simplicity of 'em, it were not difficult to establish any unknown or extravagant Religion among them, and to impose any Notions or Fictions upon 'em. For seeing a Kinsman of mine set some Paper on Fire with a Burning-Glass, a Trick they had never before seen, they were like to have ador'd him for a God, and begg'd he would give 'em the Characters or Figures of his Name, that they might oppose it against Winds and Storms: which he did, and they held it up in those Seasons, and fancy'd it had a Charm to conquer them, and kept it like a holy Relique. They are very superstitious, and call'd him the Great *Peeie*, that is, *Prophet*. They shew'd us their *Indian Peeie*, a Youth of about sixteen Years old, as handsome as Nature could make a Man. They consecrate a beautiful Youth from his Infancy, and all Arts are used to compleat him in the

the finest Manner, both in Beauty and Shape : He is bred to all the little Arts and Cunning they are capable of ; to all the legerdemain Tricks, and Slight of Hand whereby he imposes on the Rabble ; and is both a Doctor in Physick and Divinity : And by these Tricks makes the Sick believe he sometimes eases their Pains, by drawing from the afflicted Part little Serpents, or odd Flies, or Worms, or any strange Thing ; and though they have besides undoubted good Remedies for almost all their Diseases, they cure the Patient more by Fancy than by Medicines, and make themselves feared, loved, and revered. This young *Peerie* had a very young Wife, who seeing my Brother kiss her, came running and kiss'd me. After this they kiss'd one another, and made it a very great Jest, it being so novel ; and new Admiration and Laughing went round the Multitude, that they never will forget that Ceremony, never before us'd or known. *Cæsar* had a Mind to see and talk with their War-Captains, and we were conducted to one of their Houses, where we beheld several of the great Captains, who had been at Council : But so frightful a Vision it was to see 'em, no Fancy can create ; no sad Dreams can represent so dreadful a Spectacle. For my Part, I took 'em for Hobgoblins, or Fiends, rather than Men : But

however their Shapes appear'd, their Souls were very humane and noble; but some wanted their Noses, some their Lips, some both Noses, and Lips, some their Ears, and others cut through each Cheek, with long Slashes, through which their Teeth appear'd: They had several other formidable Wounds and Scars, or rather Dismembrings. They had *Comitia's*, or little Aprons before them; and Girdles of Cotton, with their Knives naked stuck in it; a Bow at their Back, and a Quiver of Arrows on their Thighs; and most had Feathers on their Heads of divers Colours. They cry'd *Amora Tiguamy* to us, at our Entrance, and were pleas'd we said as much to them: They seated us, and gave us Drink of the best Sort, and wonder'd as much as the others had done before, to see us. *Cæsar* was marvelling as much at their Faces, wondering how they should be all so wounded in War; he was impatient to know how they all came by those frightful Marks of Rage or Malice, rather than Wounds got in noble Battle: They told us by our Interpreter, That when any War was waging, two Men, chosen out by some old Captain whose Fighting was past, and who could only teach the Theory of War, were to stand in Competition for the Generalship, or great War-Captain; and being brought before the old Judges,

Judges, now past Labour, they are ask'd, What they dare do, to shew they are worthy to lead an Army? When he who is first ask'd, making no Reply, cuts off his Nose, and throws it contemptibly on the Ground; and the other does something to himself that he thinks surpasses him, and perhaps deprives himself of Lips and an Eye: So they flash on 'till one gives out, and many have dy'd in this Debate. And it's by a passive Valour they shew and prove their Activity; a sort of Courage too brutal to be applauded by our *Black* Hero; nevertheless, he express'd his Esteem of 'em.

In this Voyage *Cæsar* begat so good an Understanding between the *Indians* and the *English*, that there were no more Fears or Heart-burnings during our Stay, but we had a perfect, open, and free Trade with 'em. Many Things remarkable, and worthy reciting, we met with in this short Voyage; because *Cæsar* made it his Business to search out and provide for our Entertainment, especially to please his dearly ador'd *Imoinda*, who was a Sharer in all our Adventures; we being resolv'd to make her Chains as easy as we could, and to compliment the Prince in that Manner that most oblig'd him.

As we were coming up again, we met with some *Indians* of strange Aspects; that
is,

is, of a larger Size, and other sort of Features, than those of our Country. Our *Indian Slaves*, that row'd us, ask'd 'em some Questions; but they could not understand us, but shew'd us a long Cotton String, with several Knots on it, and told us, they had been coming from the Mountains so many Moons as there were Knots: they were habited in Skins of a strange Beast, and brought along with 'em Bags of Gold-Dust; which, as well as they could give us to understand, came streaming in little small Channels down the high Mountains, when the Rains fell; and offer'd to be the Convoy to any Body, or Persons, that would go to the Mountains. We carry'd these Men up to *Parham*, where they were kept 'till the Lord-Governor came: And because all the Country was mad to be going on this Golden Adventure, the Governor, by his Letters, commanded (for they sent some of the Gold to him) that a Guard should be set at the Mouth of the River of *Amazons* (a River so call'd, almost as broad as the River of *Thames*) and prohibited all People from going up that River, it conducting to those Mountains of Gold. But we going off for *England* before the Project was further prosecuted, and the Governor being drown'd in a Hurricane, either the Design died, or the *Dutch* have the Advantage

tage of it: And 'tis to bemoan'd what his Majesty loft, by loſing that Part of *America*.

Though this Digreſſion is a little from my Story, however, ſince it contains ſome Proofs of the Curioſity and Daring of this great Man, I was content to omit nothing of his Character.

It was thus for ſome Time we diverted him; but now *Imoinda* began to ſhew ſhe was with Child, and did nothing but ſigh and weep for the Captivity of her Lord, herſelf, and the Infant yet unborn; and believ'd, if it were ſo hard to gain the Liberty of two, 'twould be more difficult to get that for three. Her Griefs were ſo many Darts in the great Heart of *Cæſar*, and taking his Opportunity, one *Sunday*, when all the *Whites* were overtaken in Drink, as there were abundance of ſeveral Trades, and *Slaves* for four Years, that inhabited among the *Negro* Houſes; and *Sunday* being their Day of Debauch, (otherwiſe they were a ſort of Spies upon *Cæſar*) he went, pretending out of Goodneſs to 'em, to feaſt among 'em, and ſent all his Muſick, and order'd a great Treat for the whole Gang, about three hundred *Negroes*, and about an hundred and fifty were able to bear Arms, ſuch as they had, which were ſufficient to do Execution, with Spirits accordingly: For the *Engliſh* had none but ruſty
Swords,

Swords, that no Strength could draw from a Scabbard ; except the People of particular Quality, who took Care to oil 'em, and keep 'em in good Order : The Guns also, unless here and there one, or those newly carried from *England*, would do no Good or Harm ; for 'tis the Nature of that Country to rust and eat up Iron, or any Metals but Gold and Silver. And they are very expert at the Bow, which the *Negroes* and *Indians* are perfect Masters of.

Cæsar, having singled out these Men from the Women and Children, made an Harangue to 'em, of the Miseries and Ignominies of Slavery ; counting up all their Toils and Sufferings, under such Loads, Burdens and Drudgeries, as were fitter for Beasts than Men ; senseless Brutes, than human Souls. He told 'em, it was not for Days, Months or Years, but for Eternity ; there was no End to be of their Misfortunes : They suffer'd not like Men, who might find a Glory and Fortitude in Oppression ; but like Dogs, that lov'd the Whip and Bell, and fawn'd the more they were beaten : That they had lost the divine Quality of Men, and were become insensible Asses, fit only to bear : Nay, worse ; an Ass, or Dog, or Horse, having done his Duty, could lie down in Retreat, and rise to work again, and while he did his Duty, endur'd no Stripes ; but Men,
vil-

villanous, senseless Men, such as they,
 toil'd on all the tedious Week 'till *Black
 Friday*; and then, whether they work'd
 or not, whether they were faulty or me-
 riting, they, promiscuously, the Innocent
 with the Guilty, suffer'd the infamous
 Whip, the sordid Stripes, from their Fel-
 low-Slaves, 'till their Blood trickled from
 all Parts of their Body; Blood, whose
 every Drop ought to be revenged with a
 Life of some of those Tyrants that impose
 it. 'And why (*said he*) my dear Friends
 ' and Fellow-sufferers, should we be Slaves
 ' to an unknown People? Have they van-
 ' quish'd us nobly in Fight? Have they
 ' won us in Honourable Battle? And
 ' are we by the Chance of War become
 ' their Slaves? This would not anger a
 ' noble Heart; this would not animate a
 ' Soldier's Soul: No, but we are bought
 ' and sold like Apes or Monkeys, to be
 ' the Sport of Women, Fools and Cowards;
 ' and the Support of Rogues and Runa-
 ' gades, that have abandoned their own
 ' Countries for Rapine, Murders, Theft
 ' and Villanies. Do you not hear every
 ' Day how they upbraid each other with
 ' Infamy of Life, below the wildest Sal-
 ' vages? And shall we render Obedience
 ' to such a degenerate Race, who have no
 ' one human Virtue left, to distinguish
 ' them

‘ them from the vileſt Creatures? Will you,
 ‘ I ſay, ſuffer the Laſh from ſuch Hands?
 ‘ *They all reply’d with one Accord,* No, No,
 ‘ No; *Cæſar* has ſpoke like a great Cap-
 ‘ tain, like a great King.’

After this he would have proceeded,
 but was interrupted by a tall *Negro*, of
 ſome more Quality than the reſt, his Name
 was *Tuſcan*; who bowing at the Feet of
Cæſar, cry’d, ‘ My Lord, we have liſten’d
 ‘ with Joy and Attention to what you
 ‘ have ſaid; and, were we only Men,
 ‘ would follow ſo great a Leader through
 ‘ the World: But O! conſider we are
 ‘ Huſbands and Parents too, and have
 ‘ Things more dear to us than Life; our
 ‘ Wives and Children, unfit for Travel in
 ‘ thoſe unpaſſable Woods, Mountains and
 ‘ Bogs. We have not only difficult Lands
 ‘ to overcome, but Rivers to wade, and
 ‘ Mountains to encounter; ravenous Beaſts
 ‘ of Prey,’——*To this Cæſar reply’d,*
 ‘ That Honour was the firſt Principle in
 ‘ Nature, that was to be obey’d; but
 ‘ as no Man would pretend to that, with-
 ‘ out all the Acts of Virtue, Compaſſion,
 ‘ Charity, Love, Juſtice and Reaſon, he
 ‘ found it not inconſiſtent with that, to
 ‘ take equal Care of their Wives and Chil-
 ‘ dren as they would of themſelves; and
 ‘ that he did not deſign, when he led
 ‘ them to Freedom, and glorious Liberty,
 ‘ that

‘ that they should leave that better Part of
 ‘ themselves to perish by the Hand of the
 ‘ Tyrant’s Whip : But if there were a
 ‘ Woman among them so degenerate from
 ‘ Love and Virtue, to chuse Slavery be-
 ‘ fore the Pursuit of her Husband, and
 ‘ with the Hazard of her Life, to share
 ‘ with him in his Fortunes ; that such a one
 ‘ ought to be abandoned, and left as a Prey
 ‘ to the common Enemy.’

To which they all agreed—— and bowed. After this, he spoke of the impassable Woods and Rivers ; and convinced them, the more Danger the more Glory. He told them, that he had heard of one *Hannibal*, a great Captain, had cut his Way through Mountains of solid Rocks ; and should a few Shrubs oppose them, which they could fire before ’em ? No, ’twas a trifling Excuse to Men resolved to die, or overcome. As for Bogs, they are with a little Labour filled and harden’d ; and the Rivers could be no Obstacle, since they swam by Nature, at least by Custom, from the first Hour of their Birth : That when the Children were weary, they must carry them by Turns, and the Woods and their own Industry would afford them Food. To this they all assented with Joy.

Tuscan then demanded, what he would do : He said he would travel towards the Sea, plant a new Colony, and defend it
 by

by their Valour ; and when they could find a Ship, either driven by Strefs of Weather, or guided by Providence that Way, they would feize it, and make it a Prize, till it had transported them to their own Countries : at least they should be made free in his Kingdom, and be esteem'd as his Fellow-Sufferers, and Men that had the Courage and the Bravery to attempt, at least, for Liberty ; and if they died in the Attempt, it would be more brave, than to live in perpetual Slavery.

They bow'd and kifs'd his Feet at this Resolution, and with one Accord vow'd to follow him to Death ; and that Night was appointed to begin their March. They made it known to their Wives, and directed them to tie their Hamocks about their Shoulders, and under their Arms, like a Scarf and to lead their Children that could go, and carry those that could not. The Wives, who pay an entire Obedience to their Husbands, obey'd, and stay'd for 'em where they were appointed : The Men stay'd but to furnish themselves with what defensive Arms they could get ; and all met at the Rendezvouz, where *Cæsar* made a new encouraging Speech to 'em and led 'em out.

But as they could not march far that Night, on *Monday* early, when the Overseers went to call 'em all together, to go
to

to work, they were extremely surprized, to find not one upon the Place, but all fled with what Baggage they had. You may imagine this News was not only suddenly spread all over the Plantation, but soon reached the neighbouring ones; and we had by Noon about 600 Men, they call the Militia of the Country, that came to assist us in the Pursuit of the Fugitives: But never did one see so comical an Army march forth to War. The Men of any Fashion would not concern themselves, tho' it were almost the Common Cause; for such Revoltings are very ill Examples, and have very fatal Consequences oftentimes, in many Colonies: But they had a Respect for *Cæsar*, and all Hands were against the *Parhamites* (as they called those of *Parham-Plantation*) because they did not in the first Place love the Lord-Governor; and secondly, they would have it, that *Cæsar* was ill used, and baffled with: and 'tis not impossible but some of the best in the Country was of his Council in this Flight, and depriving us of all the Slaves; so that they of the better Sort would not meddle in the Matter. The Deputy-Governor, of whom I have had no great Occasion to speak, and who was the most fawning fair-tongu'd Fellow in the World, and one that pretended the most Friendship to *Cæsar*, was now the only violent Man
against

againſt him ; and though he had nothing, and ſo need fear nothing, yet talked and looked bigger than any Man. He was a Fellow, whoſe Character is not fit to be mentioned with the worſt of the Slaves : This Fellow would lead his Army forth to meet *Cæſar*, or rather to purſue him. Moſt of their Arms were of thoſe Sort of cruel Whips they call *Cat with nine Tails* ; ſome had ruſty uſeleſs Guns for Shew ; others old Basket Hilts, whoſe Blades had never ſeen the Light in this Age ; and others had long Staffs and Clubs. Mr. *Trefry* went along, rather to be a Mediator than a Conqueror in ſuch a Battle ; for he foreſaw and knew, if by fighting they put the *Negroes* into Deſpair, they were a ſort of fullen Fellows, that would drown or kill themſelves before they would yield ; and he advis'd that fair Means was beſt : But *Byam* was one that abounded in his own Wit, and would take his own Meaſures.

It was not hard to find theſe Fugitives ; for as they fled, they were forced to fire and cut the Woods before 'em : So that Night or Day they purſu'd 'em by the Light they made, and by the Path they had cleared. But as ſoon as *Cæſar* found he was purſu'd, he put himſelf in a Poſture of Defence, placing all the Women and Children in the Rear ; and himſelf, with *Tuſcan* by his Side, or next to him, all promiſing

mising to die or conquer. Encouraged thus, they never stood to parley, but fell on pell-mell upon the *English*, and killed some, and wounded a great many; they having Recourse to their Whips, as the best of their Weapons. And as they observed no Order, they perplexed the Enemy so sorely, with lashing 'em in the Eyes; and the Women and Children seeing their Husbands so treated, being of fearful and cowardly Dispositions, and hearing the *English* cry out, *Yield, and Live! Yield, and be Pardon'd!* they all ran in amongst their Husbands and Fathers, and hung about them, crying out, *Yield! Yield! and leave Cæsar to their Revenge:* that by Degrees the Slaves abandon'd *Cæsar*, and left him only *Tuscan* and his Heroick *Imoinda*, who grown as big as she was, did nevertheless press near her Lord, having a Bow and a Quiver full of poisoned Arrows, which she managed with such Dexterity, that she wounded several, and shot the Governor into the Shoulder; of which Wound he had liked to have died, but that an *Indian* Woman, his Mistress, sucked the Wound, and cleans'd it from the Venom: But however, he stir'd not from the Place till he had parly'd with *Cæsar*, who he found was resolved to die fighting, and would not be taken; no more would *Tuscan* or *Imoinda*. But he,
more

more thirsting after Revenge of another Sort, than that of depriving him of Life, now made use of all his Art of Talking and Dissembling, and besought *Cæsar* to yield himself upon Terms which he himself should propose, and should be sacredly assented to, and kept by him. He told him, It was not that he any longer fear'd him, or could believe the Force of two Men, and a young Heroine, could overthrow all them, and with all the Slaves now on their Side also; but it was the vast Esteem he had for his Person, the Desire he had to serve so gallant a Man, and to hinder himself from the Reproach hereafter, of having been the Occasion of the Death of a Prince, whose Valour and Magnanimity deserved the Empire of the World. He protested to him, he looked upon his Action as gallant and brave, however tending to the Prejudice of his Lord and Master, who would by it have lost so considerable a Number of Slaves; that this Flight of his should be look'd on as a Heat of Youth, and a Rashness of a too forward Courage, and an unconsider'd Impatience of Liberty, and no more; and that he labour'd in vain to accomplish that which they would effectually perform as soon as any Ship arrived that would touch on his Coast: 'So that if you will be pleas'd
' (*continued he*) to surrender yourself, all
' ima-

‘ imaginable Respect shall be paid you ;
 ‘ and your Self, your Wife and Child, if
 ‘ it be born here, shall depart free out of
 ‘ our Land.’ But *Cæsar* would hear of no
 Composition ; though *Byam* urged, if he
 pursued and went on in his Design, he
 would inevitably perish, either by great
 Snakes, wild Beasts or Hunger ; and he
 ought to have Regard to his Wife, whose
 Condition requir’d Ease, and not the Fa-
 tiques of tedious Travel, where she could
 not be secured from being devoured. But
Cæsar told him, there was no Faith in the
 White Men, or the Gods they ador’d ;
 who instructed them in Principles so false,
 that honest Men could not live amongst
 them ; though no People profess’d so
 much, none perform’d so little : That he
 knew what he had to do when he dealt
 with Men of Honour ; but with them a
 Man ought to be eternally on his Guard,
 and never to eat and drink with Christians,
 without his Weapon of Defence in his
 Hand ; and, for his own Security, never
 to credit one Word they spoke. As for
 the Rashness and Inconsiderateness of his
 Action, he would confess the Governor is
 in the right ; and that he was ashamed of
 what he had done, in endeavouring to
 make those free, who were by Nature
 Slaves, poor wretched Rogues, fit to be
 used as Christians Tools ; Dogs, treache-

rous and cowardly, fit for ſuch Maſters ; and they wanted only but to be whipped into the Knowledge of the Chriſtian Gods, to be the vileſt of all creeping Things ; to learn to worſhip ſuch Deities as had not Power to make them juſt, brave, or honeſt : In fine, after a thouſand Things of this Nature, not fit here to be recited, he told *Byam*, He had rather die, than live upon the ſame Earth with ſuch Dogs. But *Trefry* and *Byam* pleaded and proteſted together ſo much, that *Trefry* believing the Governor to mean what he ſaid, and ſpeaking very cordially himſelf, generouſly put himſelf into *Cæſar*'s Hands, and took him aſide, and perſuaded him, even with Tears, to live, by ſurrendring himſelf, and to name his Conditions. *Cæſar* was overcome by his Wit and Reaſons, and in Conſideration of *Imoinda* ; and demanding what he deſired, and that it ſhould be ratify'd by their Hands in Writing, becauſe he had perceived that was the common Way of Contract between Man and Man amongſt the Whites ; all this was performed, and *Tuſcan*'s Pardon was put in, and they ſurrender'd to the Governor, who walked peaceably down into the Plantation with them, after giving Order to bury their Dead. *Cæſar* was very much toil'd with the Buſtle of the Day, for he had fought like a Fury ; and what

Miſ-

Mischief was done, he and *Tuscan* performed alone; and gave their Enemies a fatal Proof, that they durst do any Thing, and fear'd no mortal Force.

But they were no sooner arrived at the Place where all the Slaves receive their Punishments of Whipping, but they laid Hands on *Cæsar* and *Tuscan*, faint with Heat and Toil; and surprizing them, bound them to two several Stakes, and whipped them in a most deplorable and inhuman Manner, rending the very Flesh from their Bones, especially *Cæsar*, who was not perceived to make any Moan, or to alter his Face, only to roll his Eyes on the faithless Governor, and those he believed Guilty, with Fierceness and Indignation; and to complete his Rage, he saw every one of those Slaves who but a few Days before ador'd him as something more than Mortal, now had a Whip to give him some Lashes, while he strove not to break his Fetters; tho' if he had, it were impossible: but he pronounced a Woe and Revenge from his Eyes, that darted Fire, which was at once both awful and terrible to behold.

When they thought they were sufficiently revenged on him, they unty'd him, almost fainting with Loss of Blood, from a thousand Wounds all over his Body; from which they had rent his Clothes, and led

him bleeding and naked as he was, and loaded him all over with Irons; and then rubb'd his Wounds, to complete their Cruelty, with *Indian* Pepper, which had like to have made him raving mad; and, in this Condition made him so fast to the Ground, that he could not stir, if his Pains and Wounds would have given him Leave. They spared *Imoinda*, and did not let her see this Barbarity committed towards her Lord, but carried her down to *Parham*, and shut her up; which was not in Kindness to her, but for Fear she should die with the Sight, or miscarry, and then they should lose a young Slave, and perhaps the Mother.

You must know, that when the News was brought on *Monday* Morning, that *Cæsar* had betaken himself to the Woods, and carry'd with him all the *Negroes*, we were possess'd with extreme Fear, which no Persuasions could dissipate, that he would secure himself till Night, and then would come down and cut all our Throats. This Apprehension made all the Females of us fly down the River, to be secured; and while we were away, they acted this Cruelty; for I suppose I had Authority and Interest enough there, had I suspected any such Thing, to have prevented it: but we had not gone many Leagues, but the News overtook us, that *Cæsar* was taken and whipped like a common Slave. We
met

met on the River with Colonel *Martin*, a Man of great Gallantry, Wit, and Goodness, and whom I have celebrated in a Character of my new Comedy, by his own Name, in Memory of so brave a Man: He was wise and eloquent, and, from the Fineness of his Parts, bore a great Sway over the Hearts of all the Colony: He was a Friend to *Cæsar*, and resented this false Dealing with him very much. We carried him back to *Parham*, thinking to have made an Accommodation; when he came, the first News we heard, was, That the Governor was dead of a Wound *Imoin-da* had given him; but it was not so well. But it seems, he would have the Pleasure of beholding the Revenge he took on *Cæsar*; and before the cruel Ceremony was finished, he dropt down; and then they perceived the Wound he had on his Shoulder was by a venom'd Arrow, which, as I said, his *Indian* Mistress healed, by sucking the Wound.

We were no sooner arrived, but we went up to the Plantation to see *Cæsar*; whom we found in a very miserable and unexpressible Condition; and I have a thousand Times admired how he lived in so much tormenting Pain. We said all Things to him, that Trouble, Pity and Good-Nature could suggest, protesting our Innocency of the Fact, and our Abhor-

rence of fuch Cruelties ; making a thou-
 fand Professions and Services to him, and
 begging as many Pardons for the Offen-
 ders, till we faid fo much, that he be-
 lieved we had no Hand in his ill Treat-
 ment ; but told us, He could never par-
 don *Byam* ; as for *Trefry*, he confeſs'd he
 ſaw his Grief and Sorrow for his Suffer-
 ing, which he could not hinder, but was
 like to have been beaten down by the
 very Slaves, for ſpeaking in his Defence :
 But for *Byam*, who was their Leader,
 their Head — and ſhould, by his Juſtice
 and Honour, have been an Example to
 'em ——— for him, he wiſhed to live to
 take a dire Revenge of him ; and ſaid,
It had been well for him, if he had ſacrificed
me, inſtead of giving me the contemptible
Whip. He refuſed to talk much ; but beg-
 ging us to give him our Hands, he took
 them, and proteſted never to lift up his
 to do us any Harm. He had a great Re-
 ſpect for Colonel *Martin*, and always took
 his Counſel like that of a Parent ; and
 affirmed him, he would obey him in any
 Thing, but his Revenge on *Byam* : ‘ There-
 fore (*ſaid he*) for his own Safety, let
 ‘ him ſpeedily diſpatch me ; for if I could
 ‘ diſpatch myſelf, I would not, till that
 ‘ Juſtice were done to my injured Perſon,
 ‘ and the Contempt of a Soldier : No, I
 ‘ would not kill myſelf, even after a
 ‘ Whip-

‘ Whipping, but will be content to live
‘ with that Infamy, and be pointed at by
‘ every grinning Slave, till I have com-
‘ pleted my Revenge ; and then you shall
‘ see, that *Oroonoko* scorns to live with the
‘ Indignity that was put on *Cæsar*.’ All
we could do, could get no more Words
from him ; and we took Care to have him
put immediately into a healing Bath, to
rid him of his Pepper, and ordered a Chi-
rurgeon to anoint him with healing Balm,
which he suffer’d, and in some Time he be-
gan to be able to walk and eat. We failed
not to visit him every Day, and to that
End had him brought to an Apartment at
Parham.

The Governor had no sooner recover’d,
and had heard of the Menaces of *Cæsar*,
but he called his Council, who (not to dis-
grace them, or burlesque the Government
there) consisted of such notorious Villains as
Newgate never transported ; and, possibly,
originally were such who understood nei-
ther the Laws of God or Man, and had
no sort of Principles to make them wor-
thy the Name of Men ; but at the very
Council-Table would contradict and fight
with one another, and swear so bloodily,
that ’twas terrible to hear and see ’em.
(Some of ’em were afterwards hanged,
when the *Dutch* took Possession of the
Place, others sent off in Chains.) But

calling these ſpecial Rulers of the Nation together, and requiring their Counſel in this weighty Affair, they all concluded, that (damn 'em) it might be their own Caſes ; and that *Cæſar* ought to be made an Example to all the *Negroes*, to fright 'em from daring to threaten their Betters, their Lords and Maſters ; and at this Rate no Man was ſafe from his own Slaves ; and concluded, *nemine contradicente*, That *Cæſar* ſhould be hanged.

Trefry then thought it Time to uſe his Authority, and told *Byam*, his Command did not extend to his Lord's Plantation ; and that *Parham* was as much exempt from the Law as *White-Hall* ; and that they ought no more to touch the Servants of the Lord —— (who there repreſented the King's Perſon) than they could thoſe about the King himſelf ; and that *Parham* was a Sanctuary ; and tho' his Lord were abſent in Perſon, his Power was ſtill in being there, which he had entrusted with him, as far as the Dominions of his particular Plantations reached, and all that belonged to it ; the reſt of the Country, as *Byam* was Lieutenant to his Lord, he might exerciſe his Tyranny upon. *Trefry* had others as powerful, or more, that intereſted themſelves in *Cæſar's* Life, and abſolutely ſaid, he ſhould be defended. So turning the Governor, and his wife

Coun-

Council, out of Doors, (for they sat at *Parham-House*) we set a Guard upon our Lodging-Place, and would admit none but those we called Friends to us and *Cæsar*.

The Governor having remain'd wounded at *Parham*, till his Recovery was completed, *Cæsar* did not know but he was still there, and indeed for the most Part, his Time was spent there: for he was one that loved to live at other Peoples Expence, and if he were a Day absent, he was ten present there; and us'd to play, and walk, and hunt, and fish with *Cæsar*: So that *Cæsar* did not at all doubt, if he once recover'd Strength, but he should find an Opportunity of being revenged on him; though, after such a Revenge, he could not hope to live: for if he escaped the Fury of the *English* Mobile, who perhaps would have been glad of the Occasion to have killed him, he was resolved not to survive his Whipping; yet he had some tender Hours, a repenting Softness, which he called his Fits of Cowardice, wherein he struggled with Love for the Victory of his Heart, which took Part with his charming *Imoinda* there; but for the most Part, his Time was pass'd in melancholy Thoughts, and black Designs. He consider'd, if he should do this Deed, and die either in the Attempt, or after it, he left his lovely *Imoinda* a Prey, or at best a Slave to the

enraged Multitude ; his great Heart could not endure that Thought : *Perhaps* (said he) *she may be first ravish'd by every Brute ; expos'd first to their nasty Lusts, and then a shameful Death :* No, he could not live a Moment under that Apprehension, too insupportable to be borne. These were his Thoughts, and his silent Arguments with his Heart, as he told us afterwards : So that now resolving not only to kill *Byam*, but all those he thought had enraged him ; pleasing his great Heart with the fancy'd Slaughter he should make over the whole Face of the Plantation ; he first resolved on a Deed, (that however horrid it first appear'd to us all) when we had heard his Reasons, we thought it brave and just. Being able to walk, and, as he believed, fit for the Execution of his great Design, he begg'd *Trefry* to trust him into the Air, believing a Walk would do him good ; which was granted him ; and taking *Imoinda* with him, as he used to do in his more happy and calmer Days, he led her up into a Wood, where (after with a thousand Sighs, and long gazing silently on her Face, while Tears gush'd, in spite of him, from his Eyes) he told her his Design, first of killing her, and then his Enemies, and next himself, and the Impossibility of escaping, and therefore he told her the Necessity of dying. He found the heroick

roick Wife faster pleading for Death, than he was to propose it, when she found his fix'd Resolution; and, on her Knees, besought him not to leave her a Prey to his Enemies. He (grieved to Death) yet pleased at her noble Resolution, took her up, and embracing of her with all the Passion and Languishment of a dying Lover, drew his Knife to kill this Treasure of his Soul, this Pleasure of his Eyes; while Tears trickled down his Cheeks, hers were smiling with Joy she should die by so noble a Hand, and be sent into her own Country (for that's their Notion of the next World) by him she so tenderly loved, and so truly ador'd in this: For Wives have a Respect for their Husbands equal to what any other People pay a Deity; and when a Man finds any Occasion to quit his Wife, if he love her, she dies by his Hand; if not, he sells her, or suffers some other to kill her. It being thus, you may believe the Deed was soon resolv'd on; and 'tis not to be doubted, but the parting, the eternal Leave-taking of two such Lovers, so greatly born, so sensible, so beautiful, so young, and so fond, must be very moving, as the Relation of it was to me afterwards.

All that Love could say in such Cases, being ended, and all the intermitting Irresolutions being adjusted, the lovely, young and ador'd Victim lays herself down be-

fore the Sacrificer ; while he, with a Hand resolved, and a Heart-breaking within, gave the fatal Stroke, first cutting her Throat, and then severing her yet smiling Face from that delicate Body, pregnant as it was with the Fruits of tenderest Love. As soon as he had done, he laid the Body decently on Leaves and Flowers, of which he made a Bed, and conceal'd it under the same Cover-lid of Nature ; only her Face he left yet bare to look on : But when he found she was dead, and past all Retrieve, never more to bless him with her Eyes, and soft Language, his Grief swell'd up to Rage ; he tore, he rav'd, he roar'd like some Monster of the Wood, calling on the lov'd Name of *Imoinda*. A thousand Times he turned the fatal Knife that did the Deed toward his own Heart, with a Resolution to go immediately after her ; but dire Revenge, which was now a thousand Times more fierce in his Soul than before, prevents him ; and he would cry out, ' No, since I have sacrific'd *Imoinda* to my ' Revenge, shall I lose that Glory which I ' have purchased so dear, as at the Price ' of the fairest, dearest, softest Creature ' that ever Nature made ? No, no ! ' Then at her Name Grief would get the Ascendant of Rage, and he would lie down by her Side, and water her Face with Showers of Tears, which never were wont to fall
from

from those Eyes; and however bent he was on his intended Slaughter, he had not Power to stir from the Sight of this dear Object, now more beloved, and more ador'd than ever.

He remained in this deplorable Condition for two Days, and never rose from the Ground where he had made her sad Sacrifice; at last rousing from her Side, and accusing himself with living too long, now *Imoinda* was dead, and that the Deaths of those barbarous Enemies were deferred too long, he resolved now to finish the great Work: but offering to rise, he found his Strength so decay'd, that he reeled to and fro, like Boughs assailed by contrary Winds; so that he was forced to lie down again, and try to summon all his Courage to his Aid. He found his Brains turned round, and his Eyes were dizzy, and Objects appear'd not the same to him they were wont to do; his Breath was short, and all his Limbs surpriz'd with a Faintness he had never felt before. He had not eat in two Days, which was one Occasion of his Feebleness, but Excess of Grief was the greatest; yet still he hoped he should recover Vigour to act his Design, and lay expecting it yet six Days longer; still mourning over the dead Idol of his Heart, and striving every Day to rise, but could not.

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In all this time you may believe we were in no little Affliction for *Cæsar* and his Wife ; some were of Opinion he was escaped, never to return ; others thought some Accident had happened to him : But however, we fail'd not to fend out a hundred People several Ways, to search for him. A Party of about forty went that Way he took, among whom was *Tuscan*, who was perfectly reconciled to *Byam* : They had not gone very far into the Wood, but they smelt an unusual Smell, as of a dead Body ; for Stinks must be very noisom, that can be distinguish'd among such a Quantity of natural Sweets, as every Inch of that Land produces : so that they concluded they should find him dead, or some body that was so ; they pass'd on towards it, as loathsom as it was, and made such rustling among the Leaves that lie thick on the Ground, by continual falling, that *Cæsar* heard he was approach'd ; and though he had, during the Space of these eight Days, endeavour'd to rise, but found he wanted Strength, yet looking up, and seeing his Pursuers, he rose, and reel'd to a neighbouring Tree, against which he fix'd his Back ; and being within a dozen Yards of those that advanc'd and saw him, he call'd out to them, and bid them approach no nearer, if they would be safe. So that they stood still, and hardly believing
ing

ing their Eyes, that would persuade them that it was *Cæsar* that spoke to them, so much he was alter'd; they ask'd him, what he had done with his Wife, for they smelt a Stink that almost struck them dead? He pointing to the dead Body, sighing, cry'd, *Behold her there.* They put off the Flowers that cover'd her, with their Sticks, and found she was kill'd, and cry'd out, *Oh, Monster! thou hast murder'd thy Wife.* Then asking him, why he did so cruel a Deed? He reply'd, He had no Leisure to answer impertinent Questions: ' You may go back (*continued he*) and tell ' the faithless Governor, he may thank ' Fortune that I am breathing my last; ' and that my Arm is too feeble to obey ' my Heart, in what it had design'd him: But his Tongue faltering, and trembling, he could scarce end what he was saying. The *English* taking Advantage by his Weakness, cry'd, *Let us take him alive by all Means.* He heard 'em; and, as if he had reviv'd from a Fainting, or a Dream, he cried out, 'No, Gentlemen, you are deceived; you will find no more *Cæsars* to ' be whipt; no more find a Faith in me: ' Feeble as you think me, I have Strength ' yet left to secure me from a second Indignity.' They swore all anew; and he only shook his Head, and beheld them with Scorn. Then they cry'd out, *Who will*

will venture on this single Man? Will nobody? They stood all silent, while *Cæsar* replied, *Fatal will be the Attempt of the first Adventurer, let him assure himself* (and, at that Word, held up his Knife in a menacing Posture :) *Look ye, ye faithless Crew,* said he, *'tis not Life I seek, nor am I afraid of dying,* (and at that Word, cut a Piece of Flesh from his own Throat, and threw it at 'em) *yet still I would live if I could, till I had perfected my Revenge: But, oh! it cannot be; I feel Life gliding from my Eyes and Heart; and if I make not haste, I shall fall a Victim to the shameful Whip.* At that, he rip'd up his own Belly, and took his Bowels and pull'd 'em out, with what Strength he could; while some, on their Knees imploring, besought him to hold his Hand. But when they saw him tottering, they cry'd out, *Will none venture on him?* A bold *Englishman* cry'd, *Yes, if he were the Devil,* (taking Courage when he saw him almost dead) and swearing a horrid Oath for his farewell to the World, he rush'd on him. *Cæsar* with his arm'd Hand, met him so fairly, as stuck him to the Heart, and he Fell dead at his feet. *Tuscan* seeing that, cry'd out, *I love thee, O Cæsar! and therefore will not let thee die, if possible;* and running to him, took him in his Arms; but, at the same time, warding a Blow that *Cæsar* made at his Bosom,

fom, he receiv'd it quite through his Arm ; and *Cæſar* having not Strength to pluck the Knife forth, tho' he attempted it, *Tuſcan* neither pull'd it out himſelf, nor ſuffer'd it to be pull'd out, but came down with it ſticking in his Arm ; and the Reaſon he gave for it, was, becauſe the Air ſhould not get into the Wound. They put their Hands a-croſs, and carry'd *Cæſar* between fix of 'em, fainting as he was, and they thought dead, or juſt dying ; and they brought him to *Parham*, and laid him on a Couch, and had the Chirurgeon immediately to him, who dreſt his Wounds, and ſow'd up his Belly, and uſ'd Means to bring him to Life, which they effected. We ran all to ſee him ; and, if before we thought him ſo beautiful a Sight, he was now ſo alter'd, that his Face was like a Death's-Head black'd over, nothing but Teeth and Eye-holes : For ſome Days we ſuffer'd no Body to ſpeak to him, but cauſed Cordials to be poured down his Throat ; which ſuſtained his Life, and in fix or ſeven Days he recovered his Senſes : For, you muſt know, that Wounds are almoſt to a Miracle cur'd in the *Indies* ; unleſs Wounds in the Legs, which they rarely ever cure.

When he was well enough to ſpeak, we talk'd to him, and ask'd him ſome Queſtions about his Wife, and the Reaſons
 why

why he kill'd her ; and he then told us what I have related of that Resolution, and of his Parting, and he besought us we would let him die, and was extremely afflicted to think it was possible he might live : He assur'd us, if we did not dispatch him, he would prove very fatal to a great many. We said all we could to make him live, and gave him new Assurances ; but he begg'd we would not think so poorly of him, or of his Love to *Imoinda*, to imagine we could flatter him to Life again : But the Chirurgeon assur'd him he could not live, and therefore he need not fear. We were all (but *Cæsar*) afflicted at this News, and the Sight was ghastly : His Discourse was sad ; and the earthy Smell about him so strong, that I was persuaded to leave the Place for some time, (being my self but sickly, and very apt to fall into Fits of dangerous Illness upon any extraordinary Melancholy.) The Servants, and *Trefry*, and the Chirurgeons, promis'd all to take what possible Care they could of the Life of *Cæsar* ; and I, taking Boat, went with other Company to Colonel *Martin's*, about three Days Journey down the River. But I was no sooner gone, than the Governor taking *Trefry*, about some pretended earnest Business, a Day's Journey up the River, having communicated his Design to one *Banister*, a wild

wild *Irish* Man, one of the Council, a Fellow of absolute Barbarity, and fit to execute any Villany, but rich ; he came up to *Parham*, and forcibly took *Cæsar*, and had him carried to the same Post where he was whipp'd ; and causing him to be ty'd to it, and a great Fire made before him, he told him, he should die like a Dog, as he was. *Cæsar* replied, This was the first Piece of Bravery that ever *Banister* did, and he never spoke Sense till he pronounc'd that Word ; and if he would keep it, he would declare, in the other World, that he was the only Man, of all the *Whites*, that ever he heard speak Truth. And turning to the Men that had bound him, he said, *My Friends, am I to die, or to be whipt ?* And they cry'd, *Whipt ! no, you shall not escape so well.* And then he reply'd, smiling, *A Blessing on thee ;* and assured them they need not tie him, for he would stand fix'd like a Rock, and endure Death so as should encourage them to die : *But if you whip me* (said he) *be sure you tie me fast.*

He had learn'd to take Tobacco ; and when he was assur'd he should die, he desir'd they would give him a Pipe in his Mouth, ready lighted ; which they did : And the Executioner came, and first cut off his Members, and threw them into the Fire ; after that, with an ill-favour'd Knife, they cut off his Ears and his Nose, and

and burn'd them ; he still smoak'd on, as if nothing had touch'd him ; then they hack'd off one of his Arms, and still he bore up and held his Pipe ; but at the cutting off the other Arm, his Head sunk, and his Pipe dropt, and he gave up the Ghost, without a Groan, or a Reproach. My Mother and Sister were by him all the While, but not suffer'd to save him ; so rude and wild were the Rabble, and so inhuman were the Justices who stood by to see the Execution, who after paid dear enough for their Insolence. They cut *Cæsar* into Quarters, and sent them to several of the chief Plantations : One Quarter was sent to Colonel *Martin* ; who refus'd it, and swore, he had rather see the Quarters of *Banister*, and the Governor himself, than those of *Cæsar*, on his Plantations ; and that he could govern his *Negroes*, without terrifying and grieving them with frightful Spectacles of a mangled King.

Thus died this great Man, worthy of a better Fate, and a more sublime Wit than mine to write his Praise : Yet, I hope, the Reputation of my Pen is considerable enough to make his glorious Name to survive to all Ages, with that of the brave, the beautiful and the constant *Imoinda*.

T H E





THE
FAIR FILIT:
OR, THE
AMOURS
OF

Prince *Tarquin* and *Miranda*.



AS Love is the most noble and divine Passion of the Soul, so it is that to which we may justly attribute all the real Satisfaction of Life; and without it Man is unfinish'd and unhappy.

There are a thousand things to be said of the Advantages this generous Passion brings to those, whose Hearts are capable
of

of receiving its soft Impressions ; for 'tis not every one that can be sensible of its tender Touches. How many Examples, from History and Observation, could I give of its wondrous Power ; nay, even to a Degree of Transmigration ! How many Idiots has it made wise ! How many Fools eloquent ! How many home-bred Squires accomplish'd ! How many Cowards brave ! And there is no sort of Species of Mankind on whom it cannot work some Change and Miracle, if it be a noble well-grounded Passion, except on the Fop in Fashion, the harden'd incorrigible Fop ; so often wounded, but never reclaim'd : For still, by a dire Mistake, conducted by vast Opiniatrety, and a greater Portion of Self-love, than the rest of the Race of Man, he believes that Affectation in his Mein and Dress, that Mathematical Movement, that Formality in every Action, that a Face manag'd with Care, and soften'd into Ridicule, the languishing Turn, the Toss, and the Back-shake of the Periwig, is the direct Way to the Heart of the fine Person he adores ; and instead of curing Love in his Soul, serves only to advance his Folly ; and the more he is enamour'd, the more industriously he assumes (every Hour) the Coxcomb. These are Love's Play-things, a sort of Animals with whom he sports ; and whom he never wounds,

wounds, but when he is in good Humour, and always shoots laughing. 'Tis the Diversion of the little God, to see what a Fluttering and Bustle one of these Sparks, new-wounded, makes ; to what fantastick Fooleries he has Recourse : The Glafs is every Moment call'd to counsel, the Valet consulted and plagu'd for new Invention of Dress, the Footman and Scrutore perpetually employ'd ; *Billet-doux* and *Madrigals* take up all his Mornings, till Play-time in dressing, till Night in gazing ; still, like a Sun-flower, turn'd towards the Beams of the fair Eyes of his *Cælia*, adjusting himself in the most amorous Posture he can assume, his Hat under his Arm, while the other Hand is put carelessly into his Bosom, as if laid upon his panting Heart ; his Head a little bent to one Side, supported with a World of Cravat-string, which he takes mighty Care not to put into Disorder ; as one may guess by a never-failing and horrid Stiffness in his Neck ; and if he had any Occasion to look aside, his whole Body turns at the same Time, for Fear the Motion of the Head alone should incommode the Cravat or Periwig : And sometimes the Glove is well manag'd, and the white Hand display'd. Thus, with a thousand other little Motions and Formalities, all in the common Place or Road of Foppery,
he

he takes infinite Pains to shew himself to the Pit and Boxes, a most accomplish'd Afs. This is he, of all human Kind, on whom Love can do no Miracles, and who can no where, and upon no Occasion, quit one Grain of his refin'd Foppery, unless in a Duel, or a Battle, if ever his Stars should be so severe and ill-manner'd, to reduce him to the Necessity of either: Fear then would ruffle that fine Form he had so long preserv'd in nicest Order, with Grief considering, that an unlucky Chance-wound in his Face, if such a dire Misfortune should befall him, would spoil the Sale of it for ever.

Perhaps it will be urg'd, that since no Metamorphosis can be made in a Fop by Love, you must consider him one of those that only talks of Love, and thinks himself that happy Thing, a Lover; and wanting fine Sense enough for the real Passion, believes what he feels to be it. There are in the Quiver of the God a great many different Darts; some that wound for a Day, and others for a Year; they are all fine, painted, glittering Darts, and shew as well as those made of the noblest Metal; but the Wounds they make reach the Desire only, and are cur'd by possessing, while the short-liv'd Passion betrays the Cheat. But 'tis that refin'd and illustrious Passion of the Soul,
whose

whose Aim is Virtue, and whose End is Honour, that has the Power of changing Nature, and is capable of performing all those heroick Things, of which History is full.

How far distant Passions may be from one another, I shall be able to make appear in these following Rules. I'll prove to you the strong Effects of Love in some unguarded and ungovern'd Hearts ; where it rages beyond the Inspirations of *a God all soft and gentle*, and reigns more like *a Fury from Hell*.

I do not pretend here to entertain you with a feign'd Story, or any Thing piec'd together with romantick Accidents ; but every Circumstance, to a Tittle, is Truth. To a great Part of the Main I myself was an Eye-witness ; and what I did not see, I was confirm'd of by Actors in the Intrigue, Holy Men, of the Order of *St. Francis* : But for the Sake of some of her Relations, I shall give my *Fair Jilt* a feign'd Name, that of *Miranda* ; but my Hero must retain his own, it being too illustrious to be conceal'd.

You are to understand, that in all the Catholick Countries, where Holy Orders are establish'd, there are abundance of differing Kinds of Religious, both of Men and Women. Amongst the Women, there are those we call *Nuns*, that make

solemn Vows of perpetual Chastity ; There are others who make but a simple Vow, as for five or ten Years, or more or less ; and that time expir'd, they may contract anew for longer time, or marry, or dispose of themselves as they shall see good ; and these are ordinarily call'd *Galloping Nuns* : Of these there are several Orders ; as *Canoneesses*, *Begines*, *Quests*, *Swart-Sisters*, and *Jesuiteesses*, with several others I have forgot. Of those of the *Begines* was our *Fair Votress*.

These Orders are taken up by the best Persons of the Town, young Maids of Fortune, who live together, not inclos'd, but in Palaces that will hold about fifteen hundred or two thousand of these *Filles Devotes* ; where they have a regulated Government, under a sort of *Abbeys*, or *Prioresses*, or rather a *Governante*. They are oblig'd to a Method of Devotion, and are under a sort of Obedience. They wear a Habit much like our Widows of Quality in *England*, only without a *Bando* ; and their Veil is of a thicker Crape than what we have here, thro' which one cannot see the Face ; for when they go abroad, they cover themselves all over with it ; but they put 'em up in the Churches, and lay 'em by in the Houses. Every one of these have a Confessor, who is to 'em a sort of Steward : For, you must know,
they

they that go into these Places, have the Management of their own Fortunes, and what their Parents design 'em. Without the Advice of this Confessor, they act nothing, nor admit of a Lover that he shall not approve; at least, this Method ought to be taken, and is by almost all of 'em; tho' *Miranda* thought her Wit above it, as her Spirit was.

But as these Women are, as I said, of the best Quality, and live with the Reputation of being retir'd from the World a little more than ordinary, and because there is a sort of Difficulty to approach 'em, they are the People the most courted, and liable to the greatest Temptations; for as difficult as it seems to be, they receive Visits from all the Men of the best Quality, especially Strangers. All the Men of Wit and Conversation meet at the Apartments of these fair *Filles Devotes*, where all Manner of Gallantries are perform'd, while all the Study of these Maids is to accomplish themselves for these noble Conversations. They receive Presents, Balls, Serenades, and Billets: All the News, Wit, Verses, Songs, Novels, Musick, Gaming, and all fine Diversion, is in their Apartments, they themselves being of the best Quality and Fortune. So that to manage these Gallantries, there is no sort of Female Arts they are not

practis'd in, no Intrigue they are ignorant of, and no Management of which they are not capable.

Of this happy Number was the fair *Miranda*, whose Parents being dead, and a vast Estate divided between her self and a young Sister, (who liv'd with an unmarried old Uncle, whose Estate afterwards was all divided between 'em) she put her self into this uninclos'd religious House; but her Beauty, which had all the Charms that ever Nature gave, became the Envy of the whole *Sisterhood*. She was tall, and admirably shaped; she had a bright Hair, and Hazle-Eyes, all full of Love and Sweetness: No Art could make a Face so fair as hers by Nature, which every Feature adorn'd with a Grace that Imagination cannot reach: Every Look, every Motion charm'd, and her black Dress shew'd the Lustre of her Face and Neck. She had an Air, though gay as so much Youth could inspire, yet so modest, so nobly reserv'd, without Formality, or Stiffness, that one who look'd on her would have imagin'd her Soul the Twin-Angel of her Body; and both together made her appear something divine. To this she had a great deal of Wit, read much, and retain'd all that serv'd her Purpose. She sung delicately, and danc'd well, and play'd on the Lute to a Miracle.

cle. She spoke several Languages naturally ; for being Co-heirefs to fo great a Fortune. She was bred with the nicest Care, in all the fineft Manners of Education ; and was now arriv'd to her Eighteenth Year.

'Twere needlefs to tell you how great a Noife the Fame of this young Beauty, with fo confiderable a Fortune, made in the World : I may fay, the World, rather than confine her Fame to the fcanty Limits of a Town ; it reach'd to many others : And there was not a Man of any Quality that came to *Antwerp*, or pafs'd thro' the City, but made it his Bufinefs to fee the lovely *Miranda*, who was univerfally ador'd : Her Youth and Beauty, her Shape, and Majefty of Mein, and Air of Greatnefs, charm'd all her Beholders ; and thoufands of People were dying by her Eyes, while ſhe was vain enough to glory in her Conquefts, and make it her Bufinefs to wound. She lov'd nothing fo much as to behold fighting Slaves at her Feet, of the greateft Quality ; and treated them all with an Affability that gave them Hope. Continual Muſick, as ſoon as it was dark, and Songs of dying Lovers, were fung under her Windows ; and ſhe might well have made herſelf a great Fortune (if ſhe had not been fo already) by the rich Presents that were

hourly made her; and every body daily expected when she would make some one happy, by suffering her self to be conquer'd by Love and Honour, by the Affiduities and Vows of some one of her Adorers. But *Miranda* accepted their Presents, heard their Vows with Pleasure, and willingly admitted all their soft Addresses; but would not yield her Heart, or give away that lovely Person to the Possession of one; who could please itself with so many. She was naturally amorous, but extremely inconstant: She lov'd one for his Wit, another for his Face, and a third for his Mein; but above all, she admir'd Quality: Quality alone had the Power to attach her entirely; yet not to one Man, but that Virtue was still admir'd by her in all: Where-ever she found that, she lov'd, or at least acted the Lover with such Art, that (deceiving well) she fail'd not to compleat her Conquest; and yet she never durst trust her fickle Humour with Marriage. She knew the Strength of her own Heart, and that it could not suffer itself to be confin'd to one Man, and wisely avoided those Inquietudes, and that Uneasiness of Life she was sure to find in that married State, which would, against her Nature, oblige her to the Embraces of one, whose Humour was, to love all the Young and
the

the Gay. But Love, who had hitherto only play'd with her Heart, and given it nought but pleasing wanton Wounds, such as afforded only soft Joys, and not Pains, resolv'd, either out of Revenge to those Numbers she had abandon'd, and who had sigh'd so long in vain, or to try what Power he had upon so fickle a Heart, to send an Arrow dipp'd in the most tormenting Flames that rage in Hearts most sensible. He struck it home and deep, with all the Malice of an angry God.

There was a Church belonging to the *Cordeliers*, whither *Miranda* often repair'd to her Devotion ; and being there one Day, accompany'd with a young Sister of the Order, after the Mass was ended, as 'tis the Custom, some one of the Fathers goes about the Church with a Box for Contribution, or Charity-money : It happen'd that Day, that a young Father, newly initiated, carried the Box about, which, in his Turn, he brought to *Miranda*. She had no sooner cast her Eyes on this young Friar, but her Face was overspread with Blushes of Surprise : She beheld him stedfastly, and saw in his Face all the Charms of Youth, Wit, and Beauty ; he wanted no one Grace that could form him for Love, he appear'd all that is adorable to the Fair Sex, nor could the mis-shapen Habit hide from her the

lovely Shape it endeavour'd to cover, nor those delicate Hands that approach'd her too near with the Box. Besides the Beauty of his Face and Shape, he had an Air altogether great, in spite of his profess'd Poverty, it betray'd the Man of Quality; and that Thought weigh'd greatly with *Miranda*. But Love, who did not design she should now feel any sort of those easy Flames, with which she had heretofore burnt, made her soon lay all those Considerations aside, which us'd to invite her to love, and now lov'd she knew not why.

She gaz'd upon him, while he bow'd before her, and waited for her Charity, till she perceiv'd the lovely Friar to blush, and cast his Eyes to the Ground. This awaken'd her Shame, and she put her Hand into her Pocket, and was a good while in searching for her Purse, as if she thought of nothing less than what she was about; at last she drew it out, and gave him a Pistole; but with so much Deliberation and Leisure, as easily betray'd the Satisfaction she took in looking on him; while the good Man, having receiv'd her Bounty, after a very low Obedience, proceeded to the rest; and *Miranda* casting after him a Look all languishing, as long as he remain'd in the Church, departed with a Sigh as soon as she

she saw him go out, and returned to her Apartment without speaking one Word all the Way to the young *Fille Devote*, who attended her; so absolutely was her Soul employ'd with this young Holy Man. *Cornelia* (so was this Maid call'd who was with her) perceiving she was so silent, who us'd to be all Wit and good Humour, and observing her little Disorder at the Sight of the young Father, tho' she was far from imagining it to be Love, took an Occasion, when she was come home, to speak of him. 'Madam, *said she*, did you 'not observe that fine young *Cordelier*, 'who brought the Box?' At a Question that nam'd that Object of her Thoughts, *Miranda* blush'd; and she finding she did so, redoubled her Confusion, and she had scarce Courage enough to say,—*Yes, I did observe him*: And then, forcing herself to smile a little, continu'd, 'And I wonder'd 'to see so jolly a young Friar of an Order so severe and mortify'd.—Madam, '(reply'd *Cornelia*) when you know his 'Story, you will not wonder.' *Miranda*, who was impatient to know all that concern'd her new Conqueror, obliged her to tell his Story; and *Cornelia* obey'd, and proceeded.

The Story of Prince Henrick.

‘ YOU must know, Madam, that
 ‘ this young Holy Man is a Prince
 ‘ of *Germany*, of the House of —, whose
 ‘ Fate it was, to fall most passionately in
 ‘ Love with a fair young Lady, who lov’d
 ‘ him with an Ardour equal to what he
 ‘ vow’d her. Sure of her Heart, and
 ‘ wanting only the Approbation of her
 ‘ Parents, and his own, which her Quali-
 ‘ ty did not suffer him to despair of, he
 ‘ boasted of his Happiness to a young
 ‘ Prince, his elder Brother, a Youth amo-
 ‘ rous and fierce, impatient of Joys, and
 ‘ sensible of Beauty, taking Fire with all
 ‘ fair Eyes: He was his Father’s Darling,
 ‘ and Delight of his fond Mother; and, by
 ‘ an Ascendant over both their Hearts,
 ‘ rul’d their Wills.

‘ This young Prince no sooner saw, but
 ‘ lov’d the fair Mistress of his Brother;
 ‘ and with an Authority of a Sovereign,
 ‘ rather than the Advice of a Friend,
 ‘ warn’d his Brother *Henrick* (this now
 ‘ young Friar) to approach no more this
 ‘ Lady, whom he had seen; and seeing,
 ‘ lov’d.

‘ In vain the poor surpriz’d Prince
 ‘ pleads his Right of Love, his Exchange
 ‘ of

‘ of Vows, and Assurance of a Heart that
‘ could never be but for himself. In vain
‘ he urges his Nearness of Blood; his
‘ Friendship, his Passion, or his Life, which
‘ so entirely depended on the Possession
‘ of the charming Maid. All his Plead-
‘ ing serv’d but to blow his Brother’s
‘ Flame; and the more he implores, the
‘ more the other burns; and while *Hen-*
‘ *rick* follows him, on his Knees, with
‘ humble Submissions, the other flies from
‘ him in Rages of transported Love; nor
‘ could his Tears, that pursu’d his Bro-
‘ ther’s Steps, move him to Pity: Hot-
‘ headed, vain-conceited of his Beauty,
‘ and greater Quality, as elder Brother,
‘ he doubts not of Success, and resolv’d to
‘ sacrifice all to the Violence of his new-
‘ born Passion.

‘ In short, he speaks of his Design to his
‘ Mother, who promis’d him her Assis-
‘ tance; and accordingly proposing it first
‘ to the Prince her Husband, urging the Lan-
‘ guishment of her Son, she soon wrought
‘ so on him, that a Match being concluded
‘ between the Parents of this young Beau-
‘ ty and *Henrick*’s Brother, the Hour was
‘ appointed before she knew of the Sacri-
‘ fice she was to be made. And while this
‘ was in Agitation, *Henrick* was sent on
‘ some great Affairs, up into *Germany*, far
‘ out of the Way; not but his boding

‘ Heart, with perpetual Sighs and Throbs,
 ‘ eternally foretold him his Fate.

‘ All the Letters he wrote were inter-
 ‘ cepted, as well as those she wrote to him.
 ‘ She finds herself every Day perplex’d
 ‘ with the Addresses of the Prince she ha-
 ‘ ted ; he was ever fighting at her Feet. In
 ‘ vain were all her Reproaches, and all her
 ‘ Coldness, he was on the surer Side ; for
 ‘ what he found Love would not do, Force
 ‘ of Parents would.

‘ She complains, in her Heart, of young
 ‘ *Henrick*, from whom she could never re-
 ‘ ceive one Letter ; and at last could not
 ‘ forbear bursting into Tears, in spite of
 ‘ all her Force, and feign’d Courage,
 ‘ when, on a Day, the Prince told her,
 ‘ that *Henrick* was withdrawn to give him
 ‘ Time to court her ; to whom he said,
 ‘ he confess’d he had made some Vows,
 ‘ but did repent of ’em, knowing himself
 ‘ too young to make ’em good : That it
 ‘ was for that Reason he brought him first
 ‘ to see her ; and for that Reason, that af-
 ‘ ter that, he never saw her more, nor so
 ‘ much as took Leave of her ; when, in-
 ‘ deed, his Death lay upon the next Visit,
 ‘ his Brother having sworn to murder him ;
 ‘ and to that End, put a Guard upon him,
 ‘ till he was sent into *Germany*.

‘ All this he utter’d with so many pas-
 ‘ sionate Affeверations, Vows, and seem-
 ‘ ing

‘ ing Pity for her being so inhumanly
‘ abandon’d, that she almost gave Credit to
‘ all he had said, and had much ado to
‘ keep herself within the Bounds of Moderation, and silent Grief. Her Heart
‘ was breaking, her Eyes languish’d, and
‘ her Cheeks grew pale, and she had like
‘ to have fallen dead into the treacherous
‘ Arms of him that had reduc’d her to this
‘ Discovery ; but she did what she could
‘ to assume her Courage, and to shew as
‘ little Resentment as possible for a Heart,
‘ like hers, oppress’d with Love, and now
‘ abandon’d by the dear Subject of its Joys
‘ and Pains.

‘ But, Madam, not to tire you with this
‘ Adventure, the Day arriv’d wherein our
‘ still weeping Fair Unfortunate was to be
‘ sacrific’d to the Capriciousness of Love ;
‘ and she was carry’d to Court by her Parents, without knowing to what End,
‘ where she was even compell’d to marry
‘ the Prince.

‘ *Henrick*, who all this While knew no
‘ more of his Unhappiness, than what his
‘ Fears suggested, returns, and passes even
‘ to the Presence of his Father, before he
‘ knew any Thing of his Fortune ; where
‘ he beheld his Mistress and his Brother,
‘ with his Father, in such a Familiarity,
‘ as he no longer doubted his Destiny.
‘ ’Tis hard to judge, whether the Lady,

‘ or

‘ or himself, was most surpriz’d ; she was
 ‘ all pale and unmoveable in her Chair,
 ‘ and *Henrick* fix’d like a Statue ; at last
 ‘ Grief and Rage took Place of Amaze-
 ‘ ment, and he could not forbear crying
 ‘ out, *Ah, Traitor ! Is it thus you have*
 ‘ *treated a Friend and Brother ? And you, O*
 ‘ *perjur’d Charmer ! Is it thus you have re-*
 ‘ *warded all my Vows ?* He could say no
 ‘ more ; but reeling against the Door, had
 ‘ fallen in a Swoon upon the Floor, had
 ‘ not his Page caught him in his Arms,
 ‘ who was entring with him. The good
 ‘ old Prince, the Father, who knew not
 ‘ what all this meant, was soon inform’d
 ‘ by the young weeping Princess ; who, in
 ‘ relating the Story of her Amour with
 ‘ *Henrick*, told her Tale in so moving a
 ‘ Manner, as brought Tears to the Old
 ‘ Man’s Eyes, and Rage to those of her
 ‘ Husband ; he immediately grew jealous
 ‘ to the last Degree : He finds himself in
 ‘ Possession (’tis true) of the Beauty he
 ‘ ador’d, but the Beauty adoring another ;
 ‘ a Prince young and charming as the
 ‘ Light, soft, witty, and raging with an
 ‘ equal Passion. He finds this dreaded Ri-
 ‘ val in the same House with him, with an
 ‘ Authority equal to his own ; and fan-
 ‘ cies, where two Hearts are so entirely
 ‘ agreed, and have so good an Understand-
 ‘ ing, it would not be impossible to find
 ‘ Op-

‘ Opportunities to satisfy and ease that
‘ mutual Flame, that burnt so equally in
‘ both ; he therefore resolved to send him
‘ out of the World, and to establish his
‘ own Repose by a Deed, wicked, cruel,
‘ and unnatural, to have him assassinated
‘ the first Opportunity he could find. This
‘ Resolution set him a little at Ease, and
‘ he strove to dissemble Kindness to *Hen-*
‘ *rick*, with all the Art he was capable of,
‘ suffering him to come often to the Apart-
‘ ment of the Princess, and to entertain
‘ her oftentimes with Discourse, when he
‘ was not near enough to hear what he
‘ spoke ; but still watching their Eyes, he
‘ found those of *Henrick* full of Tears,
‘ ready to flow, but restrain’d, looking all
‘ dying, and yet reproaching, while those
‘ of the Princess were ever bent to the
‘ Earth, and she as much as possible, shun-
‘ ning his Conversation. Yet this did not
‘ satisfy the jealous Husband ; ’twas not
‘ her Complaisance that could appease him ;
‘ he found her Heart was panting within,
‘ whenever *Henrick* approach’d her, and
‘ every Visit more and more confirmed his
‘ Death.

‘ The Father often found the Disorders
‘ of the Sons ; the Softness and Address
‘ of the one gave him as much Fear, as the
‘ angry Blushings, the fierce Looks, and
‘ broken Replies of the other, whenever
‘ he

‘ he beheld *Henrick* approach his Wife;
‘ so that the Father, fearing some ill Con-
‘ sequence of this, besought *Henrick* to
‘ withdraw to some other Country, or
‘ travel into *Italy*, he being now of an
‘ Age that required a View of the World.
‘ He told his Father, That he would obey
‘ his Commands, tho’ he was certain, that
‘ Moment he was to be separated from the
‘ Sight of the fair Princess, his Sister,
‘ would be the last of his Life ; and, in
‘ fine, made so pitiful a Story of his suffer-
‘ ing Love, as almost moved the old
‘ Prince to compassionate him so far, as to
‘ permit him to stay ; but he saw inevi-
‘ table Danger in that, and therefore bid
‘ him prepare for his Journey.

‘ That which pass’d between the Fa-
‘ ther and *Henrick*, being a Secret, none
‘ talked of his departing from Court ; so
‘ that the Design the Brother had went
‘ on ; and making a Hunting-Match one
‘ Day, where most young People of Qua-
‘ lity were, he order’d some whom he had
‘ hired to follow his Brother, so as if he
‘ chanced to go out of the Way, to dis-
‘ patch him ; and accordingly, Fortune
‘ gave ’em an Opportunity ; for he lagg’d
‘ behind the Company, and turn’d aside
‘ into a pleasant Thicket of Hazles, where
‘ alighting, he walk’d on Foot in the most
‘ pleasant Part of it, full of Thought,
‘ how

‘ how to divide his Soul between Love
‘ and Obedience. He was sensible that he
‘ ought not to stay; that he was but an
‘ Affliction to the young Princess, whose
‘ Honour could never permit her to ease
‘ any Part of his Flame; nor was he so
‘ vicious to entertain a Thought that should
‘ stain her Virtue. He beheld her now as
‘ his Brother’s Wife, and that secured his
‘ Flame from all loose Desires, if her na-
‘ tive Modesty had not been sufficient of
‘ itself to have done it, as well as that
‘ profound Respect he paid her; and he
‘ consider’d, in obeying his Father, he left
‘ her at Ease, and his Brother freed of a
‘ thousand Fears; he went to seek a Cure,
‘ which if he could not find, at last he
‘ could but die; and so he must, even at
‘ her Feet: However, that it was more
‘ noble to seek a Remedy for his Disease,
‘ than expect a certain Death by staying.
‘ After a thousand Reflections on his hard
‘ Fate, and bemoaning himself, and bla-
‘ ming his cruel Stars, that had doom’d
‘ him to die so young, after an Infinity of
‘ Sighs and Tears, Resolvings and Unre-
‘ solvings, he, on the sudden, was inter-
‘ rupted by the trampling of some Horses
‘ he heard, and their rushing through the
‘ Boughs, and saw four Men make to-
‘ wards him: He had not time to mount,
‘ being walk’d some Paces from his Horse.

‘ One

‘ One of the Men advanced, and cry’d,
 ‘ *Prince, you must die——I do believe thee,*
 ‘ (reply’d *Henrick*) *but not by a Hand so*
 ‘ *base as thine:* And at the same Time
 ‘ drawing his Sword, run him into the
 ‘ Groin. When the Fellow found himself
 ‘ so wounded, he wheel’d off and cry’d,
 ‘ *Thou art a Prophet, and hast rewarded my*
 ‘ *Treachery with Death.* The rest came up,
 ‘ and one shot at the Prince, and shot him
 ‘ in the Shoulder; the other two hastily
 ‘ laying hold (but too late) on the Hand
 ‘ of the Murderer, cry’d, *Hold, Traitor;*
 ‘ *we relent, and he shall not die.* He re-
 ‘ ply’d, *’Tis too late, he is shot; and see,*
 ‘ *he lies dead. Let us provide for ourselves,*
 ‘ *and tell the Prince, we have done the*
 ‘ *Work; for you are as guilty as I am.*
 ‘ At that they all fled, and left the Prince
 ‘ lying under a Tree, weltering in his
 ‘ Blood.

‘ About the Evening, the Forester go-
 ‘ ing his Walks, saw the Horse richly ca-
 ‘ parison’d, without a Rider, at the En-
 ‘ trance of the Wood; and going farther,
 ‘ to see if he could find its Owner, found
 ‘ there the Prince almost dead; he imme-
 ‘ diately mounts him on the Horse, and
 ‘ himself behind, bore him up, and car-
 ‘ ry’d him to the Lodge; where he had
 ‘ only one old Man, his Father, well skil-
 ‘ led in Surgery, and a Boy. They put
 ‘ him

‘ him to Bed ; and the old Forester, with
 ‘ what Art he had, dress’d his Wound,
 ‘ and in the Morning sent for an abler
 ‘ Surgeon, to whom the Prince enjoin’d
 ‘ Secrecy, because he knew him. The
 ‘ Man was faithful, and the Prince in
 ‘ Time was recover’d of his Wound ; and
 ‘ as soon as he was well, he come for *Flan-*
 ‘ *ders*, in the Habit of a Pilgrim, and after
 ‘ some Time took the Order of St. *Francis*,
 ‘ none knowing what became of him,
 ‘ till he was profess’d ; and then he wrote
 ‘ his own Story to the Prince his Father,
 ‘ to his Mistress, and his ungrateful Bro-
 ‘ ther. The young Princess did not long
 ‘ survive his Loss, she languish’d from the
 ‘ Moment of his Departure ; and he had
 ‘ this to confirm his devout Life, to know
 ‘ she dy’d for him.

‘ My Brother, Madam, was an Officer
 ‘ under the Prince his Father, and knew
 ‘ his Story perfectly well ; from whose
 ‘ Mouth I had it.’

What! (reply’d *Miranda* then) *is Father*
Henrick a Man of Quality? Yes, Madam,
 (said *Cornelia*) *and has changed his Name to*
Francisco. But *Miranda*, fearing to be-
 tray the Sentiments of her Heart, by ask-
 ing any more Questions about him, turned
 the Discourse ; and some Persons of Qua-
 lity came in to visit her (for her Apart-
 ment was about six o’Clock, like the Pre-
 fence-

fence-Chamber of a Queen, always filled with the greatest People): There meet all the *Beaux Esprits*, and all the Beauties. But it was visible *Miranda* was not so gay as she used to be; but pensive, and answering *mal a propos* to all that was said to her. She was a thousand times going to speak, against her Will, something of the charming Friar, who was never from her Thoughts; and she imagined, if he could inspire Love in a coarse, grey, ill-made Habit, a thorn Crown, a Hair-cord about his Waist, bare-legg'd, in Sandals instead of Shoes; what must he do, when looking back on Time, she beholds him in a Prospect of Glory, with all that Youth, and illustrious Beauty, set off by the Advantage of Dress and Equipage? She frames an Idea of him all gay and splendid, and looks on his present Habit as some Disguise proper for the Stealths of Love; some feigned put-on Shape, with the more Security to approach a Mistress, and make himself happy; and that the Robe laid by, she has the Lover in his proper Beauty, the same he would have been, if any other Habit (though ever so rich) were put off: In the Bed; the silent gloomy Night, and the soft Embraces of her Arms, he loses all the Friar, and assumes all the Prince; and that awful Reverence, due alone to his Holy Habit, he exchanges for a thousand Dalliances,

Dalliances, for which his Youth was made ; for Love, for tender Embraces, and all the Happiness of Life. Some Moments she fancies him a Lover, and that the fair Object that takes up all his Heart, has left no Room for her there ; but that was a Thought that did not long perplex her, and which, almost as soon as born, she turned to her Advantage. She beholds him a Lover, and therefore finds he has a Heart sensible and tender ; he had Youth to be fir'd, as well as to inspire ; he was far from the loved Object, and totally without Hope ; and she reasonably consider'd, that Flame would of itself soon die, that had only Despair to feed on. She beheld her own Charms ; and Experience, as well as her Glass, told her, they never failed of Conquest, especially where they designed it : And she believed *Henrick* would be glad, at least, to quench that Flame in himself, by an Amour with her, which was kindled by the young Princess of —— his Sister.

These, and a thousand other Self-flatteries, all vain and indiscreet, took up her waking Nights, and now more retired Days ; while Love, to make her truly wretched, suffered her to sooth herself with fond Imaginations ; not so much as permitting her Reason to plead one Moment to save her from undoing : She
would

would not suffer it to tell her, he had taken Holy Orders, made sacred and solemn Vows of everlasting Chastity, that it was impossible he could marry her, or lay before her any Argument that might prevent her Ruin; but Love, mad malicious Love, was always called to Counsel, and, like easy Monarchs, she had no Ears, but for Flatterers.

Well then, she is resolv'd to love, without considering to what End, and what must be the Consequence of such an Amour. She now miss'd no Day of being at that little Church, where she had the Happiness, or rather the Misfortune (so Love ordained) to see this Ravisher of her Heart and Soul; and every Day she took new Fire from his lovely Eyes. Unawares, unknown, and unwillingly, he gave her Wounds, and the Difficulty of her Cure made her rage the more: She burnt, she languish'd, and died for the young Innocent, who knew not he was the Author of so much Mischief.

Now she resolves a thousand Ways in her tortur'd Mind, to let him know her Anguish, and at last pitch'd upon that of writing to him soft Billets, which she had learn'd the Art of doing; or if she had not, she had now Fire enough to inspire her with all that could charm and move. These she deliver'd to a young Wench,
who

who waited on her, and whom she had entirely subdu'd to her Interest, to give to a certain Lay-Brother of the Order, who was a very simple harmless Wretch, and who served in the Kitchen, in the Nature of a Cook, in the Monastery of *Cordeliers*. She gave him Gold to secure his Faith and Service; and not knowing from whence they came (with so good Credentials) he undertook to deliver the Letters to Father *Francisco*; which Letters were all afterwards, as you shall hear, produced in open Court. These Letters failed not to come every Day; and the Sense of the first was, to tell him, that a very beautiful young Lady, of a great Fortune, was in love with him, without naming her; but it came as from a third Person, to let him know the Secret, that she desir'd he would let her know whether she might hope any Return from him; assuring him, he need-ed but only see the fair Languisher, to confess himself her Slave.

This Letter being deliver'd him, he read by himself, and was surpriz'd to receive Words of this Nature, being so great a Stranger in that Place; and could not imagine, or would not give himself the Trouble of guessing who this should be, because he never designed to make Returns.

The

The next Day, *Miranda*, finding no Advantage from her Messenger of Love, in the Evening sends another (impatient of Delay) confessing that she who suffer'd the Shame of writing and imploring, was the Person herself who ador'd him. 'Twas there her raging Love made her say all Things that discover'd the Nature of its Flame, and propose to flee with him to any Part of the World, if he would quit the Convent; that she had a Fortune considerable enough to make him happy; and that his Youth and Quality were not given him to so unprofitable an End as to lose themselves in a Convent, where Poverty and Ease was all the Business. In fine, she leaves nothing unurg'd that might debauch and invite him; not forgetting to send him her own Character of Beauty, and left him to judge of her Wit and Spirit by her Writing, and her Love by the Extremity of Passion she profess'd. To all which the lovely Friar made no Return, as believing a gentle Capitulation or Exhortation to her would but inflame her the more, and give new Occasions for her continuing to write. All her Reasonings, false and vicious, he despis'd, pity'd the Error of her Love, and was Proof against all she could plead. Yet notwithstanding his Silence, which left her in Doubt, and more tormented her, she ceas'd not to pursue

purſue him with her Letters, varying her Style ; ſometimes all wanton, looſe and raving ; ſometimes feigning a Virgin-Modeſty all over, accusing her ſelf, blaming her Conduct, and ſighing her Deſtiny, as one compell'd to the ſhameful Diſcovery by the Auſterity of his Vow and Habit, aſking his Pity and Forgiveness ; urging him in Charity to uſe his Fatherly Care to perſuade and reaſon with her wild Deſires, and by his Counſel drive the God from her Heart, whoſe Tyranny was worſe than that of a Fiend ; and he did not know what his pious Advice might do. But ſtill ſhe writes in vain, in vain ſhe varies her Style, by a Cunning, peculiar to a Maid poſſeſs'd with ſuch a ſort of Paſſion.

This cold Neglect was ſtill Oil to the burning Lamp, and ſhe tries yet more Arts, which for want of right Thinking were as fruitleſs. She has Recourſe to Preſents ; her Letters came loaded with Rings of great Price, and Jewels, which Fops of Quality had given her. Many of this Sort he receiv'd, before he knew where to return 'em, or how ; and on this Occaſion alone he ſent her a Letter, and reſtor'd her Trifles, as he call'd them : But his Habit having not made him forget his Quality and Education, he wrote to her with all the profound Reſpect imaginable ; believing

by her Presents, and the Liberality with which she parted with 'em, that she was of Quality. But the whole Letter, as he told me afterwards, was to persuade her from the Honour she did him, by loving him; urging a thousand Reasons, solid and pious, and assuring her, he had wholly devoted the rest of his Days to Heaven, and had no Need of those gay Trifles she had sent him, which were only fit to adorn Ladies so fair as herself, and who had Business with this glittering World, which he disdain'd, and had for ever abandon'd. He sent her a thousand Blessings, and told her, she should be ever in his Prayers, tho' not in his Heart, as she desir'd: And abundance of Goodness more he express'd, and Counsel he gave her, which had the same Effect with his Silence; it made her love but the more, and the more impatient she grew. She now had a new Occasion to write, she now is charm'd with his Wit; this was the new Subject. She rallies his Resolution, and endeavours to re-call him to the World, by all the Arguments that human Invention is capable of.

But when she had above four Months languish'd thus in vain, not missing one Day, wherein she went not to see him, without discovering herself to him; she resolv'd, as her last Effort, to shew her Person, and see what that, assisted by her
Tears,

Tears, and soft Words from her Mouth, could do, to prevail upon him.

It happen'd to be on the Eve of that Day when she was to receive the Sacrament, that she, covering herself with her Veil, came to *Vespers*, purposing to make Choice of the conquering Friar for her Confessor.

She approach'd him ; and as she did so, she trembled with Love. At last she cry'd, *Father, my Confessor is gone for some Time from the Town, and I am oblig'd To-morrow to receive, and beg you will be pleas'd to take my Confession.*

He could not refuse her ; and let her into the *Sacristy*, where there is a Confession-Chair, in which he seated himself ; and on one Side of him she kneel'd down, over-against a little Altar, where the Priests Robes lye, on which were plac'd some lighted Wax-Candles, that made the little Place very light and splendid, which shone full upon *Miranda*.

After the little Preparation usual in Confession, she turn'd up her Veil, and discover'd to his View the most wondrous Object of Beauty he had ever seen, dress'd in all the Glory of a young Bride ; her Hair and Stomacher full of Diamonds, that gave a Lustre all dazling to her brighter Face and Eyes. He was surpriz'd at her amazing Beauty, and question'd

whether he saw a Woman, or an Angel at his Feet. Her Hands, which were elevated, as if in Prayer, seem'd to be form'd of polish'd Alabaster ; and he confess'd, he had never seen any Thing in Nature so perfect, and so admirable.

He had some Pain to compose himself to hear her Confession, and was oblig'd to turn away his Eyes, that his Mind might not be perplex'd with an Object so diverting ; when *Miranda*, opening the finest Mouth in the World, and discovering new Charms, began her Confession.

‘ Holy Father (*said she*) amongst the
 ‘ Number of my vile Offences, that which
 ‘ afflicts me to the greatest Degree, is, that
 ‘ I am in love : Not (*continued she*) that I
 ‘ believe simple and virtuous Love a Sin,
 ‘ when ’tis plac’d on an Object proper and
 ‘ suitable ; but, my dear Father, (*said she,*
 ‘ *and wept*) I love with a Violence which
 ‘ cannot be contain’d within the Bounds
 ‘ of Reason, Moderation, or Virtue. I
 ‘ love a Man whom I cannot possess with-
 ‘ out a Crime, and a Man who cannot
 ‘ make me happy without being perjur’d.
 ‘ Is he marry’d ? (*reply’d the Father.*) No ;
 ‘ (*answer’d Miranda.*) Are you so ? (*con-*
 ‘ *tinued he.*) Neither, (*said she.*) Is he
 ‘ too near ally’d to you ? (*said Francisco :*)
 ‘ a Brother, or Relation ? Neither of
 ‘ these, (*said she.*) He is unenjoy’d, un-
 ‘ promis’d ;

‘ promis’d ; and so am I : Nothing oppo-
‘ ses our Happiness, or makes my Love a
‘ Vice, but you——’Tis you deny me
‘ Life : ’Tis you that forbid my Flame :
‘ ’Tis you will have me die, and seek my
‘ Remedy in my Grave, when I complain
‘ of Tortures, Wounds, and Flames. O
‘ cruel Charmer ! ’tis for you I languish ;
‘ and here, at your Feet, implore that Pity,
‘ which all my Addresses have fail’d of pro-
‘ curing me.——

With that, perceiving he was about to rise from his Seat, she held him by his Habit, and vow’d she would in that Posture follow him, where-ever he flew from her. She elevated her Voice so loud, he was afraid she might be heard, and therefore suffer’d her to force him into his Chair again ; where being seated, he began, in the most passionate Terms imaginable, to dissuade her ; but finding she the more persisted in Eagerness of Passion, he us’d all the tender Assurance that he could force from himself, that he would have for her all the Respect, Esteem and Friendship that he was capable of paying ; that he had a real Compassion for her : and at last she prevail’d so far with him, by her Sighs and Tears, as to own he had a Tenderness for her, and that he could not behold so many Charms, without being sensibly touch’d by ’em, and finding all those

Effects, that a Maid so fair and young causes in the Souls of Men of Youth and Sense: But that, as he was assured, he could never be so happy to marry her, and as certain he could not grant any Thing but honourable Passion, he humbly besought her not to expect more from him than such. And then began to tell her how short Life was, and transitory its Joys; how soon she would grow weary of Vice, and how often change to find real Repose in it, but never arrive to it. He made an End, by new Assurance of his eternal Friendship, but utterly forbid her to hope.

Behold her now deny'd, refus'd and defeated, with all her pleading Youth, Beauty, Tears, and Knees, imploring, as she lay, holding fast his *Scapular*, and embracing his Feet. What shall she do? She swells with Pride, Love, Indignation and Desire; her burning Heart is bursting with Despair, her Eyes grow fierce, and from Grief she rises to a Storm; and in her Agony of Passion, with Looks all disdainful, haughty, and full of Rage, she began to revile him, as the poorest of Animals; tells him his Soul was dwindled to the Meanness of his Habit, and his Vows of Poverty were suited to his degenerate Mind. ' And
' (*said she*) since all my nobler Ways have
' fail'd me; and that, for a little Hypo-
' critical

‘ critical Devotion, you resolve to lose the
‘ greatest Blessings of Life, and to sacrifice me to your Religious Pride and Vanity, I will either force you to abandon that dull Diffimulation, or you shall die, to prove your Sanctity real. Therefore answer me immediately, answer my Flame, my raging Fire, which your Eyes have kindled ; or here, in this very Moment, I will ruin thee ; and make no Scruple of revenging the Pains I suffer, by that which shall take away your Life and Honour.’

The trembling young Man, who, all this While, with extreme Anguish of Mind, and Fear of the dire Result, had listen’d to her Ravings, full of Dread, demanded what she would have him do ? When she reply’d——“ Do that which thy Youth and Beauty were ordain’d to do :—— this Place is private, a sacred Silence reigns here, and no one dares to pry into the Secrets of this Holy Place : We are as secure from Fears of Interruption, as in Desarts uninhabited, or Caves forsaken by wild Beasts. The Tapers too shall veil their Lights, and only that glimmering Lamp shall be Witness of our dear Stealths of Love——Come to my Arms, my trembling, longing Arms ; and curse the Folly of thy Bigotry, that

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‘ has

‘ has made thee so long lose a Blessing, for
 ‘ which so many Princes sigh in vain.’

At these Words she rose from his Feet,
 and snatching him in her Arms, he could
 not defend himself from receiving a thou-
 sand Kisses from the lovely Mouth of the
 charming Wanton ; after which, she ran
 herself, and in an Instant put out the Can-
 dles. But he cry’d to her, ‘ In vain, O too
 ‘ indiscreet Fair One, in vain you put out
 ‘ the Light ; for Heaven still has Eyes,
 ‘ and will look down upon my broken
 ‘ Vows. I own your Power, I own I
 ‘ have all the Sense in the World of your
 ‘ charming Touches ; I am frail Flesh and
 ‘ Blood, but —— yet —— yet I can re-
 ‘ sist ; and I prefer my Vows to all your
 ‘ powerful Temptations. —— I will be
 ‘ deaf and blind, and guard my Heart
 ‘ with Walls of Ice, and make you know,
 ‘ that when the Flames of true Devotion
 ‘ are kindled in a Heart, it puts out all
 ‘ other Fires ; which are as ineffectual,
 ‘ as Candles lighted in the Face of the
 ‘ Sun. —— Go, vain Wanton, and re-
 ‘ pent, and mortify that Blood which has
 ‘ so shamefully betray’d thee, and which
 ‘ will one Day ruin both thy Soul and
 ‘ Body.——

At these Words *Miranda*, more enrag’d,
 the nearer she imagin’d her self to Hap-
 piness, made no Reply ; but throwing her
 self,

self, in that Instant, into the Confessing-Chair, and violently pulling the young Friar into her Lap, she elevated her Voice to such a Degree, in crying out, *Help, Help! A Rape! Help, Help!* that she was heard all over the Church, which was full of People at the Evening's Devotion; who flock'd about the Door of the *Sacristy*, which was shut with a Spring-Lock on the Inside, but they durst not open the Door.

'Tis easily to be imagin'd, in what Condition our young Friar was, at this last devilish Stratagem of his wicked Mistress. He strove to break from those Arms that held him so fast; and his Bustling to get away, and her's to retain him, disorder'd her Hair and Habit to such a Degree, as gave the more Credit to her false Accusation.

The Fathers had a Door on the other Side, by which they usually enter'd, to dress in this little Room; and at the Report that was in an Instant made 'em, they hasted thither, and found *Miranda* and the good Father very indecently struggling; which they mis-interpreted, as *Miranda* desir'd; who, all in Tears, immediately threw her self at the Feet of the Provincial, who was one of those that enter'd; and cry'd, 'O holy Fa-

‘ther! revenge an innocent Maid, undone and lost to Fame and Honour, by that vile Monster, born of Goats, nurs’d by Tygers, and bred up on savage Mountains, where Humanity and Religion are Strangers. For, O holy Father, could it have enter’d into the Heart of Man, to have done so barbarous and horrid a Deed, as to attempt the Virgin-Honour of an unspotted Maid, and one of my Degree, even in the Moment of my Confession, in that holy Time, when I was prostrate before him and Heaven, confessing those Sins that press’d my tender Conscience; even then to load my Soul with the blackest of Infamies, to add to my Number a Weight that must sink me to Hell? Alas! under the Security of his innocent Looks, his holy Habit, and his awful Function, I was led into this Room to make my Confession; where, he locking the Door, I had no sooner began, but he gazing on me, took Fire at my fatal Beauty; and starting up, put out the Candles and caught me in his Arms; and raising me from the Pavement, set me in the Confession Chair; and then —— Oh, spare me the rest.’

With

With that a Shower of Tears burst from her fair dissembling Eyes, and Sobs so naturally acted, and so well manag'd, as left no Doubt upon the good Men, but all she had spoken was Truth.

‘ — At first, (*proceeded she*) I was
‘ unwilling to bring so great a Scandal
‘ on his Order, as to cry out; but strug-
‘ gled as long as I had Breath; pleaded
‘ the Heinousness of the Crime, urging
‘ my Quality, and the Danger of the At-
‘ tempt. But he, deaf as the Winds,
‘ and ruffling as a Storm, pursu’d his
‘ wild Design with so much Force and
‘ Insolence, as I at last, unable to resist,
‘ was wholly vanquish’d, robb’d of my
‘ native Purity. With what Life and
‘ Breath I had, I call’d for Assistance, both
‘ from Men and Heaven; but oh, alas!
‘ your Succours came too late:—You
‘ find me here a wretched, undone, and
‘ ravish’d Maid. Revenge me, Fathers;
‘ revenge me on the perfidious Hypo-
‘ crite, or else give me a Death that may
‘ secure your Cruelty and Injustice from
‘ ever being proclaim’d over the World;
‘ or my Tongue will be eternally re-
‘ proaching you, and cursing the wicked
‘ Author of my Infamy.’

She ended as she began, with a thousand Sighs and Tears; and received

from the Provincial all Affurances of Revenge.

The innocent betray'd Victim, all the while she was speaking, heard her with an Astonishment that may easily be imagined ; yet shew'd no extravagant Signs of it, as those would do, who feign it, to be thought innocent ; but being really so, he bore with an humble, modest, and blushing Countenance, all her Accusations ; which silent Shame they mistook for evident Signs of his Guilt.

When the Provincial demanded, with an unwonted Severity in his Eyes and Voice, what he could answer for himself ? calling him Profaner of his Sacred Vows, and Infamy to the Holy Order ; the injur'd, but innocently accus'd, only reply'd : ' May Heaven forgive that bad Woman, and bring her to Repentance !
' For his Part, he was not so much in Love with Life, as to use many Arguments
' to justify his Innocence ; unless it were
' to free that Order from a Scandal, of
' which he had the Honour to be profess'd.
' But as for himself, Life or Death were
' Things indifferent to him, who heartily
' despis'd the World.'

He said no more, and suffer'd himself to be led before the Magistrate ; who committed him to Prison, upon the Accusation

cufation of this implacable Beauty ; who, with fo much feign'd Sorrow, profecuted the Matter, even to his Tryal and Condemnation ; where he refus'd to make any great Defence for himfelf. But being daily vifited by all the Religious, both of his own and other Orders, they oblig'd him (fome of 'em knowing the Austerity of his Life, others his Caufe of Griefs that firft brought him into Orders, and others pretending a nearer Knowledge, even of his Soul it felf) to ftand upon his Juftification, and difcover what he knew of that wicked Woman ; whose Life had not been fo exemplary for Virtue, not to have given the World a thoufand Sufpicions of her Lewdnefs and Proftitutions.

The daily Importunities of thefe Fathers made him produce her Letters : But as he had all the Gown-men on his Side, ſhe had all the Hats and Feathers on her's ; all the Men of Quality taking her Part, and all the Church-men his. They heard his daily Proteftations and Vows, but not a Word of what paffed at Confefſion was yet difcover'd : He held that as a Secret facred on his Part ; and what was ſaid in Nature of a Confefſion, was not to be revealed, though his Life depended on the Difcovery. But as to
the

the Letters, they were forc'd from him, and expos'd ; however, Matters were carry'd with so high a Hand against him, that they serv'd for no Proof at all of his Innocence, and he was at last condemn'd to be burn'd at the Market-Place.

After his Sentence was pass'd, the whole Body of Priests made their Addresses to the Marquis *Castel Roderigo*, the then Governor of *Flanders*, for a Reprieve ; which, after much ado, was granted him for some Weeks, but with an absolute Denial of Pardon : So prevailing were the young Cavaliers of his Court, who were all Adorers of this Fair Jilt.

About this time, while the poor innocent young *Henrick* was thus languishing in Prison, in a dark and dismal Dungeon, and *Miranda*, cured of her Love, was triumphing in her Revenge, expecting and daily giving new Conquests ; and who, by this time, had re-assum'd all her wonted Gaiety ; there was a great Noise about the Town, that a Prince of mighty Name, and fam'd for all the Excellencies of his Sex, was arriv'd ; a Prince young, and gloriously attended, call'd Prince *Tarquin*.

We had often heard of this great Man, and that he was making his Travels in *France* and *Germany*: And we had also heard, that some Years before, he being about Eighteen Years of Age, in the Time when our King *Charles*, of blessed Memory, was in *Brussels*, in the last Year of his Banishment, that all on a sudden, this young Man rose up upon 'em like the Sun, all glorious and dazling, demanding Place of all the Princes in that Court. And when his Pretence was demanded, he own'd himself Prince *Tarquín*, of the Race of the last Kings of *Rome*, made good his Title, and took his Place accordingly. After that he travell'd for about six Years up and down the World, and then arriv'd at *Antwerp*, about the Time of my being sent thither by King *Charles*.

Perhaps there could be nothing seen so magnificent as this Prince: He was, as I said, extremely handsome, from Head to Foot exactly form'd, and he wanted nothing that might adorn that native Beauty to the best Advantage. His Parts were suitable to the rest: He had an Accomplishment fit for a Prince, an Air haughty, but a Carriage affable, easy in Conversation, and very entertaining, liberal and good-natur'd, brave and inoffensive.

five. I have seen him pass the Streets with twelve Footmen, and four Pages ; the Pages all in green Velvet Coats lac'd with Gold, and white Velvet Tunicks ; the Men in Cloth, richly lac'd with Gold ; his Coaches, and all other Officers, suitable to a great Man.

He was all the Discourse of the Town ; some laughing at his Title, others reverencing it : Some cry'd, that he was an Impostor ; others, that he had made his Title as plain, as if *Tarquin* had reign'd but a Year ago. Some made Friendships with him, others would have nothing to say to him : But all wonder'd where his Revenue was, that supported this Grandeur ; and believ'd, tho' he could make his Descent from the *Roman* Kings very well out, that he could not lay so good a Claim to the *Roman* Land. Thus every body meddled with what they had nothing to do ; and, as in other Places, thought themselves on the surer Side, if, in these doubtful Cases, they imagin'd the worst.

But the Men might be of what Opinion they pleas'd concerning him ; the Ladies were all agreed that he was a Prince, and a young handsome Prince, and a Prince not to be resisted : He had all their Wishes, all their Eyes, and all
their

their Hearts. They now dress'd only for him ; and what Church he grac'd, was sure, that Day, to have the Beauties, and all that thought themselves so.

You may believe, our amorous *Miranda* was not the least Conquest he made. She no sooner heard of him, which was as soon as he arriv'd, but she fell in Love with his very Name. *Jesu !* — A young King of *Rome !* Oh, it was so novel, that she doated on the Title ; and had not car'd whether the rest had been Man or Monkey almost : She was resolved to be the *Lucretia* that this young *Tarquin* should ravish.

To this End, she was no sooner up the next Day, but she sent him a *Billet Doux*, assuring him how much she admired his Fame ; and that being a Stranger in the Town, she begged the Honour of introducing him to all the *Belle* Conversations, &c. which he took for the Invitation of some Coquet, who had Interest in fair Ladies ; and civilly return'd her an Answer, that he would wait on her. She had him that Day watched to Church ; and impatient to see what she heard so many People flock to see, she went also to the same Church ; those sanctified Abodes being too often profaned by such Devotees, whose Business is to ogle and ensnare.

But

But what a Noise and Humming was heard all over the Church, when *Tarquin* enter'd ! His Grace, his Mein, his Fashion, his Beauty, his Dress, and his Equipage, surpriz'd all that were present : And by the good Management and Care of *Miranda*, she got to kneel at the Side of the Altar, just over against the Prince, so that, if he would, he could not avoid looking full upon her. She had turned up her Veil, and all her Face and Shape appear'd such, and so enchanting, as I have described ; and her Beauty heighten'd with Blushes, and her Eyes full of Spirit and Fire, with Joy, to find the young *Roman* Monarch so charming, she appear'd like something more than mortal, and compelled his Eyes to a fixed gazing on her Face ; She never glanc'd that Way, but she met them ; and then would feign so modest a Shame, and cast her Eyes downwards with such inviting Art, that he was wholly ravish'd and charmed, and she over-joy'd to find he was so.

The Ceremony being ended, he sent a Page to follow that Lady Home, himself pursuing her to the Door of the Church, where he took some holy Water, and threw upon her, and made her a profound Reverence. She forc'd an innocent

nocent Look, and a modest-Gratitude in her Face, and bow'd, and pass'd forward, half assured of her Conquest ; leaving her, to go home to his Lodging, and impatiently wait the Return of his Page. And all the Ladies who saw this first Beginning between the Prince and *Miranda*, began to curse and envy her Charms, who had deprived them of half their Hopes.

After this, I need not tell you, he made *Miranda* a Visit ; and from that Day never left her Apartment, but when he went home at Nights, or unless he had Business ; so entirely was he conquer'd by this Fair One. But the Bishop, and several Men of Quality, in Orders, that profess'd Friendship to him, advised him from her Company ; and spoke several Things to him, that might (if Love had not made him blind) have reclaimed him from the Pursuit of his Ruin. But whatever they trusted him with, she had the Art to wind her self about his Heart, and make him unravel all his Secrets ; and then knew as well, by feign'd Sighs and Tears, to make him disbelieve all ; so that he had no Faith but for her ; and was wholly enchanted and bewitch'd by her. At last, in spite of all that would have opposed it, he marry'd this famous

famous Woman, possess'd by so many great Men and Strangers before, while all the World was pitying his Shame and Misfortunes.

Being marry'd, they took a great House ; and as she was indeed a great Fortune, and now a great Princess, there was nothing wanting that was agreeable to their Quality ; all was splendid and magnificent. But all this would not acquire them the World's Esteem ; they had an Abhorrence for her former Life, and despised her ; and for his espousing a Woman so infamous, they despised him. So that though they admir'd, and gazed upon their Equipage, and glorious Dress, they foresaw the Ruin that attended it, and paid her Quality little Respect.

She was no sooner married, but her Uncle died ; and dividing his Fortune between *Miranda* and her Sister, leaves the young Heiress, and all her Fortune, entirely in the Hands of the Princess.

We will call this Sister *Alcidiana* ; she was about fourteen Years of Age, and now had chosen her Brother, the Prince, for her Guardian. If *Alcidiana* were not altogether so great a Beauty as her Sister, she had Charms sufficient to procure her a great many Lovers, though her Fortune had not been so considerable as it was ;
but

but with that Addition, you may believe, she wanted no Courtships from those of the best Quality ; tho' every body deplor'd her being under the Tutorage of a Lady so expert in all the Vices of her Sex, and so cunning a Manager of Sin, as was the Princess ; who, on her Part, failed not, by all the Careffes, and obliging Endearments, to engage the Mind of this young Maid, and to subdue her wholly to her Government. All her Senses were eternally regaled with the most bewitching Pleasures they were capable of : She saw nothing but Glory and Magnificence, heard nothing but Musick of the sweetest Sounds ; the richest Perfumes employ'd her Smelling ; and all she eat and touch'd was delicate and inviting ; and being too young to consider how this State and Grandeur was to be continu'd, little imagined her vast Fortune was every Day diminishing, towards its needless Support.

When the Princess went to Church, she had her Gentleman bare before her, carrying a great Velvet Cushion, with great Golden Tassels, for her to kneel on, and her Train borne up a most prodigious Length, led by a Gentleman Usher, bare ; follow'd by innumerable Footmen, Pages, and Women. And in this State she

ſhe would walk in the Streets, as in thoſe Countries it is the Faſhion for the great Ladies to do, who are well ; and in her Train two or three Coaches, and perhaps a rich Velvet Chair embroider'd, would follow in State.

It was thus for ſome time they liv'd, and the Princeſs was daily preſs'd by young fighting Lovers, for her Conſent to marry *Alcidiana* ; but ſhe had ſtill one Art or other to put them off, and ſo continually broke all the great Matches that were propoſed to her, notwithstanding their Kindred and other Friends had induſtriouſly endeavour'd to make ſeveral great Matches for her ; but the Princeſs was ſtill poſitive in her Denial, and one Way or other broke all. At laſt it happened, there was one propoſed, yet more advantageous, a young Count, with whom the young Maid grew paſſionately in Love, and beſought her Siſter to conſent that ſhe might have him, and got the Prince to ſpeak in her Behalf ; but he had no ſooner heard the ſecret Reaſons *Miranda* gave him, but (entirely her Slave) he chang'd his Mind, and ſuited it to hers, and ſhe, as before, broke off that Amour : Which ſo extremely incenſed *Alcidiana*, that ſhe, taking an Opportunity, got from her Guard, and ran away, putting her ſelf
into

into the Hands of a wealthy Merchant, her Kinsman, and one who bore the greatest Authority in the City ; him she chuses for her Guardian, resolving to be no longer a Slave to the Tyranny of her Sister. And so well she ordered Matters, that she writ to this young Cavalier, her last Lover, and retrieved him ; who came back to *Antwerp* again, to renew his Courtship.

Both Parties being agreed, it was no hard Matter to persuade all but the Princess. But though she opposed it, it was resolved on, and the Day appointed for Marriage, and the Portion demanded ; demanded only, but never to be paid, the best Part of it being spent. However, she put them off from Day to Day, by a thousand frivolous Delays ; and when she saw they would have Recourse to Force, and that all her Magnificence would be at an End, if the Law should prevail against her ; and that without this Sister's Fortune, she could not long support her Grandeur ; she bethought her self of a Means to make it all her own, by getting her Sister made away ; but she being out of her Tuition, she was not able to accomplish so great a Deed of Darkness. But since it was resolved it must be done, she contrives a thousand Stratagems ;

tagems ; and at last pitches upon an effectual one.

She had a Page call'd *Van Brune*, a Youth of great Address and Wit, and one she had long managed for her Purpose. This Youth was about seventeen Years of Age, and extremely beautiful ; and in the Time when *Alcidiana* lived with the Princess, she was a little in Love with this handsome Boy ; but it was checked in its Infancy, and never grew up to a Flame : Nevertheless, *Alcidiana* retained still a sort of Tendernefs for him, while he burn'd in good Earnest with Love for the Princess.

The Princess one Day ordering this Page to wait on her in her Closet, she shut the Door ; and after a thousand Questions of what he would undertake to serve her, the amorous Boy finding himself alone, and caress'd by the fair Person he ador'd, with joyful Blushes that beautify'd his Face, told her, ' There ' was nothing upon Earth, he would not ' do, to obey her least Commands.' She grew more familiar with him, to oblige him ; and seeing Love dance in his Eyes, of which she was so good a Judge, she treated him more like a Lover, than a Servant ; till at last the ravished Youth, wholly transported out of himself, fell
at

at her Feet, and impatiently implor'd to receive her Commands quickly, that he might fly to execute them ; for he was not able to bear her charming Words, Looks, and Touches, and retain his Duty. At this she smil'd, and told him, the Work was of such a Nature, as would mortify all Flames about him ; and he would have more Need of Rage, Envy, and Malice, than the Aids of a Passion so soft as what she now found him capable of. He assur'd her, he would stick at nothing, tho' even against his Nature, to recompense for the Boldness he now, through his Indiscretion, had discover'd. She smiling, told him, he had committed no Fault ; and that possibly, the Pay he should receive for the Service she required at his Hands, should be——what he most wish'd for in the World. At this he bow'd to the Earth ; and kissing her Feet, bad her command : And then she boldly told him, *'Twas to kill her Sister Alcidiana.* The Youth, without so much as starting or pausing upon the Matter, told her, *It should be done* ; and bowing low, immediately went out of the Closet. She call'd him back, and would have given him some Instruction ; but he refused it, and said, ' The Action and ' the Contrivance should be all his own.'

And offering to go again, she ——— again recalled him ; putting into his Hand a Purse of a hundred Pistoles, which he took, and with a low Bow departed.

He no sooner left her Presence, but he goes directly, and buys a Dose of Poison, and went immediately to the House where *Alcidiana* lived ; where desiring to be brought to her Presence, he fell a weeping ; and told her, his Lady had fallen out with him, and dismissed him ; her Service ; and since from a Child he had been brought up in the Family, he humbly besought *Alcidiana* to receive him into her's, she being in a few Days to be marry'd. There needed not much Intreaty to a Thing that pleased her so well, and she immediately received him to Pension : And he waited some Days on her, before he could get an Opportunity to administer his devilish Potion. But one Night, when she drank Wine with roasted Apples, which was usual with her ; instead of Sugar, or with the Sugar, the baneful Drug was mixed, and she drank it down.

About this Time, there was a great Talk of this Page's coming from one Sister, to go to the other. And Prince *Tarquin*, who was ignorant of the Design

sign from the Beginning to the End, hearing some Men of Quality at his Table speaking of *Van Brune's* Change of Place (the Princess then keeping her Chamber upon some trifling Indisposition) he answer'd, ' That surely they ' were mistaken, that he was not dismissed from the Princess's Service : ' And calling some of his Servants, he asked for *Van Brune* ; and whether any Thing had happen'd between her Highness and him, that had occasion'd his being turned off. They all seem'd ignorant of this Matter ; and those who had spoken of it, began to fancy there was some Juggle in the Case, which Time would bring to Light.

The ensuing Day 'twas all about the Town, that *Alcidiana* was poison'd ; and though not dead, yet very near it ; and that the Doctors said, she had taken Mercury. So that there was never so formidable a Sight as this fair young Creature ; her Head and Body swoln, her Eyes starting out, her Face black, and all deformed : So that diligent Search was made, who it should be that did this ; who gave her Drink and Meat. The Cook and Butler were examined, the Footmen called to an Account ; but all concluded, she received nothing but from

the Hand of her new Page, since he came into her Service. He was examined, and shew'd a thousand guilty Looks : And the Apothecary, then attending among the Doctors, proved he had bought Mercury of him three or four Days before ; which he could not deny ; and making many Excuses for his buying it, betray'd him the more ; so ill he chanced to dissemble. He was immediately sent to be examined by the Margrave or Justice, who made his *Mittimus*, and sent him to Prison.

'Tis easy to imagine, in what Fears and Confusion the Princess was at this News : She took her Chamber upon it, more to hide her guilty Face, than for any Indisposition. And the Doctors apply'd such Remedies to *Alcidiana*, such Antidotes against the Poison, that in a short Time she recover'd ; but lost the finest Hair in the World, and the Complexion of her Face ever after.

It was not long before the Trials for Criminals came on ; and the Day being arrived, *Van Brune* was try'd the first of all ; every Body having already read his Destiny, according as they wish'd it ; and none would believe, but just indeed as it was : So that for the Revenge they hoped to see fall upon the Princess,
every

every one wished he might find no Mercy, that she might share of his Shame and Misery.

The Sessions-House was filled that Day with all the Ladies, and chief of the Town, to hear the Result of his Trial; and the sad Youth was brought, loaded with Chains, and pale as Death; where every Circumstance being sufficiently proved against him, and he making but a weak Defence for himself, he was convicted, and sent back to Prison, to receive his Sentence of Death on the Morrow; where he owned all, and who set him on to do it. He own'd 'twas not Reward of Gain he did it for, but Hope he should command at his Pleasure the Possession of his Mistress, the Princess, who should deny him nothing, after having entrusted him with so great a Secret; and that besides, she had elevated him with the Promise of that glorious Reward, and had dazzled his young Heart with so charming a Prospect, that blind and mad with Joy, he rushed forward to gain the desired Prize, and thought on nothing but his coming Happiness: That he saw too late the Follies of his presumptuous Flame, and cursed the deluding Flatteries of the fair Hypocrite, who hadfoothed him to his Undoing:

That he was a miserable Victim to her Wickedness ; and hoped he should warn all young Men, by his Fall, to avoid the Diffimulation of the deceiving Fair : That he hoped they would have Pity on his Youth, and attribute his Crime to the subtle Persuasions alone of his Mistress the Princess : And that since *Alcidiandra* was not dead, they would grant him Mercy, and permit him to live to repent of his grievous Crime, in some Part of the World, whither they might banish him.

He ended with Tears, that fell in abundance from his Eyes ; and immediately the Princess was apprehended, and brought to Prison, to the same Prison where yet the poor young Father *Francisco* was languishing, he having been from Week to Week reprieved, by the Intercession of the Fathers ; and possibly she there had Time to make some Reflections.

You may imagine *Tarquin* left no Means unessay'd, to prevent the Imprisonment of the Princess, and the publick Shame and Infamy she was likely to undergo in this Affair : But the whole City being over-joy'd that she should be punished, as an Author of all this Mischief, were generally bent against her,
both

both Priests, Magistrates and People ; the whole Force of the Stream running that Way, she found no more Favour than the meanest Criminal. The Prince therefore, when he saw 'twas impossible to rescue her from the Hands of Justice, suffer'd with Grief unspeakable, what he could not prevent, and led her himself to the Prison, follow'd by all his People, in as much State as if he had been going to his Marriage ; where, when she came, she was as well attended and served as before, he never stirring one Moment from her.

The next Day she was tried in open and common Court ; where she appeared in Glory, led by *Tarquin*, and attended according to her Quality : And she could not deny all the Page had alledged against her, who was brought thither also in Chains ; and after a great many Circumstances, she was found Guilty, and both received Sentence ; the Page to be hanged till he was dead, on a Gibbet in the Market-Place ; and the Princess to stand under the Gibbet, with a Rope about her Neck, the other End of which was to be fastned to the Gibbet where the Page was hanging ; and to have an Inscription, in large Characters, upon her Back and Breast, of the Cause why ; where

she was to stand from ten in the Morning to twelve.

This Sentence, the People with one Accord, believed too favourable for so ill a Woman, whose Crimes deserved Death, equal to that of *Van Brune*. Nevertheless, there were some who said, it was infinitely more severe than Death itself.

The following *Friday* was the Day of Execution, and one need not tell of the Abundance of People, who were flocked together in the Market-Place : And all the Windows were taken down, and filled with Spectators, and the Tops of Houses ; when at the Hour appointed, the fatal Beauty appear'd. She was dress'd in a black Velvet Gown, with a rich Row of Diamonds all down the fore Part of her Breast, and a great Knot of Diamonds at the Peak behind ; and a Petticoat of flower'd Gold, very rich, and laced ; with all Things else suitable. A Gentleman carry'd her great Velvet Cushion before her, on which her Prayer-Book, embroider'd, was laid ; her Train was borne up by a Page, and the Prince led her, bare ; followed by his Footmen, Pages, and other Officers of his House.

When they arrived at the Place of Execution, the Cushion was laid on the
Ground,

Ground, upon a *Portugal* Mat, spread there for that Purpose ; and the Princess stood on the Cushion, with her Prayer-Book in her Hand, and a Priest by her Side ; and was accordingly tied up to the Gibbet.

She had not stood there ten Minutes, but she had the Mortification (at least one would think it so to her) to see her sad Page, *Van Brune*, approach, fair as an Angel, but languishing and pale. That Sight moved all the Beholders with as much Pity, as that of the Princess did with Disdain and Pleasure.

He was dressed all in Mourning, and very fine Linen, bare-headed, with his own Hair, the fairest that could be seen, hanging all in Curls on his Back and Shoulders, very long. He had a Prayer-Book of black Velvet in his Hand, and behaved himself with much Penitence and Devotion.

When he came under the Gibbet, he seeing his Mistress in that Condition, shew'd an infinite Concern, and his fair Face was cover'd over with Blushes ; and falling at her Feet, he humbly ask'd her Pardon for having been the Occasion of so great an Infamy to her, by a weak Confession, which the Fears of Youth, and Hopes of Life, had obliged him to

make, so greatly to her Dishonour ; for indeed he wanted that manly Strength, to bear the Efforts of dying, as he ought, in Silence, rather than of committing so great a Crime against his Duty, and Honour itself ; and that he could not die in Peace, unless she would forgive him. The Princess only nodded her Head, and cried, *I do*——

And after having spoken a little to his Father-Confessor, who was with him, he cheerfully mounted the Ladder, and in Sight of the Princess he was turned off, while a loud Cry was heard thro' all the Market-Place, especially from the Fair Sex ; he hanged there till the Time the Princess was to depart ; and then she was put into a rich embroider'd Chair, and carry'd away, *Tarquin* going into his, for he had all that Time stood supporting the Princess under the Gallows, and was very weary. She was sent back, till her Releasement came, which was that Night about seven o'Clock ; and then she was conducted to her own House in great State, with a Dozen White Wax Flambeaux about her Chair.

If the Guardian of *Alcidiana*, and her Friends, before were impatient of having the Portion out of the Hands of these Extravagants, it is not to be imagined,
but

but they were now much more so ; and the next Day they sent an Officer, according to Law, to demand it, or to summon the Prince to give Reasons why he would not pay it. The Officer received for Answer, That the Money should be call'd in, and paid in such a Time, setting a certain Time, which I have not been so curious as to retain, or put in my Journal-Observations ; but I am sure it was not long, as may be easily imagined, for they every Moment suspected the Prince would pack up, and be gone, some time or other, on the sudden ; and for that Reason they would not trust him without Bail, or two Officers to remain in his House, to watch that nothing should be remov'd or touch'd. As for Bail, or Security, he could give none ; every one flunk their Heads out of the Collar, when it came to that : So that he was oblig'd, at his own Expence, to maintain Officers in his House.

The Princess finding her self reduced to the last Extremity, and that she must either produce the Value of a hundred thousand Crowns, or see the Prince her Husband lodged for ever in a Prison, and all their Glory vanish ; and that it was impossible to fly, since guarded ; she had Recourse to an Extremity, worse than

the Affair of *Van Brune*. And in order to this, she first puts on a world of Sorrow and Concern, for what she feared might arrive to the Prince : And indeed, if ever she shed Tears which she did not dissemble, it was upon this Occasion. But here she almost over-acted : She stirred not from her Bed, and refused to eat, or sleep, or see the Light ; so that the Day being shut out of her Chamber, she lived by Wax-lights, and refus'd all Comfort and Consolation.

The Prince, all raving with Love, tender Compassion and Grief, never stirred from her Bed-side, nor ceased to implore, that she would suffer her self to live. But she, who was not now so passionately in Love with *Tarquin*, as she was with the Prince ; nor so fond of the Man as his Titles, and of Glory ; foresaw the total Ruin of the last, if not prevented by avoiding the Payment of this great Sum ; which could not otherwise be, than by the Death of *Alcidiana* : And therefore, without ceasing, she wept, and cry'd out, ' She could not live, unless ' *Alcidiana* died. This *Alcidiana* (*continued she*) who has been the Author of ' my Shame ; who has expos'd me under a Gibbet, in the Publick Market-Place ——— Oh ! ——— I am deaf to ' all

‘ all Reason, blind to natural Affection. I
‘ renounce her, I hate her as my mortal
‘ Foe, my Stop to Glory, and the Finisher
‘ of my Days, e’er half my Race of Life
‘ be run.’

Then throwing her false, but snowy,
charming Arms about the Neck of her
Heart-breaking Lord, and Lover, who
lay fighting, and listening by her Side, he
was charmed and bewitch’d into saying all
Things that appeased her; and lastly, told
her, ‘ *Alcidiana* should be no longer any
‘ Obstacle to her Repose; but that, if
‘ she would look up, and cast her Eyes of
‘ Sweetness and Love upon him, as here-
‘ tofore; forget her Sorrow, and redeem
‘ her lost Health; he would take what
‘ Measures she should propose to dispatch
‘ this fatal Stop to her Happiness, out of
‘ the Way.’

These Words failed not to make her
caress him in the most endearing Man-
ner that Love and Flattery could in-
vent; and she kiss’d him to an Oath,
a solemn Oath, to perform what he had
promised; and he vow’d liberally. And
she assumed in an Instant her Good-
Humour, and suffer’d a Supper to be
prepared, and did eat; which in many
Days before she had not done: So obsti-
nate and powerful was she in dissembling
well.

The

The next Thing to be confider'd was, which Way this Deed was to be done ; for they doubted not, but when it was done, all the World would lay it upon the Princess, as done by her Command : But she urged, Suspicion was no Proof ; and that they never put to Death any one, but when they had great and certain Evidence who were the Offenders. She was sure of her own Constancy, that Racks and Tortures should never get the Secret from her Breast ; and if he were as confident on his Part, there was no Danger. Yet this Preparation she made towards laying the Fact on others, that she [caused several Letters to be wrote from *Germany*, as from the Relations of *Van Brune*, who threaten'd *Alcidiana* with Death, for depriving their Kinsman (who was a Gentleman) of his Life, though he had not taken away hers. And it was the Report of the Town, how this young Maid was threaten'd. And indeed, the Death of the Page had so afflicted a great many, that *Alcidiana* had procured her self abundance of Enemies upon that Account, because she might have saved him if she had pleased ; but, on the contrary, she was a Spectator, and in full Health and Vigour, at his Execution : And People were not so much concerned
for

for her at this Report, as they would have been.

The Prince, who now had, by reasoning the Matter soberly with *Miranda*, found it absolutely necessary to dispatch *Alcidiana*, resolved himself, and with his own Hand, to execute it; not daring to trust to any of his most favourite Servants, though he had many, who possibly would have obey'd him; for they loved him as he deserved, and so would all the World, had he not been so purely deluded by this fair Enchantress. He therefore, as I said, resolved to keep this great Secret to himself; and taking a Pistol, charged well with two Bullets, he watch'd an Opportunity to shoot her as she should go out or into her House, or Coach, some Evening.

To this End he waited several Nights near her Lodgings, but still, either she went not out, or when she return'd, she was so guarded with Friends, her Lover, and Flambeaux, that he could not aim at her without endangering the Life of some other. But one Night above the rest, upon a *Sunday*, when he knew she would be at the Theatre, for she never missed that Day seeing the Play, he waited at the Corner of the Stadt-House, near the Theatre, with his Cloak cast
over

over his Face, and a black Periwig, all alone, with his Pistol ready cock'd; and remain'd not very long but he saw her Kinsman's Coach come along; 'twas almost dark, Day was just shutting up her Beauties, and left such a Light to govern the World, as served only just to distinguish one Object from another, and a convenient Help to Mischief. He saw alight out of the Coach only one young Lady, the Lover, and then the destin'd Victim; which he (drawing near) knew rather by her Tongue than Shape. The Lady ran into the Play-House, and left *Alcidiana* to be conducted by her Lover into it: Who led her to the Door, and went to give some Order to the Coachman; so that the Lover was about twenty yards from *Alcidiana*; when she stood the fairest Mark in the World, on the Threshold of the Entrance of the Theatre, there being many Coaches about the Door, so that hers could not come so near. *Tarquin* was resolv'd not to lose so fair an Opportunity, and advanc'd, but went behind the Coaches; and when he came over-against the Door, through a great booted Velvet Coach, that stood between him and her, he shot; and she having the Train of her Gown and Petticoat on her Arm, in great Quantity, he missed

miffed her Body, and fhoot through her Clothes, between her Arm and her Body. She, frighten'd to find fomething hit her, and to fee the Smoke, and hear the Report of the Piftol ; running in, cried, *I am fhoot, I am dead.*

This Noife quickly alarm'd her Lover ; and all the Coachmen and Footmen immediately ran, fome one Way, and fome another. One of 'em feeing a Man hafte away in a Cloak ; he being a lufly, bold *German*, ftopped him ; and drawing upon him, bad him ftand, and deliver his Piftol, or he would run him through.

Tarquin being furprifed at the Boldnefs of this Fellow to demand his Piftol, as if he pofitively knew him to be the Murderer (for fo he thought himfelf, fince he believed *Alcidiana* dead) had fo much Prefence of Mind as to confider, if he fuffered himfelf to be taken, he fhould poorly die a publick Death ; and therefore refolv'd upon one Mifchief more, to fecure himfelf from the firft : And in the Moment that the *German* bad him deliver his Piftol, he cry'd, *Though I have no Piftol to deliver, I have a Sword to chaftife thy Infolence.* And throwing off his Cloak, and flinging his Piftol from him, he drew, and wounded, and difarmed the Fellow.

This

This Noise of Swords brought every body to the Place ; and immediately the Bruit ran, *The Murderer was taken, the Murderer was taken* : Tho' none knew which was he, nor as yet so much as the Cause of the Quarrel between the two fighting Men ; for it was now darker than before. But at the Noise of the Murderer being taken, the Lover of *Alcidiana*, who by this Time found his Lady unhurt, all but the Trains of her Gown and Petticoat, came running to the Place, just as *Tarquin* had disarm'd the *German*, and was ready to kill him ; when laying hold of his Arm, they arrested the Stroke, and redeemed the Footman.

They then demanded who this Stranger was, at whose Mercy the Fellow lay ; but the Prince, who now found himself venturing for his last Stake, made no Reply ; but with two Swords in his Hands went to fight his Way through the Rabble : And tho' there were above a hundred Persons, some with Swords, others with long Whips, (as Coachmen) so invincible was the Courage of this poor unfortunate Gentleman at that Time, that all these were not able to seize him ; but he made his Way through the Ring that encompassed him, and ran away ; but was, however, so closely pursued, the

the Company still gathering as they ran, that toiled with fighting, oppressed with Guilt, and Fear of being taken, he grew fainter and fainter, and suffered himself, at last, to yield to his Pursuers, who soon found him to be Prince *Tarquin* in Disguise : And they carry'd him directly to Prison, being *Sunday*, to wait the coming Day, to go before a Magistrate.

In an Hour's Time the whole fatal Adventure was carried all over the City, and every one knew that *Tarquin* was the intended Murderer of *Alcidiana* ; and not one but had a real Sorrow and Compassion for him. They heard how bravely he had defended himself, how many he had wounded before he could be taken, and what Numbers he had fought through : And even those that saw his Valour and Bravery, and who had assisted at his being seiz'd, now repented from the Bottom of their Hearts their having any Hand in the Ruin of so gallant a Man ; especially since they knew the Lady was not hurt. A thousand Addresses were made to her, not to prosecute him ; but her Lover, a hot-headed Fellow, more fierce than brave, would by no Means be pacified, but vowed to pursue him to the Scaffold.

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The

The *Monday* came, and the Prince being examined, confessed the Matter of Fact, since there was no Harm done; believing a generous Confession the best of his Game: But he was sent back to cloister Imprisonment, loaded with Irons, to expect the next Sessions. All his Household-Goods were seiz'd, and all they could find, for the Use of *Alcidiana*. And the Princess, all in Rage, tearing her Hair, was carried to the same Prison, to behold the cruel Effects of her hellish Designs.

One need not tell here how sad and horrid this Meeting appear'd between her Lord and her: Let it suffice, it was the most melancholy and mortifying Object that ever Eyes beheld. On *Miranda's* Part, 'twas sometimes all Rage and Fire, and sometimes all Tears and Groans; but still 'twas sad Love, and mournful Tenderness on his. Nor could all his Sufferings, and the Prospect of Death itself, drive from his Soul one Spark of that Fire the obstinate God had fatally kindled there: And in the midst of all his Sighs, he would re-call himself, and cry, — *I have Miranda still.*

He was eternally visited by his Friends and Acquaintance; and this last Action of Bravery had got him more than all his former

former Conduct had lost. The Fathers were perpetually with him ; and all join'd with one common Voice in this, That he ought to abandon a Woman so wicked as the Princess ; and that however Fate dealt with him, he could not shew himself a true Penitent, while he laid the Author of so much Evil in his Bosom : That Heaven would never bless him, till he had renounced her : And on such Conditions he would find those that would employ their utmost Interest to save his Life, who else would not stir in this Affair. But he was so deaf to all, that he could not so much as dissemble a Repentance for having married her.

He lay a long Time in Prison, and all that Time the poor Father *Francisco* remained there also : And the good Fathers who daily visited these two amorous Prisoners, the Prince and Princess ; and who found, by the Management of Matters, it would go very hard with *Tarquin*, entertained 'em often with holy Matters relating to the Life to come ; from which, before his Trial, he gathered what his Stars had appointed, and that he was destin'd to die.

This gave an unspeakable Torment to the now repenting Beauty, who had reduced

duced him to it; and she began to appear with a more solid Grief: Which being perceived by the good Fathers, they resolved to attack her on the yielding Side; and after some Discourse upon the Judgment for Sin, they came to reflect on the Business of Father *Francisco*; and told her, she had never thriven since her accusing of that Father, and laid it very home to her Conscience; assuring her that they would do their utmost in her Service, if she would confess that secret Sin to all the World, so that she might atone for the Crime, by the saving that good Man. At first she seemed inclined to yield; but Shame of being her own Detector, in so vile a Matter, recalled her Goodness, and she faintly persisted in it.

At the End of six Months, Prince *Tarquin* was called to his Tryal; where I will pass over the Circumstances, which are only what is usual in such criminal Cases, and tell you, that he being found guilty of the Intent of killing *Alcidiana*, was condemned to lose his Head in the Market-Place, and the Princess to be banished her Country.

After Sentence pronounced, to the real Grief of all the Spectators, he was carry'd back to Prison. And now the Fathers
attack

attack her anew ; and ſhe, whoſe Griefs daily encreaſed, with a Languiſhment that brought her very near her Grave, at laſt confeſs'd all her Life, all the Lewdneſs of her Practices with ſeveral Princes and great Men, beſides her Luſts with People that ſerved her, and others in mean Capacity : And laſtly, the whole Truth of the young Friar ; and how ſhe had drawn the Page, and the Prince her Huſband, to this deſign'd Murder of her Siſter. This ſhe ſigned with her Hand, in the Preſence of the Prince, her Huſband, and ſeveral Holy Men who were preſent. Which being ſignify'd to the Magiſtrates, the Friar was immediately deliver'd from his Irons (where he had languiſhed more than two whole Years) in great Triumph, with much Honour, and lives a moſt exemplary pious Life, as he did before ; for he is now living in *Antwerp*.

After the Condemnation of theſe two unfortunate Perſons, who begot ſuch different Sentiments in the Minds of the People (the Prince, all the Compaſſion and Pity imaginable ; and the Princeſs, all the Contempt and Deſpite ;) they languiſhed almoſt fix Months longer in Priſon : ſo great an Intereſt there was made, in order to the ſaving his Life,
by

by all the Men of the Robe. On the other side, the Princes, and great Men of all Nations, who were at the Court of *Brussels*, who bore a secret Revenge in their Hearts against a Man who had, as they pretended, set up a false Title, only to take Place of them; who indeed was but a Merchant's Son of *Holland*, as they said; so incens'd them against him, that they were too hard at Court for the Church-men. However, this Dispute gave the Prince his Life some Months longer than was expected; which gave him also some Hope, that a Reprieve for ninety Years would have been granted, as was desired. Nay, Father *Francisco* so interested himself in this Concern, that he writ to his Father, and several Princes of *Germany*, with whom the Marquis *Castel Roderigo* was well acquainted, to intercede with him for the saving of *Tarquin*; since 'twas more by his Persuasions, than those of all who attacked her, that made *Miranda* confess the Truth of her Affair with him. But at the End of six Months, when all Applications were found fruitless and vain, the Prince receiv'd News, that in two Days he was to die, as his Sentence had been before pronounced, and for which he prepared himself with all Chearfulness.

On

On the following *Friday*, as soon as it was light, all People of any Condition came to take their Leaves of him ; and none departed with dry Eyes, or Hearts unconcern'd to the last Degree : For *Tarquín*, when he found his Fate inevitable bore it with a Fortitude that shewed no Signs of Regret ; but address'd himself to all about him with the same chearful, modest, and great Air, he was wont to do in his most flourishing Fortune. His Valet was dressing him all the Morning, so many Interruptions they had by Visitors ; and he was all in Mourning, and so were all his Followers ; for even to the last he kept up his Grandeur, to the Amazement of all People. And indeed, he was so passionately belov'd by them, that those he had dismiss'd, serv'd him voluntarily, and would not be persuad'd to abandon him while he liv'd.

The Princess was also dress'd in Mourning, and her two Women ; and notwithstanding the unheard-of Lewdness and Villanies she had confess'd of her self, the Prince still ador'd her ; for she had still those Charms that made him first do so ; nor, to his last Moment, could he be brought to wish, that he had never seen her ; but on the contrary, as a Man yet vainly proud of his Fetters, he said, ‘ All

‘ the Satisfaction this ſhort Moment of
‘ Life could afford him, was, that he
‘ died in endeavouring to ſerve *Miranda*,
‘ his adorable Princeſs.’

After he had taken Leave of all, who thought it neceſſary to leave him to himſelf for ſome Time, he retir’d with his Confeſſor; where they were about an Hour in Prayer, all the Ceremonies of Devotion that were fit to be done, being already paſt. At laſt the Bell toll’d, and he was to take Leave of the Princeſs, as his laſt Work of Life, and the moſt hard he had to accompliſh. He threw himſelf at her Feet, and gazing on her as ſhe ſat more dead than alive, overwhelm’d with ſilent Grief, they both remain’d ſome Moments ſpeechleſs; and then, as if one riſing Tide of Tears had ſupply’d both their Eyes, it burſt out in Streams at the ſame Inſtant: and when his Sighs gave Way, he utter’d a thouſand Farewels, ſo ſoft, ſo paſſionate, and moving, that all who were by were extremely touch’d with it, and ſaid, *That nothing could be ſeen more deplorable and melancholy.* A thouſand Times they bid Farewel, and ſtill ſome tender Look, or Word, would prevent his going; then embrace, and bid Farewel again. A thouſand Times ſhe ask’d his Pardon for being the Occaſion of that fatal Separation; a
thou-

thousand Times assuring him, she would follow him, for she could not live without him. And Heaven knows when their soft and sad Caresses would have ended, had not the Officers assur'd him 'twas Time to mount the Scaffold. At which Words the Princess fell fainting in the Arms of her Woman, and they led *Tarquín* out of Prison.

When he came to the Market-Place, whither he walked on Foot, follow'd by his own Domesticks, and some bearing a black Velvet Coffin with Silver Hinges ; the Head's-man before him with his fatal Scimiter drawn, his Confessor by his Side, and many Gentlemen and Church-men, with Father *Francisco* attending him, the People shewing Millions of Blessings on him, and beholding him with weeping Eyes, he mounted the Scaffold ; which was strewn with some Saw dust, about the Place where he was to kneel, to receive the Blood : For they behead People kneeling, and with the Back-Stroke of a Scimiter ; and not lying on a Block, and with an Axe, as we in *England*. The Scaffold had a low Rail about it, that every body might more conveniently see. This was hung with black, and all that State that such a Death could have, was here in most decent Order.

He did not say much upon the Scaffold: The Sum of what he said to his Friends was, to be kind, and take Care of the poor Penitent his Wife: To others, recommending his honest and generous Servants, whose Fidelity was so well known and commended, that they were soon promised Preferment. He was some time in Prayer, and a very short time in speaking to his Confessor; then he turned to the Head's-man, and desired him to do his Office well, and gave him twenty *Louis d'Ors*; and undressing himself with the Help of his Valet and Page, he pull'd off his Coat, and had underneath a white Sattin Waistcoat: He took off his Periwig, and put on a white Sattin Cap, with a Holland one done with Point under it, which he pulled over his Eyes; then took a chearful Leave of all, and kneel'd down, and said, 'When he
' lifted up his Hands the third Time,
' the Head's-man should do his Office.'
Which accordingly was done, and the Head's man gave him his last Stroke, and the Prince fell on the Scaffold. The People with one common Voice, as if it had been but one entire one, pray'd for his Soul; and Murmurs of Sighs were heard from the whole Multitude,

titude, who scrambled for some of the blood Saw-duft, to keep for his Memory.

The Head's-man going to take up the Head, as the Manner is, to shew it to the People, he found he had not struck it off, and that the Body stirr'd ; with that he stepped to an Engine, which they always carry with 'em, to force those who may be refractory ; thinking, as he said, to have twisted the Head from the Shoulders, conceiving it to hang but by a small Matter of Flesh. Tho' 'twas an odd Shift of the Fellow's, yet 'twas done, and the best Shift he could suddenly propose. The Margrave, and another Officer, old Men, were on the Scaffold, with some of the Prince's Friends, and Servants ; who seeing the Head's-man put the Engine about the Neck of the Prince, began to call out, and the People made a great Noise. The Prince, who found himself yet alive ; or rather, who was past thinking but had some Sense of Feeling left, when the Head's-man took him up, and set his Back against the Rail, and clapp'd the Engine about his Neck, got his two Thumbs between the Rope and his Neck, feeling himself press'd there ; and struggling between Life and Death, and

bending himself over the Rail backward, while the Head's-man pulled forward, he threw himself quite over the Rail, by Chance, and not Design, and fell upon the Heads and Shoulders of the People, who were crying out with amazing Shouts of Joy. The Head's-man leap'd after him, but the Rabble had lik'd to have pulled him to Pieces ; All the City was in an Uproar, but none knew what the Matter was, but those who bore the Body of the Prince, whom they found yet living ; but how, or by what strange Miracle preserv'd, they knew not, nor did examine ; but with one Accord, as if the whole Crowd had been one Body, and had had but one Motion, they bore the Prince on their Heads about a hundred Yards from the Scaffold, where there is a Monastery of Jesuits ; and there they secur'd him. All this was done, his beheading, his falling, and his being secur'd, almost in a Moment's Time ; the People rejoicing, as at some extraordinary Victory won. One of the Officers being, as I said, an old timorous Man, was so frighten'd at the Accident, the Bustle, the Noise, and the Confusion, of which he was wholly ignorant, that he dy'd with Amazement and Fear ; and the other was fain to be let blood.

The

The Officers of Justice went to demand the Prisoner, but they demanded in vain ; the Jesuits had now a Right to protect him, and would do so. All his overjoy'd Friends went to see in what Condition he was, and all of Quality found Admittance : They saw him in Bed, going to be dress'd by the most skilful Surgeons, who yet could not assure him of Life. They desired no body should speak to him, or ask him any Questions. They found that the Head's-man had struck him too low, and had cut him into the Shoulder-bone. A very great Wound, you may be sure ; for the Sword, in such Executions, carries an extreme Force : However, so great Care was taken on all Sides, and so greatly the Fathers were concern'd for him, that they found an Amendment, and Hopes of a good Effect of their incomparable Charity and Goodness.

At last, when he was permitted to speak, the first News he ask'd was after the Princess. And his Friends were very much afflicted to find, that all his Loss of Blood had not quenched that Flame, not let out that which made him still love that bad Woman. He was sollicitated daily to think no more of her : And all her Crimes are laid so open

to him, and so shamefully represented ; and on the other Side, his Virtues so admir'd ; and which, they said, would have been eternally celebrated, but for his Folly with this infamous Creature ; that at last, by assuring him of all their Assistance if he abandon'd her ; and to renounce him, and deliver him up, if he did not ; they wrought so far upon him, as to promise, he would suffer her to go alone into Banishment, and would not follow her, or live with her any more. But alas ! this was but his Gratitude that compell'd this Complaisance, for in his Heart he resolv'd never to abandon her ; nor was he able to live, and think of doing it : However, his Reason assur'd him, he could not do a Deed more justifiable, and one that would regain his Fame sooner.

His Friends ask'd him some Questions concerning his Escape ; and since he was not beheaded, but only wounded, why he did not immediately rise up ? But he replied, he was so absolutely prepossessed, that at the third lifting up his Hands he should receive the Stroke of Death, that at the same Instant the Sword touch'd him, he had no Sense ; nay, not even of Pain, so absolutely dead he was with Imagination ; and knew not
that

that he stirr'd, as the Head's-man found he did ; nor did he remember any Thing, from the lifting up of his Hands, to his fall ; and then awaken'd, as out of a Dream, or rather a Moment's Sleep without Dream, he found he liv'd, and wonder'd what was arriv'd to him, or how he came to live ; having not, as yet, any Sense of his Wound, tho' so terrible an one.

After this, *Alcidiana*, who was extremely afflicted for having been the Prosecutor of this great Man ; who, bating this last Design against her, which she knew was at the Instigation of her Sister, had oblig'd her with all the Civility imaginable ; now sought all Means possible of getting his Pardon, and that of her Sister ; tho' of an hundred thousand Crowns, which she should have paid her, she could get but ten thousand ; which was from the Sale of her rich Beds, and some other Furniture. So that the young Count, who before should have marry'd her, now went off for want of Fortune ; and a young Merchant (perhaps the best of the two) was the Man to whom she was destin'd.

At last, by great Intercession, both their Pardons were obtain'd ; and the Prince, who would be no more seen in

a Place that had prov'd every way so fatal to him, left *Flanders*, promising never to live with the Fair Hypocrite more ; but e'er he departed, he wrote her a Letter, wherein he order'd her, in a little Time, to follow him into *Holland* ; and left a Bill of Exchange with one of his trusty Servants, whom he had left to wait upon her, for Money for her Accommodation ; so that she was now reduced to one Woman, one Page, and this Gentleman. The Prince, in this Time of his Imprisonment, had several Bills of great Sums from his Father, who was exceeding rich, and this all the Children he had in the World, and whom he tenderly loved.

As soon as *Miranda* was come into *Holland*, she was welcom'd with all imaginable Respect and Endearment by the old Father ; who was impos'd upon so, as that he knew not she was the fatal Occasion of all these Disasters to his Son ; but rather look'd on her as a Woman, who had brought him an hundred and fifty thousand Crowns, which his Misfortunes had consumed. But, above all, she was receiv'd by *Tarquin* with a Joy unspeakable ; who, after some Time, to redeem his Credit, and gain himself a new Fame, put himself into the *French Army*, where he did Wonders ; and after three Campaigns, his Father dying, he return'd
home,

home, and retir'd to a Country-House : where, with his Princess, he liv'd as a private Gentleman, in all the Tranquillity of a Man of good Fortune. They say *Miranda* has been very penitent for her Life past, and gives Heaven the Glory for having given her these Afflictions that have reclaim'd her, and brought her to as perfect a State of Happiness, as this troublesome World, can afford.

Since I began this Relation, I heard that Prince *Tarquin*, dy'd about three Quarters of a Year ago.





THE
N U N :
OR, THE
Perjur'd Beauty.

A True NOVEL.



ON *Henrique* was a Person of great Birth, of a great Estate, of a Bravery equal to either, of a most generous Education, but of more Passion than Reason : He was besides of an opener and freer Temper than generally his Countrymen

trymen are (I mean, the *Spaniards*) and always engag'd in some Love-Intrigue or other.

One Night as he was retreating from one of those Engagements, Don *Sebastian*, whose Sister he had abus'd with a Promise of Marriage, set upon him at the Corner of a Street, in *Madrid*, and by the Help of three of his Friends, design'd to have dispatch'd him on a doubtful Embassy to the Almighty Monarch: But he receiv'd their first Instructions with better Address than they expected, and dismiss'd his Envoy first, killing one of Don *Sebastian's* Friends. Which so enrag'd the injur'd Brother, that his Strength and Resolution seem'd to be redoubled, and so animated his two surviving Companions, that (doubtless) they had gain'd a dishonourable Victory, had not Don *Antonio* accidentally come in to the Rescue; who after a short Dispute, kill'd one of the two who attack'd him only; whilst Don *Henrique*, with the greatest Difficulty, defended his Life, for some Moments, against *Sebastian*, whose Rage depriv'd him of Strength, and gave his Adversary the unwish'd Advantage of his seeming Death, tho' not without bequeathing some bloody Legacies to Don *Henrique*. *Antonio* had receiv'd but one
flight

flight Wound in the left Arm, and his surviving Antagonist none; who however thought it not adviseable to begin a fresh Dispute against two, of whose Courage he had but too fatal a Proof, tho' one of 'em was sufficiently disabled. The Conquerors, on the other Side, politickly retreated, and quitting the Field to the Conquer'd, left the Living to bury the Dead, if he could, or thought convenient.

As they were marching off, Don *Antonio*, who all this while knew not whose Life he had so happily preserv'd, told his Companion in Arms, that he thought it indispensibly necessary that he should quarter with him that Night, for his further Preservation. To which he prudently consented, and went, with no little Uneasiness, to his Lodgings; where he surpriz'd *Antonio* with the Sight of his dearest Friend. For they had certainly the nearest Sympathy in all their Thoughts, that ever made two brave Men unhappy: And, undoubtedly, nothing but Death, or more fatal Love, could have divided them. However, at present, they were united and secure.

In the mean time, Don *Sebastian's* Friend was just going to call Help to carry off the Bodies, as the ——— came by;

by ; who seeing three Men lie dead, seiz'd the fourth : who as he was about to justify himself, by discovering one of the Authors of so much Blood-shed, was interrupted by a Groan from his supposed dead Friend *Don Sebastian* ; whom, after a brief Account of some Part of the Matter, and the Knowledge of his Quality, they took up, and carried to his House ; where, within a few Days he was recovered past the Fear of Death. All this While *Henrique* and *Antonio* durst not appear, so much as by Night ; nor could be found, tho' diligent and daily Search was made after the first ; but upon *Don Sebastian's* Recovery, the Search ceasing, they took the Advantage of the Night, and, in Disguise, retreated to *Seville*. 'Twas there they thought themselves most secure, where indeed they were in the greatest Danger ; for tho' (haply) they might there have escap'd the murderous Attempt of *Don Sebastian*, and his Friends, yet they could not there avoid the malicious Influence of their Stars.

This City gave Birth to *Antonio*, and to the Cause of his greatest Misfortunes, as well as of his Death. *Dona Ardelia* was born there, a Miracle of Beauty and Falseness. 'Twas more than a Year since
Don

Don *Antonio* had first seen and loved her. For 'twas impossible any Man should do one without the other. He had had the unkind Opportunity of speaking and conveying a Billet to her, at Church; and to his greater Misfortune, the next Time he found her there, he met with too Kind a Return both from her Eyes and from her Hand, which privately slipt a Paper into his; in which he found abundantly more than he expected, directing him in that, how he should proceed, in order to carry her off from her Father with the least Danger he could look for in such an Attempt; since it would have been vain and fruitless to have asked her of her Father, because their Families had been at Enmity for several Years; tho' *Antonio* was as well descended as she, and had as ample a Fortune; nor was his Person, according to his Sex, any way inferior to her's; and certainly, the Beauties of his Mind were more excellent, especially if it be an Excellence to be constant.

He had made several Attempts to take Possession of her, but all prov'd ineffectual; however, he had the good Fortune not to be known, tho' once or twice he narrowly escap'd with Life, bearing off his Wounds with Difficulty.

—(Alas

—— (Alas, that the Wounds of Love should cause those of Hate!) Upon which she was strictly confin'd to one Room, whose only Window was towards the Garden, and that too was grated with Iron; and, once a Month, when she went to Church, she was constantly and carefully attended by her Father, and a Mother-in-Law, worse than a *Duegna*. Under this miserable Confinement *Antonio* understood she still continued, at his Return to *Seville*, with Don *Henrique*, whom he acquainted with his invincible Passion for her; lamenting the Severity of her present Circumstances, that admitted of no Prospect of Relief; which caus'd a generous Concern in Don *Henrique*, both for the Sufferings of his Friend, and of the Lady. He propos'd several Ways to Don *Antonio*, for the Release of the fair Prisoner; but none of them was thought practicable, or at least likely to succeed. But *Antonio*, who (you may believe) was then more nearly engag'd, bethought himself of an Expedient that would undoubtedly reward their Endeavours. 'Twas, that Don *Henrique*, who was very well acquainted with *Ardelia's* Father, should make him a Visit, with Pretence of begging his Consent and Admission to make his Addressee to his
 ' Daughter;

Daughter ; which, in all Probability, he could not refuse to Don *Henrique's* Quality and Estate ; and then this Freedom of Access to her would give him the Opportunity of delivering the Lady to his Friend. This was thought so reasonable, that the very next Day it was put in Practice ; and with so good Success, that Don *Henrique* was received by the Father of *Ardelia* with the greatest and most respectful Ceremony imaginable : And when he made the Proposal to him of marrying his Daughter, it was embraced with a visible Satisfaction and Joy in the Air of his Face. This their first Conversation ended with all imaginable Content on both Sides ; Don *Henrique* being invited by the Father to Dinner the next Day, when Dona *Ardelia* was to be present ; who, at that Time, was said to be indispos'd, (as 'tis very probable she was, with so close an Imprisonment.) *Henrique* returned to *Antonio*, and made him happy with the Account of his Reception ; which could not but have terminated in the perfect Felicity of *Antonio*, had his Fate been just to the Merits of his Love. The Day and Hour came which brought *Henrique*, with a private Commission from his Friend, to *Ardelia*. He saw her ;——
(ah !

(ah ! would he had only seen her veil'd !) and, with the first Opportunity, gave her the Letter, which held so much Love, and so much Truth, as ought to have preserved him in the Empire of her Heart. It contained, besides, a Discovery of his whole Design upon her Father, for the compleating of their Happiness ; which nothing then could obstruct but her self. But *Henrique* had seen her ; he had gaz'd, and swallowed all her Beauties at his Eyes. How greedily his Soul drank the strong Poison in ! But yet his Honour and his Friendship were strong as ever, and bravely fought against the Usurper Love, and got a noble Victory ; at least he thought and wish'd so. With this, and a short Answer to his Letter, *Henrique* return'd to the longing *Antonio* ; who, receiving the Paper with the greatest Devotion, and kissing it with the greatest Zeal, open'd and read these Words to himself :

Don Antonio,

Y O U have, at last, made Use of the best and only Expedient for my Enlargement ; for which I thank you, since I know it is purely the Effect of your Love.
Your

Your Agent has a mighty Influence on my Father : And you may assure yourself, that as you have advis'd and desir'd me, he shall have no less on me, who am

Your's entirely,

And only your's,

A R D E L I A :

Having respectfully and tenderly kiss'd the Name, he could not chuse but shew the *Billet* to his Friend ; who reading that Part of it which concern'd himself, started and blush'd : Which *Antonio* observing, was curious to know the Cause of it. *Henrique* told him, That he was surpriz'd to find her express so little Love, after so long an Absence. To which his Friend reply'd for her, That, doubtless, she had not Time enough to attempt so great a Matter as a perfect Account of her Love ; and added, that it was Confirmation enough to him of its Continuance, since she subscrib'd herself his entirely, and only his. — How blind is Love ! Don *Henrique* knew how to make it bear another Meaning ; which, however, he had the Discretion to conceal. *Antonio*, who was as real in his
Friend-

Friendship, as constant in his Love, ask'd him what he thought of her Beauty? To which the other answer'd, that he thought it irresistible to any, but to a Soul prepossess'd, and nobly fortify'd with a perfect Friendship : — Such as is thine, my *Henrique* (added *Antonio*;) yet as sincere and perfect as that is, I know you must, nay, I know you do love her. As I ought to do, (reply'd *Henrique*.) Yes, yes, (return'd his Friend) it must be so; otherwise the Sympathy which unites our Souls would be wanting, and consequently our Friendship were in a State of Imperfection. How industriously you would argue me into a Crime, that would tear and destroy the Foundation of the strongest Ties of Truth and Honour! (said *Henrique*.) But (he continu'd) I hope within a few Days, to put it out of my Power to be guilty of so great a Sacrilege. I can't determine (said *Antonio*) if I knew that you lov'd one another, whether I could easier part with my Friend, or my Mistress. Tho' what you say, is highly generous, (reply'd *Henrique*) yet give me Leave to urge, that it looks like a Trial of Friendship, and argues you inclinable to Jealousy: But, pardon me, I know it to be sincerely meant by you; and must therefore

therefore own, that 'tis the best, because 'tis the noblest Way of securing both your Friend and Mistrefs. I need not make use of any Arts to secure me of either, (reply'd *Antonio*) but expect to enjoy 'em both in a little Time.

Henrique, who was a little uneasy with a Discourse of this Nature, diverted it, by reflecting on what had pass'd at *Madrid*, between them two and Don *Sebastian* and his Friends; which caus'd *Antonio* to bethink himself of the Danger to which he expos'd his Friend, by appearing daily, tho' in Disguise: For, doubtless, Don *Sebastian* would pursue his Revenge to the utmost Extremity. These Thoughts put him upon desiring his Friend, for his own Sake, to hasten the Performance of his Attempt; and accordingly, each Day Don *Henrique* brought *Antonio* nearer the Hopes of Happiness, while he himself was hourly sinking into the lowest State of Misery. The last Night before the Day in which *Antonio* expected to be bless'd in her Love, Don *Henrique* had a long and fatal Conference with her about her Liberty. Being then with her alone in an Arbour of the Garden, which Privilege he had had for some Days; after a long Silence, and observing Don *Henrique* in much Disorder, by the
Motion

Motion of his Eyes, which were sometimes stedfastly fix'd on the Ground, then lifted up to her or Heaven, (for he could see nothing more beautiful on Earth) she made use of the Privilege of her Sex, and began the Discourse first, to this Effect :
—— Has any Thing happened, Sir, since our Retreat hither, to occasion that Disorder which is but too visible in your Face, and too dreadful in your continued Silence? Speak, I beseech you, Sir, and let me know if I have any Way unhappily contributed to it! No, Madam, (replied he) my Friendship is now likely to be the only Cause of my greatest Misery ; for To-morrow I must be guilty of an unpardonable Crime, in betraying the generous Confidence which your noble Father has plac'd in me: To-morrow (added he, with a piteous Sigh) I must deliver you into the Hands of one whom your Father hates even to Death, instead of doing myself the Honour of becoming his Son-in-Law within a few Days more.
—— But —— I will consider and remind myself, that I give you into the Hands of my Friend ; of my Friend, that loves you better than his Life, which he has often expos'd for your Sake ; and what is more than all, to my Friend, whom you love more than any Consideration on Earth.

Earth.—And must this be done? (she ask'd.) Is it inevitable as Fate?—— Fix'd as the Laws of Nature, Madam, (reply'd he) don't you find the Necessity of it, *Ardelia*? (continued he, by Way of Question :) Does not your Love require it? Think, you are going to your dear *Antonio*, who alone can merit you, and whom only you can love. Were your last Words true (returned she) I should yet be unhappy in the Displeasure of a dear and tender Father, and infinitely more, in being the Cause of your Infidelity to him: No, Don *Henrique* (continued she) I could with greater Satisfaction return to my miserable Confinement, than by any Means disturb the Peace of your Mind, or occasion one Moment's Interruption of your Quiet. —— Would to Heaven you did not, (sigh'd he to himself.) Then addressing his Words more distinctly to her, cry'd he, Ah, cruel! ah, unjust *Ardelia*! these Words belong to none but *Antonio*; why then would you endeavour to persuade me, that I do, or ever can merit the Tenderneſs of ſuch an Expreſſion? —— Have a Care! (pursued he) have a Care *Ardelia*! your outward Beauties are too powerful to be reſiſted; even your Frowns have ſuch a Sweetneſs that they attract the very Soul that is
not

not strongly prepossessed with the noblest Friendship, and the highest Principles of Honour : Why then, alas ! did you add such sweet and charming Accents ? Why — ah, Don *Henrique* ! (she interrupted) why did you appear to me so charming in your Person, so great in your Friendship, and so illustrious in your Reputation ? Why did my Father, ever since your first Visit, continually fill my Ears and Thoughts with noble Characters and glorious Ideas, which yet but imperfectly and faintly represent the inimitable Original ! — But — (what is most severe and cruel) why, Don *Henrique*, why will you defeat my Father in his Ambition of your Alliance, and me of those glorious Hopes with which you had bless'd my Soul, by casting me away from you to *Antonio* ! — Ha ! (cry'd he, starting) what said you, Madam ! What did *Arde-lia* say ? That I had bless'd your Soul with Hopes ! That I would cast you away to *Antonio* ! — Can they who safely arrive in their wish'd-for Port, be said to be shipwreck'd ? Or, can an abject indigent Wretch make a King ? — These are more than Riddles, Madam ; and I must not think to expound 'em. No, (said she) let it alone, Don *Henrique* ; I'll ease you of that Trouble, and

V O L. I. O tell

tell you plainly that I love you. Ah ! (cry'd he) now all my Fears are come upon me !—— How ! (ask'd she) were you afraid I should love you ? Is my Love so dreadful then ? Yes, when misplac'd (reply'd he ;) but 'twas your Fallhood that I fear'd : Your Love was what I would have fought with the utmost Hazard of my Life, nay, even of my future Happiness, I fear, had you not been engag'd ; strongly oblig'd to love elsewhere, both by your own Choice and Vows, as well as by his dangerous Services, and matchless Constancy. For which (said she) I do not hate him, tho' his Father kill'd my Uncle : Nay, perhaps (continu'd she) I have a Friendship for him, but no more. No more, said you, Madam ? (cry'd he ;) —— but tell me, did you never love him ? Indeed, I did, (reply'd she ;) but the Sight of you has better instructed me, both in my Duty to my Father, and in causing my Passion for you, without whom I shall be eternally miserable. Ah, then pursue your honourable Proposal, and make my Father happy in my Marriage ! It must not be (return'd Don *Henrique*) my Honour, my Friendship forbids it. No (she return'd) your Honour requires it ; and if your Friendship opposes your Honour, it can have

have no sure and solid Foundation. Female Sophistry ! (cried *Henrique* :) but you need no Art nor Artifice, *Ardelia*, to make me love you : Love you ! (pursu'd he :) By that bright Sun, the Light and Heat of all the World, you are my only Light and Heat — Oh, Friendship ! Sacred Friendship, now assist me ! — [Here for a Time he paus'd, and then afresh proceeded thus,] — You told me, or my Ears deceiv'd me, that you lov'd me, *Ardelia*. I did, she reply'd ; and that I do love you, is as true as that I told you so. 'Tis well ; — But would it were not so ! Did ever Man receive a Blessing thus ? — Why, I could wish I did not love you, *Ardelia* ! But that were impossible — At least unjust, (interrupted she.) Well then (he went on) to shew you that I do sincerely consult your particular Happiness, without any Regard to my own, To-morrow I will give you to Don *Antonio* ; and as a Proof of your Love to me, I expect your ready Consent to it. To let you see, Don *Henrique*, how perfectly and tenderly I love you, I will be sacrificed To-morrow to Don *Antonio*, and to your Quiet. Oh, strongest, dearest Obligation ! — cry'd *Henrique* : To-morrow then, as I have told your Father, I am to bring you to see

see the dearest Friend I have on Earth, who dares not appear with this City for some unhappy Reasons, and therefore cannot be present at our Nuptials ; for which Cause, I could not but think it my Duty to one so nearly related to my Soul, to make him happy in the Sight of my beautiful Choice, e'er yet she be my Bride. I hope (said she) my loving Obedience may merit your Compassion ; and that at last, e'er the Fire is lighted that must consume the Offering, I mean the Marriage-Tapers (alluding to the old *Roman* Ceremony) that you or some other pitying Angel, will snatch me from the Altar. Ah, no more, *Ardelia* ! say no more, (cry'd he) we must be cruel, to be just to ourselves. [Here their Discourse ended, and they walked into the House, where they found the good old Gentleman and his Lady, with whom he stay'd till about an Hour after Supper, when he returned to his Friend with joyful News, but a sorrowful Heart.]

Antonio was all Rapture with the Thoughts of the approaching Day ; which tho' it brought Don *Henrique* and his dear *Ardelia* to him, about five o'Clock in the Evening, yet at the same Time brought his last and greatest Misfortune. He saw her then at a She Relation's of his,

above

above three Miles from *Seville*, which was the Place assigned for their fatal Interview. He saw her, I say ; but ah ! how strange ! how altered from the dear, kind *Ardelia* she was when last he left her ! 'Tis true, he flew to her with Arms expanded, and with so swift and eager a Motion, that she could not avoid, nor get loose from his Embrace, till he had kissed, and sigh'd, and dropt some Tears, which all the Strength of his Mind could not restrain ; whether they were the Effects of Joy, or whether (which rather may be feared) they were the Heat-drops which preceded and threaten'd the Thunder and Tempest that should fall on his Head, I cannot positively say ; yet all this she was then forced to endure, e'er she had Liberty to speak, or indeed to breathe. But as soon as she had freed herself from the loving Circle that should have been the dear and lov'd Confinement or Centre of a faithful Heart, she began to dart whole Showers of Tor- tures on him from her Eyes ; which that Mouth that he had just before so tenderly and sacredly kiss'd, seconded with whole Volleys of Deaths crammed in every Sentence, pointed with the keenest Affliction that ever pierc'd a Soul. *Antonio*, (she began) you have treated me

now as if you were never like to see me more: and would to Heaven you were not!——Ha! (cry'd he, starting and staring wildly on her;) What said you Madam? What said you, my *Ardelia*? If you like the Repetition, take it! (reply'd she, unmoved) *Would to Heaven you were never like to see me more!* Good! very Good! (cry'd he, with a Sigh that threw him trembling into a Chair behind him, and gave her the Opportunity of proceeding thus:)—Yet, *Antonio*, I must not have my Wish; I must continue with you, not out of Choice, but by Command, by the strictest and severest Obligation that ever bound Humanity; Don *Henrique*, your Friend, commands it; Don *Henrique*, the dearest Object of my Soul, enjoins it; Don *Henrique*, whose only Aversion I am, will have it so. Oh, do not wrong me, Madam! (cry'd Don *Henrique*.) Lead me, lead me a little more by the Light of your Discourse, I beseech you (said Don *Antonio*) that I may see your Meaning! for hitherto 'tis Darkness all to me. Attend therefore with your best Faculties (pursu'd *Ardelia*) and know, That I do most sincerely and most passionately love Don *Henrique*; and as a Proof of my Love to him, I have this Day consented
to

to be delivered up to you by him ; not for your Sake in the least, *Antonio*, but purely to sacrifice all the Quiet of my Life to his Satisfaction. And now, Sir, (continued she, addressing her self to Don *Henrique*) now, Sir, if you can be so cruel, execute your own most dreadful Decree, and join our Hands, though our Hearts never can meet. All this to try me ! It's too much, *Ardelia* —— (said *Antonio* :) And then turning to Don *Henrique*, he went on, Speak thou ! if yet thou art not Apostate to our Friendship ! Yet speak, however ! Speak, though the Devil has been tampering with thee too ! Thou art a Man, a Man of Honour once. And when I forfeit my just Title to that (interrupted Don *Henrique*) may I be made most miserable ! —— May I lose the Blessings of thy Friendship ! —— May I lose thee ! —— Say on then, *Henrique* (cry'd *Antonio* :) And I charge thee, by all the sacred Ties of Friendship, say, Is this a Trial of me ? Is't Illusion, Sport, or shameful murderous Truth ? —— Oh, my Soul burns within me, and I can bear no longer ! —— Tell ! Speak ! Say on ! —— [Here, with folded Arms, and Eyes fixed stedfastly on *Henrique*, he stood like a Statue, without Motion ; unless sometimes, when his

O 4

swelling

swelling Heart rais'd his over-charged Breast.] After a little Pause, and a hearty Sigh or two, *Henrique* began; — Oh, *Antonio*! Oh my Friend! prepare thy self to hear yet more dreadful Accents!——I am (pursu'd he) unhappily the greatest and most innocent Criminal that e'er till now offended:——I love her, *Antonio*,—— I love *Ardelia* with a Passion strong and violent as thine!—— Oh! summon all that us'd to be more than Man about thee, to suffer to the End of my Discourse, which nothing but a Resolution like thine can bear! I know it by myself. ———— Tho' there be Wounds, Horror, and Death in each Syllable (interrupted *Antonio*) yet prithee now go on, but with all Haste. I will, (returned Don *Henrique*) tho' I feel my own Words have the same cruel Effects on me. I say again, my Soul loves *Ardelia*: And how can it be otherwise? Have we not both the self-same Appetites, the same Disgusts? How then could I avoid my Destiny, that has decreed that I should love and hate just as you do? Oh, hard Necessity! that oblig'd you to use me in the Recovery of this Lady! Alas, can you think that any Man of Sense or Passion could have seen, and not have lov'd her! Then how should I, whose Thoughts are Unisons to
yours,

yours, evade those Charms that had prevail'd on you?—And now, to let you know, 'tis no Illusion, no Sport, but serious and amazing woeful Truth, *Ardelia*, best can tell you whom she loves. What I have already said, is true, by Heaven (cry'd she) 'tis you, Don *Henrique*, whom I only love, and who alone can give me Happiness: Ah, would you would!—With you, *Antonio*, I must remain unhappy, wretched, curst: Thou art my Hell; Don *Henrique* is my Heaven. And thou art mine, (returned he) which here I part with to my dearest Friend. Then taking her Hand, Pardon me, *Antonio*, (pursued he) that I thus take my last Farewel of all the Tastes of Bliss from your *Ardelia*, at this Moment. [At which Words he kiss'd her Hand, and gave it to Don *Antonio*; who received it, and gently press'd it close to his Heart, as if he would have her feel the Disorders she had caus'd there.] Be happy, *Antonio*, (cry'd *Henrique*;) Be very tender of her; To-morrow early I shall hope to see thee. ——— *Ardelia*, (pursued he) All Happiness and Joy surround thee! May'st thou ne'er want those Blessings thou can'st give *Antonio*! ——— Farewel to both! (added he, going out.) Ah (cry'd she) Farewel to all Joys, Blessings,

Happiness, if you forsake me. — Yet do not go! — Ah, cruel! (continu'd she, seeing him quit the Room) but you shall take my Soul with you. Here she swooned away in Don *Antonio's* Arms; who, though he was happy that he had her fast there, yet was obliged to call in his Cousin, and *Ardelia's* Attendants, e'er she could be perfectly recovered. In the mean while Don *Henrique* had not the Power to go out of Sight of the House, but wandred to and fro about it, distracted in his Soul; and not being able longer to refrain her Sight, her last Words still resounding in his Ears, he came again into the Room where he left her with Don *Antonio*, just as she revived, and called him, exclaiming on his Cruelty, in leaving her so soon. But when, turning her Eyes towards the Door, she saw him; Oh! with what eager Haste she flew to him! then clasped him round the Waist, obliging him, with all the tender Expressions that the Soul of a Lover, and a Woman's too, is capable of uttering, not to leave her in the Possession of Don *Antonio*. This so amaz'd her slighted Lover, that he knew not, at first, how to proceed in this tormenting Scene; but at last, summoning all his wonted Resolution, and Strength of
Mind,

Mind, he told her, He would put her out of his Power, if she would consent to retreat for some few Hours to a Nunnery that was not above half a Mile distant from thence, till he had discourf'd his Friend, Don *Henrique* something more particularly than hitherto, about this Matter : To which she readily agreed, upon the Promise that Don *Henrique* made her, of seeing her with the first Opportunity. They waited on her then to the Convent, where she was kindly and respectfully received by the Lady Abbess ; but it was not long before her Grief renewing with greater Violence, and more afflicting Circumstances, had obliged them to stay with her till it was almost dark, when they once more begged the Liberty of an Hour's Absence ; and the better to palliate their Design, *Henrique* told her, that he would make use of her Father Don *Richardo's* Coach, in which they came to Don *Antonio's*, for so small a Time : which they did, leaving only *Eleonora* her Attendant with her, without whom she had been at a Loss, among so many fair Strangers ; Strangers, I mean, to her unhappy Circumstances : Whilst they were carry'd near a Mile farther, where, just as 'twas dark, they lighted from the Coach, Don *Henrique*

rique, ordering the Servants not to stir thence till their Return from their private Walk, which was about a Furlong, in a Field that belong'd to the Convent. Here Don *Antonio* told Don *Henrique*, That he had not acted honourably ; That he had betray'd him, and robb'd him at once both of a Friend and Mistress. To which t'other returned, That he understood his Meaning, when he propos'd a particular Discourse about this Affair, which he now perceived must end in Blood : But you may remind your self (continued he) that I have kept my Promise in delivering her to you. Yes, (cry'd *Antonio*) after you had practis'd foully and basely on her. Not at all ! (returned *Henrique*) It was her Fate that brought this Mischief on her ; for I urged the Shame and Scandal of Inconstancy, but all in vain, to her. But don't you love her, *Henrique*? (the other ask'd.) Too well, and cannot live without her, though I fear I may feel the curst Effects of the same Inconstancy : However, I had quitted her all to you, but you see how she repents it. And you shall see, Sir, (cry'd *Antonio*, drawing his Sword in a Rage) how I resent it. Here, without more Words, they fell to Action ; to bloody Action. (Ah ! how wretched are
our

our Sex, in being the unhappy Occasion of so many fatal Mischiefs, even between the dearest Friends!) They fought on each Side with the greatest Animosity of Rivals, forgetting all the sacred Bonds of their former Friendship; till Don *Antonio* fell, and said, dying, 'Forgive me, *Henrique!* I was to blame; I could not live without her:———— I fear she will betray thy Life, which haste and preserve, for my sake——Let me not die all at once!——Heaven pardon both of us!——Farewel! Oh, haste! Farewel! (*returned Don Henrique*) Farewel, thou bravest, truest Friend! Farewel thou noblest Part of me!——And Farewel all the Quiet of my Soul.' Then stooping, he kissed his Cheek; but, rising, he found he must retire in time, or else must perish through Loss of Blood, for he had received two or three dangerous Wounds, besides others of less Consequence: Wherefore he made all the convenient Haste he could to the Coach, into which, by the Help of the Footmen, he got, and order'd 'em to drive him directly to Don *Richardo's* with all imaginable Speed; where he arriv'd in little more than half an Hour's Time, and was received by *Ardelia's* Father with the greatest Confusion and Amazement that is expressible,

fible, seeing him return'd without his Daughter, and so desperately wounded. Before he thought it convenient to ask him any Question more than to enquire of his Daughter's Safety, to which he receiv'd a short but satisfactory Answer, Don *Richardo* sent for an eminent and able Surgeon, who probed and dress'd Don *Henrique's* Wounds, who was immediately put to Bed; not without some Despondency of his Recovery: but (thanks to his kind Stars, and kinder Constitution!) he rested pretty well for some Hours that Night, and early in the Morning, *Ardelia's* Father, who had scarce taken any Rest all that Night, came to visit him, as soon as he understood from the Servants who watched with him, that he was in a Condition to suffer a short Discourse; which, you may be sure, was to learn the Circumstances of the past Night's Adventure; of which Don *Henrique* gave him a perfect and pleasant Account, since he heard that Don *Antonio*, his mortal Enemy, was killed; the Assurance of whose Death was the more delightful to him, since, by this Relation, he found that *Antonio* was the Man, whom his Care of his Daughter had so often frustrated. Don *Henrique* had hardly made an End of his Narration, e'er a Servant came hastily to give *Richardo*

chardo Notice, that the Officers were come to search for his Son-in-law that should have been ; whom the old Gentleman's wife Precaution had secured in a Room so unsuspected, that they might as reasonably have imagined the entire Walls of his House had a Door made of Stones, as that there should have been one to that close Apartment : He went therefore boldly to the Officers, and gave them all the Keys of his House, with free Liberty to examine every Room and Chamber ; which they did, but to no Purpose ; and Don *Henrique* lay there undiscover'd, till his Cure was perfected.

In the mean time *Ardelia*, who that fatal Night but too rightly guess'd that the Death of one or both her Lovers was the Cause that they did not return to their Promise, the next Day fell into a high Fever, in which her Father found her soon after he had clear'd himself of those who come to search for a Lover. The Assurance which her Father gave her of *Henrique's* Life, seem'd a little to revive her ; but the Severity of *Antonio's* Fate was no Way obliging to her, since she could not but retain the Memory of his Love and Constancy ; which added to her Afflictions, and heightned her Distemper, insomuch
that

that *Richardo* was constrain'd to leave her under the Care of the good Lady Abbess, and to the diligent Attendance of *Eleonora*, not daring to hazard her Life in a Removal to his own House. All their Care and Diligence was however ineffectual ; for she languished even to the least Hope of Recovery, till immediately after the first Visit of Don *Henrique*, which was the first he made in a Month's Time, and that by Night *incognito*, with her Father, her Distemper, visibly retreated each Day : Yet when at last she enjoy'd a perfect Health of Body, her Mind grew sick, and she plunged into a deep Melancholy ; which made her entertain a positive Resolution of taking the Veil at the End of her Novitiate ; which accordingly she did, notwithstanding all the Intreaties, Prayers, and Tears both of her Father and Lover. But she soon repented her Vow, and often wish'd that she might by any means see and speak to Don *Henrique*, by whose Help she promis'd to her self a Deliverance out of her voluntary Imprisonment : Nor were his Wishes wanting to the same Effect, tho' he was forc'd to fly into *Italy*, to avoid the Prosecution of *Antonio's* Friends. Thither she pursu'd him ; nor could he any way shun her, unless he
could

could have left his Heart at a Distance from his Body : Which made him take a fatal Resolution of returning to *Seville* in Disguise, where he wander'd about the Convent every Night like a Ghost (for indeed his Soul was within, while his inanimate Trunk was without) till at last he found Means to convey a Letter to her, which both surprized and delighted her. The Messenger that brought it her was one of her Mother-in-Law's Maids, whom he had known before, and met accidentally one Night as he was going his Rounds, and she coming out from *Ardelia* ; with her he prevail'd, and with Gold obliged her to Secrecy and Assistance : Which proved so successful, that he understood from *Ardelia* her strong Desire of Liberty, and the Continuance of her Passion for him, together with the Means and Time most convenient and likely to succeed for her Enlargement. The Time was the fourteenth Night following, at twelve o'Clock, which just compleated a Month since his Return thither ; at which Time they both promised themselves the greatest Happiness on Earth. But you may observe the Justice of Heaven, in their Disappointment.

Don

Don *Sebastian*, who still purfu'd him with a moſt implacable Hatred, had traced him even to *Italy*, and there narrowly miſſing him, poſted after him to *Toledo*; ſo ſure and ſecret was his Intelligence! As ſoon as he arriv'd, he went directly to the Convent where his Siſter *Elvira* had been one of the Profeſs'd, ever ſince Don *Henrique* had forſaken her, and where *Ardelia* had taken her repent-ed Vow. *Elvira* had all along conceal'd the Occaſion of her coming thither from *Ardelia*; and tho' ſhe was her only Conſident, and knew the whole Story of her Miſfortunes, and heard the Name of Don *Henrique* repeated a hundred Times a Day, whom ſtill ſhe lov'd moſt perfectly, yet never gave her beautiful Rival any Cauſe of Suſpicion that ſhe lov'd him, either by Words or Looks: Nay more, when ſhe underſtood that Don *Henrique* came to the Convent with *Ardelia* and *Antonio*, and at other Times with her Father; yet ſhe had ſo great a Command of her ſelf, as to refrain ſeeing him, or to be ſeen by him; nor ever intended to have ſpoken or writ to him, had not her Brother Don *Sebastian* put her upon the cruel Neceſſity of doing the laſt; who coming to viſit his Siſter (as I have ſaid before) found her
with

with Dona *Ardelia*, whom he never remembred to have seen, nor who ever had seen him but twice, and that was about six Years before, when she was but ten Years of Age, when she fell passionately in Love with him, and continu'd her Passion till about the fourteenth Year of her Empire, when unfortunate *Antonio* first began his Court to her. Don *Sebastian* was really a very desirable Person, being at that time very beautiful, his Age not exceeding six and twenty, of a sweet Conversation, very brave, but revengeful and irreconcilable (like most of his Countrymen) and of an honourable Family. At the Sight of him *Ardelia* felt her former Passion renew; which proceeded and continued with such Violence, that it utterly defac'd the Ideas of *Antonio* and *Henrique*. (No Wonder that she who could resolve to forsake her God for Man, should quit one Lover for another.) In short, she then only wished that he might love her equally, and then she doubted not of contriving the Means of their Happiness betwixt 'em. She had her Wish, and more, if possible; for he lov'd her beyond the Thought of any other present or future Blessing, and fail'd not to let her know it, at the second Interview; when

when he receiv'd the greatest Pleasure he could have wish'd, next to the Joys of a Bridal Bed : For she confessed her Love to him, and presently put him upon thinking on the Means of her Escape ; but not finding his Designs so likely to succeed, as those Measures she had sent to Don *Henrique*, she communicates the very same to Don *Sebastian*, and agreed with him to make use of them on that very Night, wherein she had obliged Don *Henrique* to attempt her Deliverance : The Hour indeed was different, being determined to be at Eleven. *Elvira*, who was present at the Conference, took the Hint ; and not being willing to disoblige a Brother who had so hazarded his Life in Vindication of her, either does not, or would not seem to oppose his Inclinations at that Time : However, when he retired with her to talk more particularly of his intended Revenge on Don *Henrique*, who he told her lay somewhere absconded in *Toledo*, and whom he had resolved, as he assured her, to sacrifice to her injur'd Honour, and his Resentments ; she oppos'd that his vindictive Resolution with all the forcible Arguments in a virtuous and pious Lady's Capacity, but in vain : so that immediately, upon his Retreat
from

from the Convent, she took the Opportunity of writing to Don *Henrique* as follows, the fatal Hour not being then seven Nights distant.

Don *Henrique*,

MY Brother is now in Town, in Pursuit of your Life; nay more, of your Mistress, who has consented to make her Escape from the Convent, at the same Place of it, and by the same Means on which she had agreed to give her self entirely to you, but the Hour is eleven. I know, Henrique, your *Ardelia* is dearer to you than your Life: But your Life, your dear Life, is more desired than any Thing in this World, by

Your injur'd and forsaken

ELVIRA.

This she delivered to *Richardo's* Servant, whom *Henrique* had gained that Night, as soon as she came to visit *Ardelia*, at her usual Hour, just as she went out of the Cloister.

Don *Henrique* was not a little surprized with this *Billet*; however, he could hardly resolve to forbear his accustomed Visits

Vifits to *Ardelia*, at firft: But upon more mature Confideration, he only chofe to converfe with her by Letters, which ftill prefs'd her to be mindful of her Promife, and of the Hour, not taking notice of any Caution that he had received of her Treachery. To which ſhe ftill return'd in Words that might affure him of her Conftancy.

The dreadful Hour wanted not a Quarter of being perfect, when Don *Henrique* came; and having fixed his Rope-Ladder to that Part of the Garden-Wall, where he was expected, *Ardelia*, who had not ftirr'd from that very Place for a Quarter of an Hour before, prepar'd to aſcend by it; which ſhe did, as ſoon as his Servant had returned and fixed it on the inner-fide of the Wall: On the Top of which, at a little Diſtance, ſhe found another faſten'd, for her to deſcend on the out-fide, whiſt Don *Henrique* eagerly waited to receive her. She came at laſt, and flew into his Arms; which made *Henrique* cry out in a Rapture, *Am I at laſt once more happy in having my Ardelia in my Poſſeſſion!* She, who knew his Voice, and now found ſhe was betray'd, but knew not by whom, ſhriek'd out, *I am ruin'd! help! help! — Loofe me, I charge you, Henrique! Loofe me!* At that
very

very Moment, and at those very Words, came *Sebastian*, attended by only one Servant ; and hearing *Henrique* reply, *Not all the Powers of Hell shall snatch you from me*, drawing his Sword, without one Word, made a furious Pass at him : But his Rage and Haste misguided his Arm, for his Sword went quite through *Ardelia's* Body, who only said, *Ah, wretched Maid !* and drop'd from *Henrique's* Arms, who then was obliged to quit her, to preserve his own Life, if possible : however he had not had so much Time as to draw, had not *Sebastian* been amazed at this dreadful Mistake of his Sword ; but presently recollecting himself, he flew with redoubled Rage to attack *Henrique* ; and his Servant had seconded him, had not *Henrique's*, who was now descended, otherwise diverted him. They fought with the greatest Animosity on both Sides, and with equal Advantage ; for they both fell together : *Ah, my Ardelia, I come to thee now !* (*Sebastian* groan'd out,)——'Twas this unlucky Arm, which now embraces thee, that killed thee. Just Heaven ! (she sigh'd out,)——*Oh, yet have Mercy !* [Here they both dy'd.] *Amen*, cry'd *Henrique*, dying) *I want it most —— Oh, Antonio ! Oh ! Elvira ! Ah, there's the Weight that sinks me down. —— And yet I wish Forgiveness. —— Once more,*

more, sweet Heaven, have Mercy ! He could not out-live that last Word ; which was echo'd by *Elvira*, who all this while stood weeping, and calling out for Help, as she stood close to the Wall in the Garden.

This alarmed the Rest of the Sisters, who rising, caus'd the Bell to be rung out, as upon dangerous Occasions it used to be ; which rais'd the Neighbourhood, who came time enough to remove the dead Bodies of the two Rivals, and of the late fallen Angel *Ardelia*. The injur'd and neglected *Elvira*, whose Piety designed quite contrary Effects, was immediately seiz'd with a violent Fever ; which, as it was violent, did not last long : for she dy'd within four and twenty Hours, with all the happy Symptoms of a departing Saint.

The End of the First Volume.

